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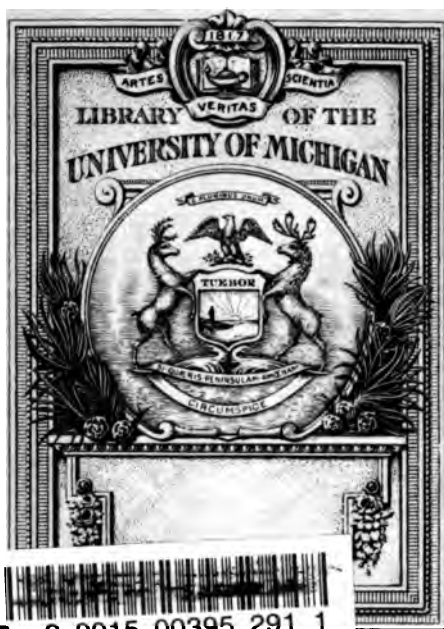
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ALBINA AND LOTHARIO;
OR, THE FATAL SEDUCTION.

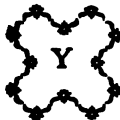
A MORAL TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor presents to his Fair Patroneſſes this little piece, rather as a ſpecimen of that ſpecies of poetry he wiſhes to ſee cultivated by perſons of ſuperior genius and learning, than as a production in itſelf compleat: he is fully ſenſible he has much to fear, if judged by the ſtrict rules of ſevere criticiſm; though he cannot relinquish the flattering hope, that this little Story, and it's intended Moral, may in ſome degree contribute to the entertainment of his kind Friends—the only idea under which he will attempt to juſtify the inſertion of any performance of his own, in a Collection ſo truly reſpectable.

The Editor begs leave to add, that his Story has, at leaſt, the claim of NOVELTY—and, if it ſhould be found to meet with the general approbation of his numerous friends, he means to lay before them, at the commencement of each future volume, ſomewhat of a different kind, the beſt he may be able to produce.



E Britiſh Fair, whoſe gentle boſoms know
To ſhare luxurious in another's woe;
Whoſe radiant orbs, when black miſfortunes lour,
Refresh with Pity's dew the drooping flow'r;
And, Phoebus like, thro' wat'ry clouds lament
The waſteful tempeſt which ye can't prevent:

A

Approach

Approach your Poet—fain would he relate,
 (To guard from ills like her's) Albina's fate.
 And O ye British Youths, unskill'd to rove
 In the dark lab'rins of illicit love ;
 Whose gen'rous souls permit not to despise
 The pearly drops that glide from Pity's eyes ;
 Ye too, draw near—and, plac'd by Virtue's side,
 Dare to indulge those griefs she scorns to hide :
 Nor let the moral tale my muse supplies,
 No more instruct when 'Time hath wip'd your eyes ;
 But, to compleat the purpose of these rhymes,
 And shun Lóthario's woes—avoid his crimes !

—Not far remov'd from that sequester'd bow'r,
 Where once securely dwelt earth's fairest flow'r ;
 Till the vindictive queen with rage pursu'd,
 And drench'd her cruel hands in injur'd blood ;
 High on a hill Earl Elwin's mansion stood,
 In part secreted by a neighb'ring wood,
 Which down the slope thro' secret mazes leads,
 To where the Isis laves her fav'rite meads :
 Hither the earl would oft at dawn repair,
 To breathe the fragrance of the vernal air ;
 To hear the warblers of the vocal grove,
 And join their strains of gratitude and love.

It chanc'd, one morning, while the earl thus stray'd,
 A wretched fair at distance he survey'd ;
 Whose careless tresses floating in the wind,
 And various gestures, spoke her anguish'd mind.
 Sometimes she stepp'd with haste among the trees,
 Look'd wildly round, and dropp'd upon her knees—
 Now rose again ; and, with uplifted eyes,
 Seem'd to implore compassion from the skies—
 Then downward bent them, smote her heaving breast,
 And with her snowy hand her temples press'd—
 Thus, in despair, a moment's space she stood,
 Then rush'd impetuous tow'rd the chrystal flood :

But

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

But ever as she reach'd the river's side,
Sudden she stopp'd, and gaz'd upon the tide ;
Glancing from thence, quick ey'd the little grove,
And backward flew, as on the wings of Love.

This scene the earl beheld her twice repeat ;
And wonder'd much the cause of her retreat.
When now, approaching secretly behind,
He saw Albina on the ground reclin'd ;
And instant knew her for the daughter fair
Of old Ernesto, tutor to his heir :
But O how high Earl Elwin's wonder rose,
To see her circling arms a babe inclose !

Down her pale cheeks unnumber'd streams descend,
And broken sighs her lab'ring bosom rend :
In vain she stops the torrent of her eyes,
Her beating breast continues it's supplies !

The tender infant, delug'd o'er with woe,
Bids with her tears his streams of sorrow flow :
As if to heal her poignant grief he strove,
And felt, instinctively, maternal love !

The anxious mother wip'd his cherub face,
And closely strain'd him in a fond embrace :
Then, while she lull'd his infant griefs to rest,
Her own sad tale in words like these express'd.

- Ah, lost Albina ! wretched, ruin'd fair !—
- Happ'ly, my babe, thou know'st not her despair ;
- Else wouldst thou mix, indeed, thy tears with mine,
- And let a mother's woes be truly thine !
- For sure thy form angelick beauty wears,
- And human woes are wept with angels tears !—
- But thou'art man—and might, unmov'd, survey
- The saddest scene misfortune can display !—
- Yet have I known—too soon to be renew'd !—
- A father's feeling heart by grief subdu'd ;
- Yet have I known an husband's streaming eyes
- Mock the vain pomp which pageantry supplies :

' When noble Elwin mourn'd his Ella's doom,
 ' And follow'd weeping to her silent tomb ;
 ' When good Ernesto fear'd Albina's fate,
 ' And on her bed of sickness mournful sat ;—
 ' O cruel death, to plunge thy keenest dart
 ' In happy Ella's breast, nor touch Albina's heart !^a

A pause of woe here stopp'd the pow'rs of speech,
 But still her sighs the earl's soft bosom reach :
 The casual mention of his Ella's name,
 Ernesto's daughter's obvious loss of fame,
 Join'd with the great respect he bore her fire,
 First swell his breast with sorrow—then with ire ;
 Nor does he mourn her ills with idle grief,
 But bends his thoughts, how best to bring relief ;
 Resolves th' accursed cause with speed to find,
 And let resentment follow close behind ;

Till his base heart, who dar'd her honour stain,
 Should make a large amends, or suffer equal pain,

And now, while gen'rous Elwin pensive stands,
 He hears Albina clasp her iv'ry hands ;
 A deep-drawn sigh's unwelcome sound succeeds,
 Follow'd by words—at which his bosom bleeds.

' How vainly once, Albina, didst thou dream,
 ' That thou shouldst bask in Fortune's brightest beam ;
 ' Enjoy each pleasure of exalted life,
 ' And be—O fatal charm—Lothario's wife !
 ' Alas ! perfidious youth, he only strove
 ' To veil his purpose in the garb of love !
 ' Each specious art too well the faithless knew,
 ' Practis'd by false ones to ensnare the true :
 ' Too well he knew the pow'r affection gave,
 ' And basely ruin'd her he swore to save !

' And thou, unhappy offspring of my shame,
 ' Thou too must feel a mother's loss of fame !
 ' For soon—too soon !—thy blighted youth shall know,
 ' The child of Nature—is the child of Woe !

' Then

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

5

' Then what prevents - - - - -
 ' - - - - -
 ' - - - - ? — O'horrid, horrid thought!
 ' To what new trials is Albina brought !
 ' Do thou, O God !' (exclaims the wretched fair)
 ' Snatch me, in mercy, from this last despair !
 ' Let instant death attend by thy command,
 ' And stop a mother's sacrilegious hand :
 ' Take back, thyself, his yet untainted breath,
 ' Nor let Albina's crimes be multiplied in death !"

Forth from her tortur'd breast proceeds one sigh,
 And one big tear rolls slowly from each eye,
 As, sudden rising with uplifted hands,
 O'er the sweet babe in fix'd despair she stands,
 His sleeping beauty once again to view,
 Ere yet she bids the world and him adieu !
 Then, turning quick, with half-averted eyes,
 To the cold bosom of the river flies ;
 And, plunging headlong, vainly hopes to find
 Eternal respite for her wounded mind.

Th' astonish'd earl, who this sad scene had view'd,
 With swiftest steps the flying fair pursu'd ;
 But, ah ! too late he reach'd the river's side,
 Her form was sunk beneath the closing tide.

Yet still Earl Elwin o'er the margin bent,
 And ey'd the circling flood with looks intent ;
 Till, in the midst, the bubbling liquid rose,
 As if to mourn the hapless fair-one's woes ;
 And instant, on it's lucid bosom bore
 Albina's floating form towards the shore ;
 Then with an out-stretch'd arm essay'd to reach
 The sinking fair, and draw her to the beach :
 But still too distant from the river's side,
 Again she sinks beneath the closing tide !

Now, in despair, he rolls his anxious eyes,
 Till up, again, he sees the bubbles rise ;

Again

Again beholds Albina's form appear,
 And finds the friendly flood has brought her near :
 With eager joy then stretches forth his hand,
 And trembling drags his welcome prize to land.

Long tried the earl each life-renewing aid,
 No vital spark his searching eyes survey'd ;
 No slow pulsation lab'ring in her veins,
 No glow of life to recompense his pains :
 The chilling stream had check'd life's crimson tide,
 And the rais'd arm dropp'd lifeless by her side !

Hopeless to save—unwilling to refrain—
 Each life-renewing art he tries again ;
 And oft to Heav'n uplifts his speaking eyes,
 As from his heart the warm petition flies.

At length, a gleam of hope revives his frame :
 He feels—or thinks he feels—the vital flame !
 Cold, shudd'ring fits, her gentle breast convulse,
 And life, returning, throbs in ev'ry pulse ;
 Her languid eyes, slow-opening, meet the light,
 And instant lose, again, the pow'r of sight ;
 The reflux blood each former channel seeks,
 And the warm glow of life spreads mantling o'er her cheeks.

Now the keen anguish of Albina's pains,
 Wakes ev'ry nerve, and spreads thro' all her veins.
 She groans—she raves—she heaves her lab'ring breast—
 Gnashes her teeth—and madly grasps her vest!—
 Then, in a moment, quite compos'd appears,
 And drowns each feature in a flood of tears.

While o'er th' afflicted fair Earl Elwin kneels,
 And for each pang an equal anguish feels ;
 Sudden he hears, among the distant trees,
 The vacant musick of a mind at ease :
 And while he listens with attentive ears,
 Full in his view the jocund swain appears.
 Soon as the earl's extended arm he spies,
 Swift down the steep the sturdy peasant flies.

Instructed

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

7

Instructed now, resumes an equal speed,
 And darts like lightning cross the neighb'ring mead,
 To where a little farm's neat mansion stood,
 Hard by the border of Earl Elwin's wood:
 Thence quick returning, with a fellow-swain,
 They bear Albina gently o'er the plain.
 Close by her side the earl himself attends,
 Directs their course, and kind assistance lends;
 Nor in his fondling arms disdains to bear
 The lovely offspring of the wretched fair.
 By slow degrees, and with their labour warm,
 They reach at length the hospitable farm;
 Where the good dame exerts her utmost care,
 In due attention to the hapless fair.
 Meanwhile the earl for his physician sends,
 And waits the tedious hour till he attends:
 Nor quits Albina, till from him he learns,
 No fatal symptom his best skill discerns;
 Then lets all know he will their cares repay,
 And homeward bends his solitary way.

—From scenes of sorrow turn we now our eyes,
 To where Augusta's tow'ring fanes arise:
 From scenes where Vice, dejected, shuns the day,
 To where she flaunts it in the solar ray.

The gay Lothario here his dwelling chose,
 Before he sail'd to meet his country's foes;
 In tented fields to purchase deathless fame,
 And raise the honours of an ancient name.

Forgot each precept good Ernesto taught,
 His bosom freed from ev'ry anxious thought;
 Where Pleasure leads, he follows in the train,
 Nor sees how false her arts—her joys how vain!
 With Wit, misnam'd, he drains the spicy bowl,
 Nor fears the drug that enervates his soul;
 With wanton beauty spends the laughing hours,
 Nor sees the latent thorn beneath the flow'rs.

With desp'rate wretches joins in fatal play,
 And lets his fortune be the villain's prey:
 Nor does the thought of poor Albina's woes,
 Amidst his mad career, once interpose.

While thus the recreant youth his time employs,
 In wasteful pleasures, and unhallow'd joys;
 Surpriz'd he reads the following stern command,
 Nor scarce can hold it in his trembling hand.

- Return, Lothario, by the morning's light;
- Or never meet, again, thy injur'd father's fight!

Late as it was, he mounts his fleetest steed,
 And flies to Elwin Hall with utmost speed:
 For well he knew the earl brook'd no delay,
 And fear—not duty—taught him to obey.

Arriv'd—Lothario now the earl attends,
 And on his knee with due submission bends;
 Implores forgiveness, if his youth has err'd—
 Enquires the crime—begs his defence be heard—
 Nor fears—(so great his art, so small his shame)—
 To clear each blot, and vindicate his fame.

- 'Tis said, Lothario,' (thus the earl began,
 By shew of doubt to hide his settled plan)
- That old Ernesto's daughter, whom you know
- Was chaste as ice, and fair as drifted snow,
- Some nine months since, by too much love betray'd,
- Fell in the snare designing Vice had laid!
- Awhile, 'tis said, the base assassin strove
- To calm her griefs, insulting her with love:
- Till now, her growing shame, so long conceal'd,
- The villain knew, must quickly be reveal'd;
- Unmindful of his vows, he quits the fair,
- Frantick with grief, the victim of despair!
- But still Albina's yet unspotted name
- Escap'd the tainting breath of busy Fame;

• Till

- Till yester' morn, unable to sustain
- The load of woes attendant on her pain,
- Her new-born babe with fainting steps she bore,
- To where the Isis lavés her fertile shore ;
- And ere assistance could arrive to save,
- Desp'rate she plung'd in the o'erwhelming wave !
- The child yet lives—and, as I mean to shew
- How much I share in good Ernesto's woe,
- Severe resentment shall the father feel,
- And every wound he gave I'll strive to heal.
- Now, look, Lothario, that you answer true ;
- These are the crimes—the wretch, they say, is you ?
- Spite of the lye the perjur'd villain speaks,
- The dew of nature damps his bloodless cheeks,
- As, with unmatch'd audacity, he cries,
- Within the conscious breast no fears arise !
- Once—let me own !—I thought Albina's charms
- Might richly fill the proudest monarch's arms ;
- And still, still more, my inexperienc'd youth,
- Admir'd her seeming virtue, love, and truth.
- Caught in the snare, I woo'd her to my side,
- And meant to ask her as my future bride :
- But soon, in foreign courts, I learn'd to know
- The sex's arts—and smil'd at fancied woe ;
- Returning, view'd her with a brother's fight,
- And saw each action in it's proper light.
- A secret something struggling in her breast,
- The stifled sigh, and tear in vain repress'd ;
- Spoke plain as language, that the faithless fair
- Was now unworthy of Earl Elwin's heir.
- I left her then—nor think I aught of blame
- Can justly light on my much-injur'd fame !
- Her end I mourn—forgive these flowing tears—
- Shrouded in death, her crime no more appears :
- Time will unveil the myst'ry of her fate !
- Nor let, till then, Lothario feel thy hate.'

Scarce could th' astonish'd earl with temper hear
 The fraudulent tale presented to his ear;
 For well he saw, thro' all his specious art,
 The subtle meanness of Lothario's heart.

Ended—the earl replies, ‘ Time may reveal;
 Nor shall the guiltless my resentment feel !

‘ Meanwhile, Lothario, as the morn is fair,
 Suppose we breathe awhile the fragrant air;
 The chearful sun seems, with increasing heat,
 To ask our presence in yon green retreat;
 Where, midst the cooling freshness of the shade,
 Pleas'd we may view the beauties he has made.’

This said, Earl Elwin sought the mazy wood,
 That cloath'd the hill on which his mansion stood;
 Each secret winding path, full well he knew,
 And to what spots the devious feet they drew.

With no fix'd course his footsteps seem to stray;
 Slowly he leads, regardless of the way:
 Now mounts the hill, and now descends the vale,
 As richer tints or brighter scenes prevail.

At length, a little mansion meets their view,
 To which the earl's increasing pace now drew.
 Lothario follows—but the wakeful fear
 On guilt attendant, faintly startles here:
 Increasing still, he scarce can keep his feet;
 Fearful, alike, to follow or retreat.

And now the noble Elwin, ent'ring cries,
 (The sparks of anger lightning in his eyes)
 ‘ The time is come ! when poor Albina's fate
 Shall stand reveal'd—thou, wretch, receive my hate !
 Soon shall the villain my resentment know,
 Who plung'd a breast so true, so deep in woe !’

Before Lothario's fading light appears
 The good Ernesto, silent and in tears;
 Within his aged arms Albina lies,
 Speechless her tongue, and clos'd her weeping eyes;

Struggling

Struggling with Death—unwilling to depart—
In all the anguish of a broken heart:
While by their side her little cherub lay,
And ask'd with tears a mother's needful stay.

' There, there, behold—!' The earl could add no more,
Ere at his feet dropp'd lifeless on the floor
The late-repentant youth.—And now distress'd
With various passions warring in his breast,
A moment's space the earl abstracted stands,
While ev'ry passion in it's turn commands;
Till nature's strongest pleas redoubled rise,
And all the father issues from his eyes—

' Too, too severe! what has my rashness done!
' Return, return! my son, my son, my son—'
Then, with a sigh sufficient to divide
The strings of life, sunk breathless by his side,

* * * * *

Reliev'd, at length, from this sad state of woe,
From ev'ry eye the streams of sorrow flow:
Silent they weep—till now Earl Elwin breaks
The melancholy pause—thus kindly speaks.

' Enough of grief—be it henceforth our care,
' Much as we may, the ravage to repair;
' And pleas'd I see contrition heave the breast,
' Where vice—the blackest vice—so lately stood confess'd.

' O son Lothario—yet I call thee son—
' What has thy guilt, thy guilt and weakness done!
' Passion demands a recompence severe,
' But love parental drops the lifted spear;
' Nor shall reflection interpose a wound,
' To sink the struggling wretch too nearly drown'd.

' True, I had thought to see my son allied
' With wealth and titles—oys of human pride—
' Such as his birth might unassuming claim,
' Among the first on Britain's roll of fame;

' But well Albina, with inherent worth,
 ' Supplies the place of titles, wealth, and birth:
 ' And greatly injur'd by a prouder name,
 ' Gains what that loses, rises with it's shame;
 ' Till, what at first superior splendor own'd,
 ' Thro' guilt's depos'd, and humbler worth enthron'd.
 ' Look down, Albina, then—the wand'rer take—
 ' And O forgive him, for a father's sake!
 ' Kneel not to me—son, daughter, brother dear,
 ' It is too much—to Heav'n be all our pray'r.
 ' " Father ador'd! preserve us in thy way,
 ' " Nor e'er permit our vagrant feet to stray!
 ' " But O uplift us, with a parent's care,
 ' " Whene'er we fall in guilt's insidious snare!
 ' " Let genuine penitence each crime atone;
 ' " And still, whate'er we feel, thy will be done!"

Long did Albina struggle with disease,
 And health returning ebb'd by slow degrees:
 Nor knew Lothario one short hour of rest,
 So great the anguish of his troubled breast,
 Till, quite reliev'd from all the healing train,
 He clasp'd his lovely bride, now free from pain.
 Each day, by some new means, Lothario strove
 To gain still farther on Albina's love:
 And never penitent was more sincere;
 More griev'd for what was past, from future guilt more clear.

The social converse of endearing friends;
 The rustick sports, where strength with skill contends;
 The chearing breath that floats aloft in air,
 And bends the list'ning angel from his sphere;
 The sprightly dance, where grace and beauty join;
 Each source of blifs by mortals deem'd divine:
 Display in turns variety of charms,
 And strive to woo the fair to Pleasure's arms—
 And oft she joins her friends in converse sweet,
 Oft deigns to visit where the rusticks meet,

With

With skilful hand oft strikes the trembling strings,
And adds new grace to beauty's gayest rings:
Yet not to her these pleasures seem divine;
Her heart, revolting, still disdains to join.

Chiefly the joys the woodland wilds to trace,
To gaze delighted on her infant's face:
But most, the morn and evening song to raise,
In grateful strains to her Creator's praise;
Who, when Despair had seiz'd her coward heart,
Gracious advanc'd, and sav'd the nobler part.

One day Lothario, from the chase return'd,
Surpris'd Albina, and her grief discern'd;
Caught her in all the dignity of woe,
And saw the bitter streams of anguish flow.

' Ah, my lov'd lord!' exclaim'd the weeping fair,
' You see a wretch unworthy of your care;
' A wretch who thought her fullen grief to hide,
' And hop'd, ere this, her sorrows would subside!
' Yes, dearest, best of men! Albina strove,
' Much as she could, to recompense thy love;
' To hide her pain from thy too feeling heart—
' For, ah! she knew, thou couldst not bear to part!
' And griev'd she saw thy tenderness increase,
' While each endearment wounded more her peace!—
' Unhappy state! where still affection grows,
' For the dear object we must shortly lose!

' When to the grave Albina shall descend,
' Let not our little cherub want a friend.
' Alas! my love—but O it would not be—
' For him I wish'd to live—for him and thee.
' Thy manly heart has fortitude to bear
' The ills of life—and do not thou despair!
' For me—But O I feel approaching death!
' Receive, my love—my life—this latest breath!—
' Thanks for thy kindness!—O may Heav'n reward
' Thy tender love!—Now—now—my pray'r is heard!

Then

Then with a sigh that burst her tortur'd breast,
 Sunk in his arms—and gain'd eternal rest.
 But O what agony Lothario felt,
 As o'er the breathless fair he frantick knelt!—
 He shriek'd—he rav'd—he smote the echoing floor—
 And from his hapless head the flowing ringlets tore!
 Close by her side he laid a moment's space,
 Press'd her cold hands, and kiss'd her pallid face:
 Chaf'd ev'ry limb, each feature anxious trac'd,
 Breath'd on her lips, and then again embrac'd.
 Now furious rose, rav'd, shriek'd, and madly tore;
 Till nature, quite exhausted, could no more:
 Then falling headlong by Albina's side,
 The struggling maniac groan'd awhile—and died!

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone a hapless pair,
 In early youth to death consign'd,
 Together rest from ev'ry care
 That deeply wounds the feeling mind.

Albina, like a tender flow'r,
 Nipp'd by the thoughtless hand of love,
 Pines for her native root each hour,
 Nor aught of earthly bliss can prove.

Lothario mourns his eager haste,
 That snatch'd too soon the precious bloom;
 Distracted sees the cruel waste,
 And joins her in the darksome tomb.

To honour just, O gen'rous youth!
 While now you mourn Albina's fate,
 Resolve on constancy and truth,
 Nor, like Lothario, grieve too late.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

15

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

BY MR. POPE.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood!
Who all my sense confin'd,
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do:
This, teach me more than hell to shun;
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away:
For God is paid, when man receives;
T' enjoy, is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw ;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am ; not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath :
O lead me where-so'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;
One chorus let all being raise,
All Nature's incense rise !

THE CAMPAIGN.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY MR. ADDISON.

— Rhēni pacator et Istri.

Omnis in hoc uno varijs discordia cessit.

Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,

Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

CLAUD. DE LAUD. STILIC.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinque vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint.

LIV. HIST. LIB. XXXIII.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;

While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great Leader! what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders, opening to my view,
Shine forth at once: sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood.
Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain;
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd.
The rising Danube it's long race began,
And half it's course thro' the new conquests ran.

C

Amaz'd

Amaz'd and anxious for her sov'reigns fates,
 Germania trembled thro' a hundred states.
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear ;
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near :
 He gaz'd ; and half-abandon'd to despair
 His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes ;
 On her resolves the western world relies :
 Confiding still, amidst it's dire alarms,
 In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
 'Thrice happy Britain ! from the kingdoms rent,
 To fit the guardian of the continent !
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye.
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes or follies of a court ;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties.
 Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war.
 The nation thanks them with a publick voice ;
 By show'rs of blessings, Heav'n approves their choice :
 Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost ;
 And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly :
 Her chief already has his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won ;
 Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
 Retards the progress of the moving war.
 Delightful stream ! had Nature bid her fall
 In distant climes, far from the perjurd Gaul :
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies ;
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise ;
 Each vineyard doubtful of it's master grows,
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.

The

The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast;
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Mæse;
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the Hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his char'd temples beat;
Till on the borders of the Rhine he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold;
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd;)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day:
When now the Neckar, on its friendly coast,
With cooling streams revives the fainting host;
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The midnight watches and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.

Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far,
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war;
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length, the fame of England's hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview.
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd;
 Their courage dwells not in a troubl'd flood
 Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood:
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd;
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of battle shown.
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
 Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
 Her haras'd troops the hero's presence warms;
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around,
 With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
 Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.
 So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees;
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
 Th' immortal Schellemburg appears at last:
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;

Batt'ries

Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep.
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way.
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste.
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke;
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, (kindled into tenfold rage,
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire)
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost, in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before;
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
While Marlbrô lives Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:

Plunging

Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed,
 Where'er his friends retire or foes succeed;
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight;
 And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man! renown'd in arms! forbear
 To brave the thickest terrors of the war;
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
 Britannia's safety, and the world's repose:
 Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
 This scorn of danger and contempt of fate.
 Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands:
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
 And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length, the long-disputed pass they gain,
 By crowded armies fortify'd in vain.
 The war breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
 And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
 So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides,
 The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
 Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,
 The trembling peasant sees his country round
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
 In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
 And Marlbrô's form in ev'ry shadow fear;
 Till the dark cope of night, with kind embrace,
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresist'd force,
 The gay victorious army bends it's course.
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
 Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
 (The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
 The food of armies and support of wars:

With

With magazines of death, destructive balls,
 And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
 And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness cross'd,
 And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
 And made imaginary realms thy own !
 Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine ;
 Nor find it there : surrounded with alarms,
 Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallick arms.
 The Gallick arms in safety shall advance,
 And croud thy standards with the pow'r of France ;
 While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,
 And make the hero and the man compleat.
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;
 Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
 In vengeance rous'd, the foldier fills his hand
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land ;
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
 And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat ;
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
 And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake :
 The list'ning foldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
 In shriller clangors animates the war;
 Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
 Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
 Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
 The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
 And while the thick embattled host he views,
 Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day it's mighty course began,
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain.
 States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
 And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
 Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
 And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
 The day was come, when Heav'n design'd to show
 His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array,
 The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts:
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life:
 No vulgar fears can British minds controul;
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
 Tho' fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But, O! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!

Methinks

Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,
 The victors shouts and dying groans confound ;
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise !
 'Twas then great Marlbrô's mighty soul was prov'd—
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war :
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd ;
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid ;
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage,
 So, when an angel, by Divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 (Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd) |
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see ! the haughty household troops advance,
 The dread of Europe, and the pride of France :
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
 And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows.
 Proudly he marches on ; and, void of fear,
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.
 Vain insolence ! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave ;
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns ;
 Each fights as in his arm th' important day,
 And all the fate of his great monarch, lay :
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
 Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die,
 O Dormer ! how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate !

D

Now

How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath;
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death!

The rout begins; the Gallick squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths; borne on the distant Soane,
Or founding borders of the rapid Rhone;
Or where the Siene her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corse' convey,
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight:
His waving banners, that so oft had stood,
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood;
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach;
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines;
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard!—oh! who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd!
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
'Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground!
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd thy loud complaints forbear;
Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of war:

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

27

Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won;
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes flaggate, and the rivers swell
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains,
E'en those who 'scape the fates and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord;
Their raging king dishonours, to compleat
Malbrô's great work, and seal the defeat.

From Memmingen's high domes and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs;
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on it's event!
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swollen Rhine, rushing with all it's force,
Divides the hostile nations in it's course;
While each contracts it's bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows;

LINES TO MR. DUNSTON.

On

On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide-extended plain commands.
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd it's side;
 As oft whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on it's walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
 And, tho' the Dog-star had it's course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
 Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
 The change of seasons and increase of heats.
 No toils are painful that can danger show,
 No climates unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land;
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
 Such dire impressions on his heart remain
 Of Marlbrô's sword and Hockstet's fatal plain.
 In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts and obscure retreats:
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey;
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
 That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends;
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne.
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd;
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place :
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
{Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbrô's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on it's walls ;
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues ;
Clearing it's borders from usurping foes,
And blest'd by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from it's dire alarms,
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms :
Seated on rocks, her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbrô presses to the bold attack ;
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years ;
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey :
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd ;
The works of ages sunk in one Campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares.
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, wherefoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind :

By

By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
 And taste the sweets of English liberty.
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall,
 Like Heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all;
 Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people bless'd.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:
 Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
 And proudly shine in their own native light;
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
 And those who paint 'em truest—praise 'em most.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE.

BY MR. COLLINS.

WHEN Musick, heavenly maid, was young;
 While yet in early Greece she sung;
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magick cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting:
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.

Till

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

31

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round,
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness rul'd the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power:

First, Fear, his hand, it's skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings!

With woeful measures, wan Despair,
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd:
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose:
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;

And,

BEAUTIES OF POETRY:

And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetick sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat :
And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied ;
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd :
And now it courted Love—now, raving, call'd on Hate ;

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd ;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was it's sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung !
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known.

The

The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's extatick trial:
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing.
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love, fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastick round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolick play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Musick, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimick soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native, simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energick, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page——

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease!
 Revive the just designs of Greece!
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

*La Raison sçait que c'est un songe,
 Mais elle en fait les douceurs :
 Elle a besoin de ces fantômes,
 Presque tous les plaisirs des hommes
 Ne sont que de douces erreurs.*

GREY.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
 Where have ye borne those hope-enliven'd hours,
 That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
 That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flow'rs?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
 Where winds the flow wave thro' the flow'ry plain,
 To these fond arms you led the tyrant Love,
 With Fear, and Hope, and Folly, in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
 Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
 To lays of am'rous blandishment you strung,
 And o'er my sleep the lulling musick play'd.

• Rest,

- Rest, gentle youth! while on the quiv'ring breeze
• Slides to thine ear this softly breathing strain;
- Sounds that move smoother than the steps of ease,
• And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

- In this fair vale eternal Spring shall smile,
• And Time unenvious crown each roseate hour;
- Eternal joy shall ev'ry care beguile,
• Breathe in each gale, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r.

- This silver stream, that down it's crystal way,
• Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
• Shall, still the same, in sunny mazes play,
• And with it's murmurs melodize thy song.

- Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
• Those living meads immortal-flow'rs unfold;
- In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn;
• And ev'ry evening close in clouds of gold.

- The tender loves that watch thy slumb'ring rest,
• And round thee flow'rs and balmy myrtles strew;
- Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breast,
• With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

- The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
• Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
- With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
• And feed the flame of ever-young Desire.

- Come, gentle loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
• The smiling bow'r with cluster'd roses spread;
- Come, gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing,
• The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.

- Hark! as the strains of swelling musick rise,
• How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
- Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
• And pow'rs unseen, the happy moments hail!
- Extatick hours! so ev'ry distant day,
• Like this serene, on downy wings shall move;
- Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
• The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love.'

E L E G Y II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?
Children of Fancy! yes, your song was vain;
On each soft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem;
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame;
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flow'rs of Fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophets of Fortune, false and vain;
To scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires,
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go—thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore:
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more!

Come,

Come, gentle Quiet ! long-neglected maid !
 O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell !
 There unregarded in the peaceful shade,
 With calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come, happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
 When all the struggling passions shall subside ;
 When Peace shall clasp me to her plummy breast,
 And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
 Whom never cares or passions discompose,
 O, blest Insensibility, be nigh,
 And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close !

Then shall the cares of Love and Glory cease,
 And all the fond anxieties of Fame ;
 Alike regardless in the arms of Peace,
 If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton, though all the Muses praise,
 His gen'rous praise shall then delight no more ;
 Nor the sweet magick of his tender lays,
 Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, tho' Malice, with insidious guise
 Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast ;
 Nor then, tho' Envy broach her blackening lyes,
 Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O fate to be desir'd ! when hostile rage
 Prevails in human more than savage haunts ;
 When man with man eternal war will wage,
 And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When

When dark Design invades the cheerful hour,
 And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
 It's cares, it's wishes, and it's thoughts to power,
 Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man ! to others failings still severe,
 Yet not one foible in himself can find ;
 Another's faults to Folly's eye are clear,
 But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind !

O let me still, from these low follies free,
 This fordid malice, and inglorious strife,
 Myself the subject of my censure be,
 And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
 My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save ;
 Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
 And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

E L E G Y. III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
 The woodlark's song resounded on the plain ;
 Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
 And smil'd thro' all her animated reign.

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
 His head on tufted wild-thyme half reclin'd,
 Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
 And thence of life this picture vain design'd.

- O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime,
 • Than beings of inferior nature prove !
- To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
 • And feel the charms of Fancy and of Love !

• High-

- High-favour'd man ! for him unfolding fair
 - In orient light this native landscape smiles ;
- For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care,
 - Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.
- Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
 - Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
- Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
 - But fragrance, health, and melody, succeed.
- O let me fill with simple Nature live,
 - My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay;
- Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
 - And calmly waste my inoffensive day !
- No titled name, no envy-teazing dome,
 - No glitt'ring wealth my inter'd wishes crave ;
- So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
 - A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.
- So may the sweet Enterpe not disdain
 - At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring ;
- The muse of pity wake her soothing-strain,
 - And tune to sympathy the trembling string.
- Thus glide the pensive moments o'er the vale,
 - While floating shades of dusky night descend :
- Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
 - Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.
- To love and friendship flow the social bowl !
 - To attack wit and elegance of mind ;
- To all the native beauties of the soul,
 - The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd !

• Then

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

- Then to explore whatever ancient sage,
• Studious, from Nature's early volume drew ;
- To chafe sweet Fiction thro' her golden age,
• And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science, blew !
- Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
• Hesperian fancy, or Aëonian ease ;
- Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
• Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to please.
- When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
• Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray ;
- Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
• And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.
- Nor seldom, loit'ring as I muse along,
• Mark from what flow'r the breeze it's sweetness bore ;
- Or listen to the labour-soothing song
• Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.
- Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
• The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie ;
- Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
• Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.
- Delightful hours ! O, thus for ever flow !
• Led by fair Fancy round the varied year :
- So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
• Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.
- Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
• Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage ;
- So Joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
• So Hope shall smoothe the dreary paths of age.

ELEGY

ELEGY IV.

O H! yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay!
 Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
 For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away;
 For one wild dream of life's romantick morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
 By flatt'ring Hope, the flow'rs that blew so fair;
 Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
 And vanish'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapt'rous thought,
 Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine:
 Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought;
 Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
 By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
 And Sharon's roses all his passage strew!
 So Fancy dreams—but Fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary, on the mountain's side,
 His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies;
 Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
 And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape, gilt with orient light,
 Where Hope, and Joy, and Fancy, hold their reign;
 The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
 The blythe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain;

In radiant colours Youth's free hand pourtrays,
 Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
 Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
 Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

F

Hence,

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

Hence Fancy, conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
 And wand'ring far from her Platonick shade,
 Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
 Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly ;
 The fairy race that fill'd her festive train :
 Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
 And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BY THE REV. MR. MERRICK.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain ;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
 It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in it's bosom rise,
 And speak it's nature—man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r !)
 That infant, Lord ! am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Tho' long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what it's cure.

Author

Author of Good! to thee I turn :
 Thy ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear all fears beside.

And O ! by Error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will,
 Prepost'rous, shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill ;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant ;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

AN ELEGIACK EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND.

BY MR. GAY*.

FRIEND of my youth, shedd'st thou the pitying tear
 O'er the sad reliques of my happier days ?
 Of nature tender, as of soul sincere,
 Pour'st thou for me the melancholy lays ?

Oh, truly said !—the distant landscape bright,
 Whose vivid colours glitter'd on the eye,
 Is faded now, and sunk in shades of night,
 As on some chilly eve the closing flow'rets die.

* Written when he laboured under a dejection of spirits.

Yet had I hop'd, when first, in happier times,
I trod the magick paths where Fancy led,
The Muse to foster in more friendly climes,
Where never Mis'ry rear'd it's hated head.

How vain the thought ! hope after hope expires !
Friend after friend, joy after joy, is lost !
My dearest wishes feed the fun'ral fires,
And life is purchas'd at too dear a cost !

Yet, could my heart the selfish comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain,
Well might I find companions in my woe ;
All born to grief—the family of Pain !

Full well I know, in life's uncertain road,
The thorns of mis'ry are profusely sown ;
Full well I know, in this low vile abode,
Beneath the chast'ning rod what numbers groan.

Born to a happier state, how many pine
Beneath th' oppressor's pow'r—or feel the smart
Of bitter want—or foreign evils join
To the sad symptoms of a broken heart !

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their rip'ning years,
The same sad track, thro' various scenes, pursue,
Still journeying onward thro' a vale of tears.

To them, alas ! what boots the light of heav'n,
While still new mis'ries mark their destin'd way ;
Whether to their unhappy lot be giv'n
Death's long sad night, or life's short busy day !

Me not such themes delight !—I more rejoice,
 When chance some happier, better change I see ;
 Tho' no such change await my luckless choice,
 And mountains rise between my hopes and me.

For why should he who roves the dreary waste,
 Still joy on ev'ry side to view the gloom ?
 Or, when upon the couch of sickness plac'd,
 Well pleas'd survey a hapless neighbour's tomb ?

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul,
 If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends ;
 'Tis when the fleeting minutes, as they roll,
 Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends !

E'en in these shades, the last retreat of grief,
 Some transient blessings will that thought bestow ;
 To Melancholy's self yield some relief,
 And ease the breast surcharg'd with mortal woe.

Long has my bark in rudest tempest tofs'd,
 Buffeted seas, and stemm'd life's hostile wave ;
 Suffice it now, in all my wishes cross'd,
 To seek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

And when that hour shall come, (as come it must,
 Ere many moons their waning horns increase !)
 When this frail frame shall mix with kindred dust,
 And all it's fond pursuits and troubles cease ;

When those black gates that ever open stand,
 Receive me on th' irremovable shore ;
 When life's frail glass has run it's latest sand,
 And the dull jest, repeated, charms no more :

Then

Then may my friend weep o'er the fun'ral hearth ;

Then may his presence gild the awful gloom ;

And his last tribute be some mournful verse,

To mark the spot that holds my silent tomb !

This, and no more—the rest let Heav'n provide :

To which, resign'd, I trust my weal or woe ;

Assur'd, howe'er it's justice shall decide,

To find nought worse than I have left below.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY DR. OGILVIE.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime ! propitious Pow'r,
Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to roam ;

Led by the Moon, when at the midnight hour

Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat !

Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,

Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,

Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Libia's naked waste ?

Or seek some distant solitary shore ?

Or on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,

Do'st sit and hear the solemn thunder roar ?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,

Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome ?

Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Woe

Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb ?

Hark !

Hark ! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear !
 See Night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole !
 O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
 And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,
 Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone !
 While from her time-shook towers, the bird of prey
 Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding moan :

Or bear me far to yon bleak dismal plain,
 Where fell-ey'd tigers, all athirst for blood,
 Howl to the desert—while the horrid train
 Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood :

That queen of nations ! whose superior call
 Rous'd the broad east, and bid her arms destroy !
 When warm'd to mirth—let Judgment mark her fall,
 And deep Reflection dash the lip of Joy.

Short is Ambition's gay, deceitful dream ;
 Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow,
 Calm Thought dispels the visionary scheme,
 And Time's cold breath dissolves the with'ring bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tower,
 When working secret with destructive aim :
 Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
 But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man ;
 Full in the draught be keen-ey'd Hope pourtray'd :
 Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan ;
 Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,
 Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd ;
 Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
 Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
 With Beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart :
 While closely couch'd, pale sick'ning Envy near,
 Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
 Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin ;
 Scar'd—while her eyes survey th' etherial blue,
 Lest heav'n's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint—impending o'er the madd'ning deep
 That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,
 Stood firm of soul—then from the dizzy steep
 Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here, rapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
 Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare ;
 To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
 Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
 Let judging Reason draw the veil aside ;
 Or fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
 Read o'er the monument that tells—He dy'd !

What are the ensigns of imperial sway ?
 What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought ?
 Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay ?
 Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought ?

When

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown;
 When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier:
 Not wealth, but Pity, swells the bursting groan;
 Not pow'r, but whispering Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
 Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow;
 Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
 Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
 Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head;
 Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
 And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
 Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring;
 But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
 And scents the zephyrs balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
 Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?
 Can these avail, in that tremendous hour,
 When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah, no!—the mighty names are heard no more:
 Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,
 Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
 And swell with pompous verse the scutcheon'd tomb.

For me—may Passion ne'er my soul invade,
 Nor be the whims of tow'ring Frenzy giv'n;
 Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,
 Where Contemplation wings the soul to heav'n!

O guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare,
 With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide;
 The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
 The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride!

But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell
 Sounds long and distant from the sky-topp'd tower;
 Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell*,
 Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,
 May some sad friend recal the former years;
 Then, stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
 Pour the warm gush of sympathetick tears.

PHILLIS;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

DESPONDING Phillis was endu'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude:
 She trembled when a man drew near;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear.
 If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your waist:
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head.
 In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
 Repeat the Absolution loud:
 In church, secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster, man.

* See Shakespeare's Tempest.

There

There practis'd how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red;
Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
At length, a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.

Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoken;
Guests, how could such a match be broke?
See then, what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes, the bride was missing.
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
'Where can this idle wench be hid?
'No news of Phil!'—The bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame;
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl had such a bashful way.

Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phillis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop,
For John must neither light nor stop;
But find her, wherefoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again, the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too;
The horse and pillion both were gone—
Phillis, it seems, was fled with John!

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,
A letter on the toilette sees,
"To my much honour'd father—these,"
(Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)

Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
 By others us'd in the like cases :
 " That long ago a fortune-teller
 Exactly said what now befel her,
 And in a glass had made her see
 A serving-man of low degree.
 It was her fate, must be forgiv'n,
 For marriages were made in heav'n.
 His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
 She'd do't, if 'twere to do again :
 Thank'd God 'twas neither shame nor sin,
 For John was come of honest kin.
 Love never thinks of rich and poor;
 She'd beg with John from door to door.
 Forgive her, if it be a crime ;
 She'll never do't another time :
 She ne'er before, in all her life,
 Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife."
 One argument she summ'd up all in ;
 " The thing was done, and past recalling ;
 And therefore hop'd she should recover
 His favour, when his passion's over :
 She valu'd not what others thought her,
 And was—his most obedient daughter."
 Fair maidens all, attend the Muse,
 Who now the wand'ring pair pursues !
 Away they rode in homely fort,
 Their journey long, their money short.
 The loving couple well bemir'd,
 The horse and both the riders tir'd;
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
 Phil cry'd, and John began to curse :
 Phil wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him ;
 John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted Peg.

But

But what adventures more befel 'em,
 The Muse hath now no time to tell 'em :
 How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd;
 How oft she broke her marriage-vows,
 In kindness, to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains unwholsome spoil'd the trade;
 For now the surgeons must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In Christian justice due to John.
 When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce;
 And with exact poetick justice—
 For John is landlord, Phillis hostess :
 They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR —→,

WHEN THE RIGHTS OF SEPULTURE WERE SO FREQUENTLY VIOLATED.

BY W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

SAY, gentle Sleep ! that lov'st the gloom of night ;
 Parent of dreams ! thou great magician ! say,
 Whence my late vision thus endures the light,
 Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
 And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest ;
 A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,
 And Silvia stood before my couch confess'd.

Ah ! not the nymph, so blooming and so gay,
 That led the dance beneath the festive shade ;
 But she that, in the morning of her day,
 Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;
 No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame;
 No more her cheek the Persian rose surpass'd;
 Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair, as deck'd her living face;
 Nor such her voice, as charm'd the list'ning crowd;
 Nor such her dress, as heighten'd ev'ry grace;
 Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
 That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd:
 Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
 Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd!

' Damon,' she said, ' mine hour allotted flies;
 ' Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
 ' Tho' griev'd to see thy Silvia's pale disguise;
 ' Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

' So may thy Muse with virtuous fame be blest'd!
 ' So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
 ' So may thy bones in sacred silence rest
 ' Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!

' Thou know'st how, ling'ring on a distant shore,
 ' Disease invidious nipp'd my flow'ry prime;
 ' And, oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
 ' To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

' No friend was near to raise my drooping head,
 ' No dear companion wept to see me die:
 " Lodge me within my native soil," I said,
 " There my fond parents honour'd reliques lie.

' Tho'

" Tho' now debarr'd of each domestick tear,
 " Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow ;
 " There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,
 " And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow."

' I spoke; nor Fate forebore his trembling spoil :
 ' Some venal mourner lent his carelefs aid ;
 ' And soon they bore me to my native soil,
 ' Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

' 'Twas then the youths, from ev'ry plain and grove,
 ' Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Silvia's bier ;
 ' 'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
 ' And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

' But why, alas ! the tender scene display ?
 ' Could Damon's foot the pious path decline ?
 ' Ah, no ! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay,
 ' And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine !

' Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave,
 ' My placid ghost no longer wept it's doom ;
 ' When savage robbers ev'ry sanction brave,
 ' And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb !

' Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
 ' Lose the cheap portion of my native sands ?
 ' Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
 ' Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands ?

' Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel ;
 ' To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey ?
 ' To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel ?
 ' To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey ?

- If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,
 • If Health's fair science be by these refin'd;
- Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
 • And let their breathless corse avail mankind.
- Yet hard it seems, when Guilt's last fine is paid,
 • To see the victim's corse deny'd repose;
- Now, more severe, the poor offenceless maid
 • Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.
- Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled?
 • Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim?
- Nature, instinctive, cries, "Protect the dead;
 • And sacred be their ashes and their fame!"
- Arise, dear youth! e'en now the danger calls;
 • E'en now the villain snuffs his wonted prey:
- See! see! I lead thee to yon sacred walls—
 • Oh, fly to chase these human wolves away!

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT

IN A THUNDER STORM.

BY MISS CARTER.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
 To shelt'ring caverns fly,
 And justly dread the vengeful Fate
 That thunders through the sky;

Protected by that Hand, whose law
 The threat'ning storms obey,
 Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
 As in the blaze of day.

In

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare;
It views the same all-gracious Power
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er-flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By Reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest;
Let no fantastick terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When, thro' creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd, may'st thou the final form
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day!

SOLOMON,
ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR.

‘Ο Εὖος γὰρ ἡμεῖς ἔχουσιν, πονος δ’ ἔργον πῶλεσι.

RURIF.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, et in cunis vagiam,
valde recusem.

CIC. DE SENECT.

The bewailing of man's miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as well of philosophers as divines, and it is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation.

LORD BACON'S ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

BOOK I.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and Doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes that, as to human science, ALL IS VANITY.

YE sons of men, with just regard attend;
Observe the Preacher, and believe the friend:
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain!
That, in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and thro' vales of tears,
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of it's end:

That

That from the womb we take our fatal shares.
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares;
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

}

Happiness! object of that waking dream
Which we call life, mistaking; fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse; ideal shade;
Notional good; by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd; fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire;
Cause of our care, and error of our mind;
Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon;
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.

But, O! ere yet orig'nal man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd:
This sad experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's fav'rite son,
Dear to my people on the Hebrew throne;
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treasures blest'd,
My name extended to the farthest east;
My body cloth'd with ev'ry outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face;
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment found—
' Arise,' I commun'd with myself, ' arise!
' Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
' Content of spirit must from science flow,
' For 'tis a godlike attribute—to know.'

H 2

I said,

I said, and sent my edict thro' the land:
 Around my throne the letter'd Rabbins stand;
 Historick leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
 The old discourfing as the younger read;
 Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said——

}

• The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
 • It's feed, it's name, it's nature, it's degree,
 • I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know;
 • From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
 • Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
 • To creeping mofs, and hyffop on the wall:
 • Yet, juft and confcious to myself, I find
 • A thoufand doubts oppofe the fearching mind.
 • I know not why the beech delights the glade,
 • With boughs extended and a rounder fhade;
 • Whilft tow'ring firs in conick forms arife,
 • And with a pointed fpear divide the fkies:
 • Nor why, again, the changing oak fhould fhed
 • The yearly honour of his ftately head;
 • Whilft the diftinguifh'd yew is ever feen,
 • Unchang'd his branch, and permament his green.
 • Wanting the fun why does the caltha fade?
 • Why does the cyprefs flourish in the fhade?
 • The fig and date, why love they to remain
 • In middle ftation, and an even plain;
 • While in the lower marfh the gourd is found,
 • And while the hill with olive-fhade is crown'd?
 • Why does one climate and one foil endue
 • The blufhing poppy with a crimfon hue,
 • Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
 • Why does the fond carnation love to fhoot
 • A various colour from one parent root;
 • While the fantaftick tulip ftrives to break
 • In two-fold beauty and a parted ftreak?
 • The twining jafmine, and the blufhing rofe,
 • With lavifh grace their morning fcents difclofe;

}

• The

- The smelling tub'rose and jonquil declare,
- The stronger impulse of an evening air.
- Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flow'r,
- A various instinct or a diff'rent pow'r?
- Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath,
- Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
- Whence does it happen, that the plant which we
- We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
- Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
- And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand?
- Along the sunny bank or wat'ry mead,
- Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;
- Peaceful and lowly, in their native soil,
- They neither know to spin, nor care to toil:
- Yet with confes'd magnificence deride
- Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
- The cowslip smiles in brighter yellow drefs'd,
- Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast;
- A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,
- Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
- Take but the humblest lily of the field;
- And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
- It must, by sure comparison, be shown,
- That, on the regal seat, great David's son,
- Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,
- Shines with less glory than that simple flow'r.
- Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire:
- How the mute race engender, or respire;
- From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
- Unmark'd, a multitude without a name;
- To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas
- Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
- And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays?
- How they in warlike bands march greatly forth,
- From freezing waters and the colder north,

}

• To

- ‘ To southern climes directing their career,
 - ‘ Their station changing with th’ inverted year ?
 - ‘ How all with careful knowledge are endu’d,
 - ‘ To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food ;
 - ‘ To guard their spawn, and educate their brood ?
 - ‘ Of birds, how each, according to her kind,
 - ‘ Proper materials for her nest can find,
 - ‘ And build a frame which deepest thought in man
 - ‘ Would or amend, or imitate, in vain ?
 - ‘ How in small flights they know to try their young,
 - ‘ And teach the callow child her parent’s song ?
 - ‘ Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood ?
 - ‘ Why ev’ry land has her specifick brood ?
 - ‘ Where the tall crane or winding swallow goes,
 - ‘ Fearful of gathering winds, and falling snows :
 - ‘ If into rocks or hollow trees they creep,
 - ‘ In temporary death confin’d to sleep ;
 - ‘ Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
 - ‘ To milder regions, and a southern sky ?
 - ‘ Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
 - ‘ The wondrous nature and the various race ;
 - ‘ Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
 - ‘ Of us what they, or what of them we know ?
 - ‘ Tell me, ye studious ! who pretend to see
 - ‘ Far into Nature’s bosom, whence the bee
 - ‘ Was first inform’d her vent’rous flight to steer
 - ‘ Thro’ tractless paths, and an abyss of air ?
 - ‘ Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
 - ‘ The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
 - ‘ And honey-making flow’rs their op’ning buds disclose ?
 - ‘ How, from the thicken’d mist and setting sun,
 - ‘ Finds she the labour of her day is done ?
 - ‘ Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
 - ‘ To bring her burden to the certain hive ;
 - ‘ And thro’ the liquid fields again to pass,
 - ‘ Duteous, and hark’ning to the sounding brass ?
- ‘ And,

' And, O thou sluggard ! tell me why the ant,
 ' Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want;
 ' By constant journies careful to prepare
 ' Her stores; and, bringing home the corny ear,
 ' By what instruction does she bite the grain,
 ' Left, hid in earth, and taking root again,
 ' It might elude the foresight of her care ?
 ' Distinct, in either insect's deeds, appear
 ' The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
 ' Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
 ' On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
 ' Or the vile worm, that yesterday began
 ' To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man !
 ' Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see;
 ' They show their passions, by their acts, like thee :
 ' Darting their stings, they previously declare
 ' Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war.
 ' Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
 ' The genial pow'r and full effect of love.
 ' Each, then, has organs to digest his food;
 ' One to beget, and one receive the brood;
 ' Has limbs and sinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
 ' Life and her proper functions to sustain,
 ' Tho' the whole fabrick smaller than a grain !
 ' What more can our penurious reason grant
 ' To the large whale or castled elephant ?
 ' To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
 ' The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
 ' Than that all differ but in shape and name,
 ' Each destin'd to a less or larger frame ?
 ' For potent Nature loves a various act,
 ' Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;
 ' Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
 ' And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
 ' The object, spread too far, or rais'd too high,
 ' Denies it's real image to the eye ;

' Too

- Too little, it eludes the dazzled fight,
- Becomes mix'd blackness or unparted light:
- Water and air the varied form confound ;
- The straight looks crooked, and the square grows round.
- Thus, while with fruitless hope and weary pain,
- We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,
- Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat;
- Around her myriads of ideas wait,
- And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
- Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
- As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide
- Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.
- Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains,
- He tires his life in biting on his chains ;
- For the kind gifts of water and of food
- Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
- He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood :
- While the strong camel, and the gen'rous horse,
- Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
- Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
- And answer to the spur, and own the bit ;
- Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
- Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
- Again—the lonely fox roams far abroad,
- On secret rapine bent and midnight fraud ;
- Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
- And flies the hated neighbourhood of man :
- While the kind spaniel, and the faithful hound,
- (Likest that fox in shape and species found)
- Refuses thro' these cliffs and lawns to roam,
- Pursues the noted path, and covets home ;
- Does with kind joy domestick faces meet,
- Takes what the glutt'd child denies to eat,
- And dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet.
- By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
- In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.

• I see

- I see in others, or I think I see,
- That strict their principles and ours agree.
- Evil, like us, they shun, and covet good,
- Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
- Like us they love or hate ; like us they know
- To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe :
- With seeming thought their action they intend,
- And use the means proportion'd to the end.
- Then vainly the philosopher avers
- That Reason guides our deed, and Instinct theirs.
- How can we justly diff'rent causes frame,
- When the effects entirely are the same ?
- Instinct and Reason how can we divide ?
- 'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
- With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his sway,
- If the brute beast refuses to obey.
- For, tell me, when the empty boaster's word
- Proclaims himself the universal lord,
- Does he not tremble lest the lion's paw
- Should join his plea against the fancy'd law ?
- Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
- If in the schools or porches should appear
- The fierce hyæna or the foaming bear ?
- The combatant too late the field declines,
- When now the sword is girded to his loins.
- When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
- Too late the sailor views the land behind :
- And 'tis too late now back again to bring
- Inquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the wing ;
- Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
- From nobler objects and a larger field.
- Consider with me this ætherial space,
- Yielding to earth and sea the middle place :
- Anxious, I ask ye how the pensile ball
- Should never strive to rise, nor never fear to fall ?

' When I reflect how the revolving sun
 ' Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
 ' I doubt of many lands, if they contain
 ' Or herd of beast or colony of man :
 ' If any nation pass their destin'd days
 ' Beneath the neighb'ring sun's directer rays ;
 ' If any suffer on the polar coast,
 ' The rage of Arctos and eternal frost.
 ' May not the pleasure of Omnipotence,
 ' To each of these some secret good dispense ?
 ' Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
 ' May they not gales unknown to us receive ?
 ' See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth,
 ' And bless the flow'ry buds succeeding birth ?
 ' May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
 ' The various heav'n of an obliquer sphere ;
 ' While, by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
 ' They feel twelve hours that shade for twelve that burn ;
 ' And praise the neighb'ring sun, whose constant flame
 ' Enlightens them with seasons still the same ?
 ' And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
 ' North beyond Tartary's extended waste,
 ' Where thro' the plains of one continual day,
 ' Six shining months pursue their even way,
 ' And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
 ' Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night ;
 ' May not, I ask, the natives of these climes,
 ' (As annals may inform succeeding times)
 ' To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer
 ' Their own vicissitude and equal share
 ' Of day and night disparted thro' the year ?
 ' May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
 ' To narrow bounds prescrib'd and little space ;
 ' Hast'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from noon,
 ' Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done ?

' May

- May they not justly to our climes upbraid
- Shortness of night and penury of shade ;
- That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest'd
- With wholesome sleep and necessary rest,
- Another sun demands return of care,
- The remnant toil of yesterday to bear ?
- Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
- Bold and secure in half a year of light,
- Uninterrupted voyages they take
- To the remotest wood and farthest lake,
- Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
- With more extended nerves and more continu'd force ;
- And when declining day forsakes their sky,
- When gath'ring clouds speak gloomy winter nigh,
- With plenty for the coming season blest'd,
- Six solid months, (an age !) they live, releas'd
- From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
- Which our sad scenes of daily action know :
- They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
- And with full mirth receive the welcome guest ;
- Or tell their tender loves (the only care
- Which now they suffer) to the list'ning fair ;
- And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease,
- (Grateful alternates of substantial peace !)
- They bless the long nocturnal influence, shed
- On the crown'd goblet and the genial bed.
- In foreign isles which our discoverers find,
- Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
- The rugged bear's or spotted lynx's brood,
- Frighten the vallies and infest the wood ;
- The hungry crocodile and hissing snake,
- Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake ;
- And man untaught, and rav'nous as the beast,
- Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream, infest :
- Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
- From trunk of oak or pregnant womb of earth ?

' Whence then the old belief, that all began
 ' In Eden's shade and one created man ?
 ' Or grant this progeny was wafted o'er
 ' By coasting boats from next adjacent shore ;
 ' Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
 ' Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring ?
 ' Would they on board, or bears or lynxes take,
 ' Feed the she-adder and the brooding snake ?
 ' Or could they think the new-discover'd isle
 ' Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile ?
 ' And since the savage lineage we must trace
 ' From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race ;
 ' How should their fathers happen to forget
 ' The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
 ' To sow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous vine,
 ' And load with grateful flames the holy shrine ?
 ' While the great fire's unhappy sons are found,
 ' Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground ;
 ' Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
 ' And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God.
 ' How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
 ' The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view ;
 ' That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
 ' Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame ?
 ' Of those materials which have been confess'd
 ' The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
 ' Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth
 ' To grass and plants, and thickens into earth ;
 ' Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
 ' Dilates it's drops, and softens into air :
 ' Those finer parts of air again aspire,
 ' Move into warmth, and brighten into fire.
 ' That fire once more, by thicker air o'ercome,
 ' And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
 ' Alters it's particles ; is fire no more,
 ' But lies resplendent dust and shining ore ;

' Or,

‘ Or, running thro’ the mighty mother’s veins,
 ‘ Changes it’s shape, puts off it’s old remains;
 ‘ With wat’ry parts it’s lessen’d force divides,
 ‘ Flows into waves, and rises into tides.
 ‘ Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
 ‘ And, deep furcharg’d, by sandy mountains lie
 ‘ Obscurely sepulcher’d. By eating rain
 ‘ And furious wind, down to the distant plain,
 ‘ The hill that hides his head above the skies,
 ‘ Shall fall: the plain, by slow degrees, shall rise
 ‘ Higher than erst had stood the summit hill;
 ‘ For Time must Nature’s great behest fulfil.
 ‘ Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
 ‘ All things are light or heavy, small or great;
 ‘ Thus Jordan’s waves shall future clouds appear,
 ‘ And Egypt’s pyramids refine to air;
 ‘ Thus later age shall ask for Pison’s flood,
 ‘ And travellers inquire where Babel stood.
 ‘ Now where we see these changes often fall,
 ‘ Sedate we pass them by as natural;
 ‘ Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
 ‘ The pompous name of prodigy they bear:
 ‘ Let active thought these close meanders trace,
 ‘ Let human wit their dubious bound’ries place.
 ‘ Are all things miracle, or nothing such?
 ‘ And prove we not too little or too much?
 ‘ For that a branch cut off, a wither’d rod,
 ‘ Should at a word pronounce’d revive and bud;
 ‘ Is this more strange than that the mountain’s brow,
 ‘ Stripp’d by December’s frost and white with snow,
 ‘ Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds,
 ‘ And boast returning leaves and blooming woods?
 ‘ That each successive night from op’ning heav’n
 ‘ The food of angels should to man be giv’n;
 ‘ Is this more strange than that with common bread
 ‘ Our fainting bodies ev’ry day are fed?

‘ Than

- Yet farther west the western isle extends
- Her happy fame ; her armed fleets she sends
- To climates folded yet from human eye,
- And lands which we imagine wave and sky :
- From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
- And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;
- Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
- In other Indies and a second world.
- Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
- Be first in conquest, and preside in fame ;
- Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
- The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age :
- Rever'd and happy, she shall long remain,
- Of human things, least changeable, least vain ;
- Yet all must with the gen'ral doom comply,
- And this great glorious pow'r, tho' last, must die !
- Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
- To the large convex of yon' azure sky :
- Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
- Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red ;
- Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
- And chusing fable for the peaceful night.
- Ask Reason, now, whence light and shade were giv'n,
- And whence this great variety of heav'n ?
- Reason our guide, what can she more reply,
- Than that the sun illuminates the sky ?
- Than that night rises from his absent ray,
- And his returning lustre kindles day ?
- But we expect the morning red in vain ;
- 'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain :
- The noon-tide yellow we in vain require ;
- 'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
- Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
- Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears ;
- Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
- With stars unnumber'd and eternal lights.

' Send forth, ye wise, send forth your lab'ring thought ;
 ' Let it return, with empty notions fraught,
 ' Of airy columns ev'ry moment broke,
 ' Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
 ' Yet this solution but once more affords
 ' New change of terms, and scaffolding of words ;
 ' In other garb my question I receive,
 ' And take the doubt the very same I gave.
 ' Lo ! as a giant strong, the lusty sun
 ' Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run ;
 ' Two-fold his course, yet constant his career,
 ' Changing the day, and finishing the year.
 ' Again, when his descending orb retires,
 ' And earth perceives the absence of his fires,
 ' The moon affords us her alternate ray,
 ' And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
 ' Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race ;
 ' Various her beams, and changeable her face :
 ' Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,
 ' Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer ;
 ' Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd ;
 ' Each knows his course with diff'rent periods bound ;
 ' And in his passage thro' the liquid space,
 ' Nor hastens nor retards his neighbour's race.
 ' Now, shine these planets with substantial rays ?
 ' Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days ?
 ' Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
 ' Dart furtive beams and glory not their own ;
 ' All servants to that source of light, the sun ?
 ' Again ! I see ten thousand thousand stars,
 ' Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,
 ' (Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd
 ' When we would plant, or cultivate, or build !)
 ' But shining with such vast, such various light,
 ' As speaks the Hand that form'd them infinite.

}

' How

- How mean the order and perfection fought
- In the best product of the human thought,
- Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
- In what the Spirit of the world ordains !
- Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
- Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day,
- How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
- To orbs more distant, and remoter heav'n ?
- And of those stars which our imperfect eye
- Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
- Each by a native stock of honour great,
- May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
- Itself a sun, and with transmissive light
- Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight ;
- Around the circles of their ambient skies
- New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,
- And other stars may to those suns be earths,
- Give their own elements their proper births,
- Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
- See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll :
- Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
- Primitive founts and origins of light,
- May each to other (as their diff'rent sphere
- Makes or their distance or their height appear)
- Be seen a nobler or inferior star ;
- And in that space which we call air and sky,
- Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie
- Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye.
- In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
- And find and fix it's centre here or there,
- Whilst it's circumference, scorning to be brought
- E'en into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd thought.
- Where, then, are all the radiant monsters driv'n,
- With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd heav'n ?
- Where will their fictitious images remain ?
- In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain !

- ‘ This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
- ‘ Let us for once a child of Truth confess;
- ‘ That these fair stars, these objects of delight,
- ‘ And terror to our searching dazzled sight,
- ‘ Are worlds immense, unnumber’d, infinite !
- ‘ But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
- ‘ Their orbs to serve thy use, to please thy pride ?
- ‘ Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,
- ‘ A moment thy duration, foolish man !
- ‘ As well may the minutest emmet say
- ‘ That Caucasus was rais’d to pave his way ;
- ‘ The snail, that Lebanon’s extended wood
- ‘ Was destin’d only for his walk and food :
- ‘ The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast,
- ‘ That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast
- ‘ The craggy rock projects above the sky,
- ‘ That he in safety at its foot may lie ;
- ‘ And the whole ocean’s confluent waters swell,
- ‘ Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.
- ‘ A higher flight the vent’rous goddess tries,
- ‘ Leaving material worlds and local skies ;
- ‘ Inquires what are the beings, where the space,
- ‘ That form’d and held the angels ancient race :
- ‘ For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought,
- ‘ (I offer only what tradition taught)
- ‘ Embattl’d cherub against cherub rose,
- ‘ Did shield to shield, and pow’r to pow’r oppose ;
- ‘ Heav’n rung with triumphs, hell was fill’d with woes.
- ‘ What were these forms, of which your volumes tell,
- ‘ How some fought great, and others recreant fell ?
- ‘ These bound to bear an everlasting load,
- ‘ Duration of chain, and banishment of God ;
- ‘ By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
- ‘ To swim in sulph’rous lakes, or land on solid fire :
- ‘ While those, exalted to primæval light,
- ‘ Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,

‘ Only

- ‘ Only perceive some little pause of joys,
- ‘ In those great moments when their God employs
- ‘ Their ministry, to pour his threaten’d hate
- ‘ On the proud king, or the rebellious state ;
- ‘ Or to reverse Jehovah’s high command,
- ‘ And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
- ‘ When to his duty the proud king returns,
- ‘ And the rebellious state in ashes mourns ?
- ‘ How can good angels be in heav’n confin’d,
- ‘ Or view that Presence which no space can bind ?
- ‘ Is God above, beneath, or yon’, or here ?
- ‘ He who made all, is he not ev’ry where ?
- ‘ Oh ! how can wicked angels find a night
- ‘ So dark to hide ’em from that piercing light
- ‘ Which form’d the eye, and gave the pow’r of sight ?
- ‘ What mean I now of angel, when I hear
- ‘ Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air ?
- ‘ Spirits, to action spiritual confin’d,
- ‘ Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
- ‘ Should only act and prompt us from within,
- ‘ Nor by external eye be ever seen.
- ‘ Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
- ‘ That these had appetite, and limb, and bone ?
- ‘ Else how could Abram wash their weary’d feet,
- ‘ Or Sarah please their taste with fav’ry meat ?
- ‘ Whence should they fear ? or why did Lot engage
- ‘ To save their bodies from abusive rage ?
- ‘ And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
- ‘ Feel or resist the wrestling angel’s might ?
- ‘ How could a form it’s strength with matter try ?
- ‘ Or how a spirit touch a mortal’s thigh ?
- ‘ Now are they air condens’d, or gather’d rays ;
- ‘ How guide they then our pray’r, or keep our ways ?
- ‘ By stronger blasts still subject to be toss’d,
- ‘ By tempests scatter’d, and in whirlwinds lost ?

}

- Have they again, (as sacred song proclaims)
- Substances real, and existing frames?
- How comes it, since with them we jointly share
- The great effect of one Creator's care,
- That whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
- Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
- Why, whilst we struggle, in this vale beneath,
- With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
- Do they, more blest'd, perpetual life employ,
- On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?
- Now, when my mind has all this world survey'd,
- And found that nothing by itself was made;
- When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
- From vallies crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with trees;
- From smoking min'rals, and from rising streams,
- From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames;
- From all the living, that four-footed move
- Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
- From all that can with fins or feathers fly
- Thro' the aerial or the wat'ry sky;
- From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul,
- That miserable master of the whole;
- From this great object of the body's eye,
- This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
- Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
- With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
- From essences unseen, celestial names,
- Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
- Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
- All that in each degree the name of creature owns;
- Lift we our reason to that Sov'reign Cause
- Who blest'd the whole with life, and bounded it with laws;
- Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
- His will and act, his word and work the same:
- To whom a thousand years are but a day;
- Who bade the light her genial beams display,
- And set the moon, and taught the sun his way;

} Who,

- Who, waking Time, his creature, from the source
- Primæval, order'd his predestin'd course ;
- Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
- Holding, obedient to his high command,
- The deep abyfs, the long continu'd store ;
- Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes, pour }
- Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
- This Alpha and Omega, First and Last,
- Who, like the potter, in a mould has cast
- The world's great frame, commanding it to be
- Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see ;
- Yet, if he wills, may change or spoil the whole ;
- May take yon beauteous, myftick, ftarry roll, }
- And burn it like an ufelefs parchment fcroll ;
- May from it's bafis in one moment pour
- This melted earth——
- Like liquid metal, and like burning ore ;
- Who, fole in pow'r, at the beginning faid,
- “ Let fea, and air, and earth, and heav'n, be made,”
- And it was fo.—And when he fhall ordain
- In other fort, has but to fpeak again,
- And they fhall be no more : of this great theme,
- This glorious, hallow'd, everlafting Name,
- This God, I would difcourfe——’

The learned elders fat appall'd, amaz'd,
 And each with mutual look on other gaz'd ;
 Nor fpeech they meditate, nor answer frame :
 Too plain, alas ! their filence fpake their fhame ;
 Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
 And turn fuperior to the vulgar herd,
 Began—that human learning's fartheft reach
 Was but to note the doctrines I could teach ;
 That mine to fpeak, and theirs was to obey,
 For I in knowledge more than pow'r did fway ;
 And the aftonish'd world in me beheld
 Mofes eclips'd, and Jeffe's fon excell'd.

Humble

Humble a second bow'd, and took the word,
 Foresaw my name by future age ador'd :
 ' O live,' said he, ' thou wisest of the wise !
 ' As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
 ' Excelling thee——'

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
 Pernicious Flatt'ry ! thy malignant seeds
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
 And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
 Echo'd the word : whence things arose, or how
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know ;
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
 All vail of doubt apart, the dullest see.

My Prophets and my Sophists finish'd here
 Their civil efforts of the verbal war :
 Not so my Rabbins and Logicians yield ;
 Retiring, still they combat : from the field
 Of open arms unwilling they depart,
 And skulk behind the subterfuge of art.
 To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
 Divide the simple, and the plain define ;
 Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools ;
 Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd,
 And captious Science against Reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought ;
 The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught ;
 And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched impotence of human mind !
 We, erring, still excuse for error find,
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind,

}
 Vain

Vain man ! since first the blushing fire essay'd
 His folly with connected leaves to shade,
 How does the crime of thy resembling race,
 With like attempt, that pristine error trace ?
 Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
 Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide,
 By masks of eloquence and veils of pride ?

With outward smiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd,
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd ;
 But bent, and inward to myself, again
 Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
 My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
 At length I Ignorance and Knowledge view'd
 Impartial ; both in equal balance laid,
 Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy weigh'd,

Forc'd by reflective Reason, I confess
 That human science is uncertain guess.
 Alas ! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
 Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb ?
 Or who shall tell me what is space or time ?
 In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
 To what our Maker to their ken denies :
 The searcher follows fast, the object faster flies,
 The little which imperfectly we find,
 Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
 To fruitless search of something yet behind.
 Various discussions tear our heated brain :
 Opinions often turn ; still doubts remain ;
 And who indulges thought increases pain.

How narrow limits were to Wisdom giv'n !
 Earth she surveys ; she thence would measure heav'n :
 Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way,
 Now wanders, dazzl'd with too bright a day ;
 And from the summit of a pathless coast,
 Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember

Remember that the curs'd desire to know,
 Offspring of Adam, was thy source of woe;
 Why wilt thou, then, renew the vain pursuit,
 And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
 With empty labour and eluded strife,
 Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
 For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
 Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.

BOOK II.

P L E A S U R E.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it: begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings; the luxury of musick and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thought; reasons aright; and concludes that, as to the pursuit of pleasure and sensual delight, **ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.**

‘ **T**RY then, O man! the moments to deceive
 ‘ That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
 ‘ For weary’d Nature find some apter scheme;
 ‘ Health be thy hope, and Pleasure be thy theme.
 ‘ From the perplexing and unequal ways
 ‘ Where Study brings thee; from the endless maze
 ‘ Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn’d, recede
 ‘ To the gay field and flow’ry path, that lead
 ‘ To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
 ‘ Forfake what may instruct for what may please;
 ‘ Essay amusing art and proud expence,
 ‘ And make thy reason subject to thy sense!’

I commun’d thus. The pow’r of wealth I try’d,
 And all the various luxe of costly pride;

Artists

Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours ;
 I founded palaces, and planted bow'rs.
 Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotick kind,
 I to the limits of my court confin'd.
 To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
 And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth.
 Fish ponds were made where former forests grew,
 And hills were levell'd to extend the view.
 Rivers, diverted from their native course,
 And bound with chains of artificial force,
 From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd,
 Or rose thro' figur'd stone or breathing gold.
 From farthest Africa's tormented womb
 The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
 Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
 On which the planted grove and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
 To gild the turret and to paint the wall ;
 To mark the pavement there with various stone,
 And on the jasper steps to rear the throne :
 The spreading cedar, that an age had stood,
 Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
 And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists shew their cunning pow'r,
 To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r :
 A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
 To weave the bed and deck the regal room ;
 Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
 That on her coast the murex * is no more ;
 Till from the Parian isle and Lybia's coast
 The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost ;
 And India's woods return their just complaint,
 Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.

* The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

My full design with vast expence achiev'd,
 I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd :
 I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste ;
 For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad Thought did still repair,
 And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring Care.
 In vain on silken beds I sought repose,
 And restless oft from purple couches rose ;
 Vexatious Thought still found my flying mind,
 Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd ;
 Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days,
 Stalk'd thro' my gardens, and pursu'd my ways,
 Nor shut from artful bow'r, nor lost in winding maze.

}

Yet take thy bent, my soul ! another sense
 Indulge ; add musick to magnificence :
 Essay if harmony may grief controul,
 Or pow'r of sound prevail upon the soul.
 Often our seers and poets have confess'd,
 That musick's force can tame the furious beast ;
 Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
 His rage, the lion drop his crested main,
 Attentive to the song ; the lynx forget
 His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
 Are we, alas ! less savage yet than these ?
 Else musick, sure, may human cares appease !

I spake my purpose ; and the chearful choir
 Parted their shares of harmony : the lyre
 Soften'd the timbrel's noise ; the trumpet's sound
 Provok'd the Dorian flute, (both sweeter sound
 When mix'd ;) the fife the viol's notes refin'd ;
 And ev'ry strength with ev'ry grace was join'd.
 Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay ;
 Of op'ning heav'n they sung, and gladfome day :
 Each evening their repeated skill express'd
 Scenes of repose, and images of rest.

Yet

Yet still in vain : for musick gather'd thought ;
But how unequal the effects it brought ?
The soft ideas of the chearful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot ;
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastick eye ;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought !) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound ;
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper musick with the sprightly dance.
In vain ! too low the mimick motions seem ;
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art ;
And vex'd, I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank ; I lik'd it not : 'twas rage ; 'twas noise ;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel and protracted feast
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest ;
And as at dawn of morn fair Reason's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night ;
What had been said, I ask'd my soul—what done ?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun ?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd it's poor pretence ;
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense ;

To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air ;
 Offence and torture to the sober ear.
 Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing stream was brought
 From this man's error, from another's fault ;
 From topicks which good-nature would forget,
 And prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
 In the pernicious draught ; the word obscene,
 Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
 Irrevocable ; the too prompt reply,
 Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate,
 What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
 Add, too, the blood improv'rish'd, and the course
 Of health suppress'd, by wine's continu'd force.

Unhappy man ! whom sorrow thus, and rage,
 To diff'rent ills alternately engage :
 Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor sees
 That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
 Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
 (Death's harbingers) lie latent in the draught ;
 And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
 Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll.

Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
 Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom ?—Love !
 Love yet remains ! indulge his genial fire ;
 Cherish fair Hope ; solicit young Desire,
 And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
 This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r.

Why, therefore, hesitates my doubtful breast ?
 Why ceases it one moment to be blest'd ?
 ' Fly swift, my friends ! my servants, fly ! employ
 ' Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
 ' Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd ;
 ' Let them to night attend the royal feast ;
 ' All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair,
 ' The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war :

• Before

* Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
 * And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.'
 I said—the feast was serv'd ; the bowl was crown'd ;

To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round.

The women came : as custom wills, they pass'd.

On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast

The fav'rite glance—O ! yet my mind retains

That fond beginning of my infant pains!

Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race,

Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face:

Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air ;

Full, tho' unzon'd, her bosom rose ; her hair

Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,

Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,

And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,

* Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve

* Your monarch's bliss !' I said : ' fresh roses bring

* To strew my bed, till the improv'ish'd Spring

* Confess her want ; around my am'rous head

* Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed,

* Till Arab has no more ; from the soft lyre,

* Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require

* Sounds of delight—and thou, fair nymph, draw nigh !

* Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye

* Thy master's joy, long sought, at length is found ;

* And as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd.

* O fav'rite virgin, that hast warm'd the breast

* Whose sov'reign dictates subjugate the East !'

I said ; and sudden from the golden throne,

With a submissive step, I hasted down.

The glowing garland from my hair I took,

Love in my heart, obedience in my look ;

Prepar'd to place it on her comely head—

* O fav'rite virgin !' yet again I said,

* Receive

- Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow ;
- And O, above thy fellows, happy thou !
- Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey—
- Rise up, my love; my fair-one, come away!

What pang, alas! what extasy of smart
 Tore up my senses and transfix'd my heart,
 When she, with modest scorn, the wreath return'd,
 Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
 Pretended drowziness, and wish of rest;
 And fullen, I forsook th' imperfect feast :
 Ord'ring the eunuchs, to whose proper care
 Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
 To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bow'r,
 And bid her dress the bed and wait the hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid,
 (Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread !)
 Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
 Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace:
 By turns put on the suppliant and the lord ;
 Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd ;
 Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
 And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse to all her am'rous king desir'd,
 Far as she might she decently retir'd ;
 And darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes—
 • What means,' said she, ' King Solomon the wife ?
 • This wretched body trembles at your pow'r ;
 • Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.
 • Free to herself my potent mind remains,
 • Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
 • 'Tis said that thou canst plausibly dispute,
 • (Supreme of fees !) of angel, man, and brute ;
 • Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
 • Of passion's folly and of reason's force.

• That



* That to the tribes attentive, thou canst know
 * Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow :
 * That thou in science as in pow'r art great,
 * And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
 * Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
 * With just advice and timely counsel fraught ?
 * Where now, O Judge of Israel, does it rove ?—
 * What in one moment dost thou offer ? Love—
 * Love ? why, 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife ;
 * 'Tis all the colour of remaining life ;
 * And human mis'ry must begin or end,
 * As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
 * Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
 * To the first bride-bed of the world receive
 * A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave ?
 * Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
 * That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void ;
 * Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,
 * His flames and torments only are express'd ;
 * His rage can in my smiles alone relent,
 * And all his joys solicit my consent.
 * Soft love, spontaneous tree, it's parted root
 * Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot ;
 * Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
 * The pleasing extasy which each receives :
 * Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows ;
 * It's chearful buds their op'ning bloom disclose,
 * And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
 * If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
 * The fading plant bewails it's due supplies ;
 * Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.
 * By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd ;
 * The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
 * Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ :
 * Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,

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}

}

* Thou

• Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
 • Nor reap the harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field.
 • Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
 • Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey;
 • But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease,
 • Approach his awful throne by just degrees,
 • And if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please.
 • Not that those arts can here successful prove,
 • For I am destin'd to another's love.
 • Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
 • To my dear equal, in my native land,
 • My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
 • Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd;
 • The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd;
 • In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
 • It's solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
 • The lasting roll, recording what we said.
 • Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
 • Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
 • End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
 • Thy ill-starr'd passion, and my steadfast hate:
 • For long as blood informs these circling veins,
 • Or fleeting breath it's latest pow'r retains,
 • Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
 • Hate is my part; be thine, O king, despair.
 • Now strike!' she said, and open'd bare her breast.
 • Stand it in Judah's Chronicles confess'd,
 • That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
 • Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!
 Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
 And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
 • Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
 • Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
 When I thro' number'd years have pleasure fought,
 And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught,

}

To mock my sense and mortify my pride,
 'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.
 Am I a king, great Heav'n ! does life or death
 Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath,
 While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore,
 And one mad damsel dares dispute my pow'r ?

To ravish her !—that thought was soon depress'd,
 Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
 To send her back !—O whither, and to whom ?
 To lands where Solomon must never come ?
 To that insulting rival's happy arms,
 For whom, disdain'g me, she keeps her charms ?

Fantastick tyrant of the am'rous heart,
 How hard thy yoke ! how cruel is thy dart !
 Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway,
 And those are punish'd most who most obey.
 See Judah's king revere thy greater pow'r ;
 What canst thou covet, or how triumph more ?
 Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
 Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r ?
 Why to some simple shepherd does she run,
 From the fond arms of David's fav'rite son ?
 Why flies she from the glories of a court,
 Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support ;
 To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
 Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
 Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
 And household cares suppress thy genial fires ?

Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
 The force, while they erect the shrines of Love.
 His mystick form the artizans of Greece
 In wounded stone or molten gold express ;
 And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow.
 Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow ;
 A quiver by his side sustains his store
 Of pointed darts, sad emblems of his pow'r !

A pair of wings he has, which he extends
 Now to be gone ; which now again he bends,
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
 Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
 Since first, alas ! I saw the beauteous maid.
 I felt him strike, and now I see him fly :
 Curs'd dæmon ! O for ever broken lie
 Those fatal shafts by which I inward bleed !
 O can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed !
 Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
 Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
 The damsel back, and save the love-sick king.

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
 Unable to enjoy or to forget,
 I reason'd much, alas ! but more I lov'd,
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd ;
 Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
 I from necessity receiv'd relief ;
 Time gently aided to assuage my pain,
 And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O how short my interval of woe !
 Our griefs how swift, our remedies how slow !
 Another nymph, (for so did Heav'n ordain,
 To change the manner but renew the pain ;)
 Another nymph, amongst the many fair
 That made my softer hours their solemn care,
 Before the rest affected still to stand,
 And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
 Abra—she so was call'd—did soonest haste
 To grace my presence—Abra went the last :
 Abra was ready ere I call'd her name ;
 And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
 And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
 To me her actions did unheeded die,
 Or were remark'd but with a common eye ;

Till

Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray,
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the ev'ning hours,
And banquet private in the women's bow'rs.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands,
For so the precept of the law commands;
Love had ordain'd that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets and minister the urn.

With awful homage and submissive dread
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.

'And whence,' said I, 'canst thou have dread or pain?

'What can thy imag'ry of sorrow mean?

'Secluded from the world and all it's care,

'Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?

'For sure,' I added, 'sure thy little heart

'Ne'er felt Love's anger, or receiv'd his dart?'

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke;

Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

'If the great master will descend to hear

'The humble series of his handmaid's care,

'O! while she tells it let him not put on

'The look that awes the nations from the throne:

'O! let not death severe in glory lie

'In the king's frown and terror of his eye.

'Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;

'And tho' to mention be to suffer pain,

'If the king smiles whilst I my woe recite,

'If weeping I find favour in his sight,

'Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight,

- ' O witness earth beneath, and heav'n above,
 ' For can I hide it! I am sick of love:
 ' If madness may the name of passion bear,
 ' Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.
 ' Thou sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret will controuls
 ' The inward bent and motion of our souls!
 ' Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
 ' Between the cause and cure of my disease?
 ' The mighty object of that raging fire
 ' In which un pity'd Abra must expire,
 ' Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
 ' The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
 ' At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
 ' Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
 ' Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.
 ' For him at night, the dear expected guest,
 ' I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast,
 ' And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
 ' Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
 ' Wav'ring, impatient, tofs'd by Hope and Fear,
 ' Till he and Joy together should appear,
 ' And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
 ' On my declining neck and open breast
 ' I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
 ' And from beneath his head at dawning day,
 ' With softest care, have stol'n my arm away,
 ' To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
 ' Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
 ' Or if kind Heav'n, propitious to my flame,
 ' (For sure from Heav'n the faithful ardour came!)
 ' Had bless'd my life, and deck'd my natal hour,
 ' With height of title and extent of pow'r,
 ' Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
 ' Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.
 ' Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
 ' To see the comeliest of the sons of men;

' To

* To hear the charming poet's am'rous song,
 * And gather honey, falling from his tongue;
 * To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
 * Sweeter than breezes of her native south;
 † Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
 * To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
 * Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams,
 * Reflecting temper'd light from chrystat streams;
 * Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
 * As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
 * Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
 * Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
 * Even his teeth, and white like a young flock,
 * Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
 * Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock.
 * Iv'ry, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
 * How white his hands, how blue the manly veins;
 * Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
 * On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
 * His stature all majestick, all divine,
 * Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine;
 * Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
 * And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.—
 * What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!
 * Die, Abra, die! too plainly hast thou said,
 * Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
 * And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;
 * To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
 * With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come!
 Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
 * O foolish maid! and, O unhappy tale!
 * My suff'ring heart for ever shall defy
 * New wounds, and danger from a future eye,
 * O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
 * The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,
 * The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain,

' As time,' I said, ' may happily efface
 ' That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
 ' Imperial Reason shall resume her seat,
 ' And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
 ' Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,
 ' We wisely should exert a double care ;
 ' Nor ever ought a second time to err.'

}

This Abra then——

I saw her : 'twas humanity ; it gave
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
 And gen'rous pity to that truth was due.
 Well I entreated her who well deserv'd ;
 I call'd her often, for she always serv'd :
 Use made her person easy to my sight,
 And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs,
 (For first I sought her but at looser hours)
 The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
 The cake she kneaded was the sav'ry meat ;
 But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
 If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast :
 Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
 Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand ;
 And when the virgins form'd the ev'ning choir,
 Raising their voices to the master-lyre,
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill ;
 One shew'd too much, and one too little skill :
 Nor could my soul approve the musick's tone,
 Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
 Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
 And better mien disclos'd, as better dress'd ;
 A bright tiara round her forehead ty'd,
 To juster bounds confin'd it's rising pride ;
 The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
 Render'd it's panting whiteness more confess'd ;

Bracelets

Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
 And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm :
 Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
 And she more lovely grew as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
 The several follies of my former flame ;

Willing my heart for recompense to prove
 The certain joys that lie in prosp'rous love.

' For what,' said I, ' from Abra can I fear,
 ' Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ?
 ' The damsel's sole ambition is to please ;
 ' With freedom I may like, and quit with ease :
 ' She soothes, but never can enthrall my mind.
 ' Why may not peace and love for once be join'd ?'

Great Heav'n ! how frail thy creature man is made !

How by himself insensibly betray'd !

In our own strength unhappily secure,

Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r,

And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,

We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.

On Pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,

Masters as yet of our returning way :

Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,

And give our conduct to the waves and wind ;

Then in the flow'ry mead or verdant shade,

To wanton dalliance negligently laid,

We weave the chaplet and we crown the bowl,

And smiling see the nearer waters roll,

Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,

Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies,

And swift into the boundless ocean borne,

Our foolish confidence too late we mourn ;

Round our devoted heads the billows beat,

And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.

O mighty Love ! from thy unbounded pow'r

How shall the human bosom rest secure ?

How

How shall our thought avoid the various snare,
 Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
 The diff'rent shapes thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy ?

The haughty nymph, in open beauty dress'd,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast ;
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state :
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.

}

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
 And guard our conduct with becoming pride,
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please is certain to persuade ;
 To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
 We think we see thro' Reason's opticks right,
 Nor find how Beauty's rays elude our sight :
 Struck with her eye whilst we applaud her mind ;
 And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r ! thou arm'st the fair
 With flowing sorrow and dishevell'd hair :
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale ;
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
 Here gen'rous softness warms the honest breast ;
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd ;
 And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
 Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
 We sicken soon from her contagious care,
 Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair,
 And against love, too late, those bosoms arm,
 Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
 What shall wit meditate, or force oppose ?
 Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid,
 If by our pity and our pride betray'd ?

External

External remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;
Insulting there does Reason's power deride,
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?

My conqu'ror now, my lovely Abra, held ~
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It sought it's peace and joy: while she was gone
It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay;
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away;
Her absence made the night; her presence brought the day. }

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:
For her I make the song; the dance with her I lead.
I court her, various, in each shape and dress
That luxury may form or thought express.

To-day beneath the palm-tree, on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath, denoting conquest, guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous hand,
As she had slain the foe and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forfakes the pomp and pageantry of war;
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes:
The youthful band depose their glitt'ring arms,
Receive her bounties and recite her charms,
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet, with due regard, my future queen.

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods or chace the flying hind,
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem! descends to wait

Till Abra comes. She comes! a milk-white steed,
 Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
 Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose,
 (As the Sydonian maids or Thracian use)
 And half her knee and half her breast appear,
 By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
 Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
 A silver bow she carries in her right,
 And from the golden quiver at her side,
 Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride;
 Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
 An artificial moon's increasing ray.

Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
 The fav'rite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
 Her, as the present goddess, I obey;
 Beneath her feet the captive game I lay:
 The mingled Chorus sing Diana's fame;
 Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
 Her mystick praise; the vocal triumphs bound
 Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this ev'ning with the hunted woods,
 To the large fish-pools or the glassy floods
 Her mind to-morrow points, a thousand hands,
 To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
 Upon the wat'ry beach an artful pile
 Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle;
 A golden chariot in the midst is set,
 And silver cygnets seem to feel it's weight.
 Abra, bright queen! ascends her gaudy throne,
 In semblance of the Grecian Venus known;
 Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
 And sing in moving strains the force of love;
 Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
 And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
 I, her adorer, too, devoutly stand
 Fast on the utmost margin of the land,

With

With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave.

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet farther would my folly rove?
Is it enough that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace or the rural seat;
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:
Abra invites; the nation is the guest!
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd;
Arabia's wilds and Egypt's are explor'd;
The edible creation decks the board.

Hardly the phoenix 'scapes——

The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness and Abra's praise,
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains and ignominious verse;
While from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent Love from publick eyes should hide,
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatt'ers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beersheba they resort;
They barter places and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede or to debate;
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure,
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;

By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes and of honest courts ;
Barzillai's and the fierce Beniah's heirs,
Whose fires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound:
And now, unhappy counsel ! I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear ;
Old Corah's brood and taunting Shimei's race,
Miscreants ! who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Tho' they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face. }

Still Abra's pow'r, my scandal still increas'd ;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd :
Her will alone could settle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care ;
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart :
Abra possess'd ; she was it's better part.
O ! had I now review'd the famous cause
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,
In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,
And real care in vain, and native love,
In the true parent's panting breast had strove,
While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowning to command, proud to obey,
A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay.
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain ;
The widows' cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
No - hear my maxims and reform their own :

No more the young nobility were taught
 How Moses govern'd and how David fought.
 Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,
 Or lost in drink and game the solid day;
 Porches and schools, design'd for publick good,
 Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
 Or nodded, threat'ning ruin—
 Half pillars wanted their expected height,
 And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
 The artists grieve; the lab'ring people droop:
 My father's legacy, my country's hope,
 God's temples, lie unfinish'd—

The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's fate,
 And future mischiefs of a sinking state.

'Is this,' the serious said, 'is this the man
 Whose active soul thro' ev'ry science ran?
 Who by just rule and elevated skill,
 Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
 Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
 On large phylacteries expressive writ,
 Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,
 Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
 Could not the wise his wild desires restrain?
 Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain?
 What from his life and letters were we taught,
 But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?'

In lighter mood, the hum'rous and the gay,
 (As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
 Sent the full goblet charg'd with Abra's name,
 And charms superior to their master's fame.
 Laughing, some praise the king, who let 'em see
 How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
 Some gloss'd how Love and Wisdom were at strife,
 And brought my Proverbs to confront my life.
 'However, friend, here's to the king!' one cries.
 'To him who was the king!' the friend replies.

• The

- The king, for Judah's and for Wisdom's curse
- To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?
- Our looser lives let Chance or Folly steer,
- If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
- Let Dinah bind with flow'rs her flowing hair,
- And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air;
- Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
- Free as we will, or to enjoy or leave.
- Pleasures on Levity's smooth surface flow;
- Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe.
- Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
- And added to the thousand he has made.
- ' Sadly, O Reason! is thy pow'r express'd,
- Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
- And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
- If for our wisdom we our pleasure give,
- And more to think be only more to grieve;
- If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
- Forsakes his joy to vindicate his pride,
- And, changing sorrows, I am only found
- Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more strictly bound.
- But, do I call thee tyrant, or complain
- How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
- While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
- To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
- The idle product of a troubled thought,
- In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought;
- A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade;
- A chain which man to fetter man has made,
- By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.
- Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
- Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
- I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.
- Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
- Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.
- Yes, thy insulting dictates shall be heard;
- Virtue for once shall be her own reward.

Yes,

' Yes, rebel Israel, this unhappy maid
 ' Shall be dismiss'd; the crowd shall be obey'd;
 ' The king his passion and his rule shall leave,
 ' No longer Abra's, but the people's slave:
 ' My coward soul shall bear it's wayward fate;
 ' I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
 ' And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.'

}

I said, resolv'd to plunge into my grief
 At once, so far as to expect relief
 From my despair alone—

I chose to write the thing I durst not speak
 To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
 The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
 How inconsistent majesty and love.
 I always should (it said) esteem her well,
 But never see her more: it bid her feel
 No future pain for me; but instant wed
 A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
 And quiet dedicate her remnant life
 To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran;
 To me, the ease of all her former pain.
 She kneel'd, entreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
 And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd;
 Till now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
 And by rude Fury from my presence torn,
 This only object of my real care
 Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
 In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
 From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the world.

' Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
 ' What different sorrows did within thee roll?
 ' What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou sustain?
 ' What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
 ' How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
 ' To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?

' How

' How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
 ' Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms ?
 ' How oft, with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
 ' Where mimic Fancy might her likeness trace ?
 ' How oft desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
 ' And live in shades with her and Love alone ?
 ' How oft, all night, pursu'd her in my dreams,
 ' O'er flow'ry vallies and thro' crystal streams ;
 ' And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
 ' And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone ?

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
 In my swoll'n bosom with long war had strove,
 At length they broke their bounds ; at length their force
 Bore down whatever met it's stronger course ;
 Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,
 And scatter'd ruin as the torrent pass'd,
 So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
 The congregated snow and swelling rain,
 Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
 Precipitate the furious torrent flows :
 In vain would speed avoid or strength oppose ;
 Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd ;
 With one great death deform the dreary ground ;
 The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.
 And now what impious ways my wishes took,
 How they the monarch and the man forsook ;
 And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
 Thro' crooked paths and sad retreats of ill ;
 How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
 By turns my prostituted bed receives ;
 Thro' tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
 Impatient ; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd ;
 And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
 Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful or unjust.
 ' O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
 ' In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd !

' O, be

' O, be the wanton images convey'd
 ' To black oblivion and eternal shade!
 ' Or let their sad epitome alone,
 ' And outward lines, to future age be known;
 ' Enough to propagate the sure belief,
 ' That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er grief.'

Bury'd in sloth; and lost in ease, I lay;
 The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
 New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
 And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
 By it's own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
 And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
 No longer, now, does my neglected mind
 It's wonted stores and old ideas find:
 Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
 To take the true, or set the false aside.
 No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the cells,
 Where springing Wit or young Invention dwells:
 Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
 Patience of toil and love of virtue fails.
 By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
 Till I command no longer, e'en in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway:
 They ask, I grant; they threaten, I obey.
 In regal garments now I gravely stride,
 Aw'd by the Persian damsels' haughty pride;
 Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
 In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
 And shape my foolishness to their desire;
 Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
 At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
 With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
 And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
 To each new harlot I new altars dress,
 And serve her god whose person I caress.

O

Where,

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
 Where the high majesty of David's throne?
 Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
 With which the living God inform'd my youth;
 When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
 Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
 In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
 Beastly divinities, and droves of gods:
 Osiris, Apis, pow'rs that chew the cud;
 And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food?
 When in the woody hills' forbidden shade
 I carv'd the marble, and invok'd it's aid?
 When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
 Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
 To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
 And set the bearded leek to which I pray'd?
 When to all beings sacred rites were giv'n,
 Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heav'n?

Thro' these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
 Some seeds of light at length began to roll:
 The rising motion of an infant ray
 Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
 And now, one moment able to reflect,
 I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
 Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.
 I found my subjects amicably join

To lessen their defects by citing mine.
 The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,
 And left his text to dwell on my disgrace.
 The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,
 The sad examples which he ought to shun
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.
 Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
 'A wise child better than a foolish king!'

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd,
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.

‘A mighty

* A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
 * Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:
 * I raise or sink, imprison or set free;
 * And life or death depends on my decree.
 * Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
 * O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign:
 * Legions of lust, and various pow'rs of ill,
 * Insult the master's tributary will;
 * And he from whom the nations should receive
 * Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave;
 * Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
 * Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.
 * O Reason! once again to thee I call;
 * Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
 * Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her birth,
 * Her beams transmitted to the subject earth:
 * Yet this great empress of the human soul
 * Does only with imagin'd pow'r controul;
 * If restless passion, by rebellious sway,
 * Compels the weak usurper to obey.
 * O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art!
 * Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart
 * To worse extremes with swifter steps would run;
 * Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone!
 * Oft have I said, "the praise of doing well
 * Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
 * Now if some flies perchance, however small,
 * Into the alabaster urn should fall;
 * The odours of the sweets inclos'd would die,
 * And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply:
 * So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
 * Of future ill become the fatal feed;
 * Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
 * Amoy all life with one contagious blast."
 * Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
 * Of thy past errors recollect the store;

' And silent weep—that while the deathless Muse
 ' Shall sing the just, shall o'er their head diffuse
 ' Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
 ' Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil fame
 ' Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.' }
 Awakening therefore, as who long had dream'd,
 Much of my women and their gods alham'd,
 From this abyfs of exemplary vice
 Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise,
 Again I bid the mournful goddess write
 The fond pursuit of fugitive delight;
 Bid her exalt her melancholy wing;
 And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing
 Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
 Of uselefs wealth, and greatness unenjoy'd;
 Of lust and love, with their fantastick train,
 Their wishes, smiles, and looks—deceitful all and vain.

BOOK III.

POWER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes, in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly, upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that ALL IS VANITY. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

' COME, then, my soul! I call thee by that name;
 ' Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am:
 ' For knowing that I am, I know thou art;
 ' Since that must needs exist, which can impart!

' But

' But how thou cam'st to be, or whence thy spring?
 ' For various of thee priests and poets sing.
 ' Hear'st thou, submissive, but a lowly birth,
 ' Some separate particles of finer earth;
 ' A plain effect which Nature must beget,
 ' As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
 ' Companion of the body's good or ill,
 ' From force of instinct more than choice of will;
 ' Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
 ' As the wild courses of the blood ordain:
 ' Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
 ' In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
 ' Till mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
 ' Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air and lost in death?
 ' Or if thy great existence would aspire
 ' To causes more sublime, of heav'nly fire?
 ' Wer't thou a spark struck off, a sep'rate ray,
 ' Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
 ' With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
 ' To grieve it's frailties, and it's pains to feel;
 ' To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame,
 ' Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;
 ' To guide it's actions with informing care,
 ' In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
 ' Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
 ' As fits the various course of human age;
 ' Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
 ' The captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls,
 ' Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
 ' Which now the pile or sepulchre contains,
 ' And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
 ' Impatient to regain her native skies?
 ' Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go,
 ' (Points which we rather may dispute than know)
 ' Come on, thou little inmate of this breast;
 ' Which, for thy sake, from passions I divest:

† For

' For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife
 ' Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life !
 ' Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
 ' As temp'rance wills, and prudence may persuade ;
 ' Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
 ' Guided to what may great or good appear,
 ' And try if life be worth the liver's care.
 ' Amas'd in man there justly is beheld
 ' What thro' the whole creation has excell'd ;
 ' The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
 ' The angels forecast and intelligence :
 ' Say, from these glorious seeds what harvest flows ;
 ' Recount our blessings, and compare our woes ?
 ' In it's true light let clearest Reason see
 ' The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be ;
 ' Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
 ' To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please,
 ' Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease ;
 ' His tender eye by too direct a ray
 ' Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day ;
 ' His heart assaulted by invading air,
 ' And beating fervent to the vital war ;
 ' To his young sense how various forms appear,
 ' That strike his wonder and excite his fear :
 ' By his distortions he reveals his pains ;
 ' He by his tears and by his sighs complains ;
 ' Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
 ' By broken words and rudiments of speech,
 ' His wants in plainer characters to show,
 ' And paint more perfect figures of his woe :
 ' Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
 ' To babbling ign'rance and to empty fears ;
 ' To pass the riper period of his age,
 ' Acting his part upon a crowded stage ;
 ' To lasting toil expos'd, and endless cares,
 ' To open dangers, and to secret snares ;

‘ To

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

111

' To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
 ' And the more dang'rous love of seeming friends.
 ' His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
 ' Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill ;
 ' Or, sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
 ' Who in the scorner's or the judge's seat
 ' Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
 ' Or would he rather leave this frantick scene,
 ' And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men ;
 ' In the remotest wood and lonely grot
 ' Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought ;
 ' Diff'rent ideas to his mem'ry brought—
 ' Some intricate, as are the pathless woods,
 ' Impetuous some, as the descending floods ;
 ' With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
 ' No sweet companion near with whom to mourn,
 ' He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
 ' And from himself the frighted hermit flies.
 ' Thus, thro' what path so'er of life we rove,
 ' Rage companies our hate, and grief our love ;
 ' Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
 ' Why seek we brightness from the years to come ?
 ' Disturb'd and broken, like a sick man's sleep,
 ' Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
 ' Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake ;
 ' For hope is but the dream of those that wake :
 ' But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
 ' Of woes a-new, which, were we to sustain,
 ' We should refuse to tread the path again ;
 ' Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
 ' Judging the latest evil still the worst,
 ' And sadly finding each progressive hour
 ' Heighten their number and augment their pow'r ;
 ' Till by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
 ' Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,

}

}

}

' We

- ‘ We find the vital springs relax’d and worn,
 - ‘ Compell’d our common impotence to mourn.
 - ‘ Thus thro’ the round of age to childhood we return ;
 - ‘ Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
 - ‘ We yesterday came forth ; that in the tomb
 - ‘ Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
 - ‘ Born to lament, to labour, and to die.
 - ‘ Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
 - ‘ The weight or fall’n or hanging o’er our heads ;
 - ‘ The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
 - ‘ The sheepfold scatter’d, and the shepherd slain ;
 - ‘ The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
 - ‘ The giddy precipice, and the dang’rous flood ;
 - ‘ The noisome pest’lence, that in open war
 - ‘ Terrible, marches thro’ the mid-day air,
 - ‘ And scatters death ; the arrow that, by night,
 - ‘ Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings it’s flight ;
 - ‘ The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
 - ‘ That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
 - ‘ And o’er the vales collected ruin pour ;
 - ‘ The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest ;
 - ‘ Canker or locust, hurtful to infect
 - ‘ The blade ; while husks elude the tiller’s care,
 - ‘ And eminence of want distinguishes the year.
 - ‘ Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
 - ‘ Which our weak frame is destin’d to sustain ;
 - ‘ The cruel stone, with congregated war
 - ‘ Tearing his bloody way ; the cold catarrh,
 - ‘ With frequent impulse and continu’d strife,
 - ‘ Weak’ning the wasted seats of irksome life ;
 - ‘ The gout’s fierce rack, the burning fever’s rage,
 - ‘ The sad experience of decay ; and Age,
 - ‘ Herself the forest ill ; while Death and Ease,
 - ‘ Oft and in vain invoc’d, or to appease
 - ‘ Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
 - ‘ From the vex’d patient and the sickly bed.
- ‘ Nought

* Nought shall it profit that the charming fair,
 * Angelick, softest work of Heav'n, draws near
 * To the cold shaking, paralytick hand,
 * Senseless of Beauty's touch, or Love's command;
 * Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
 * The dictates of it's feeble master's will.
 * ' Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
 * The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale,
 * When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
 * And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.
 * ' The verdant rising of the flow'ry hill,
 * The vale enamell'd, and the chrystal rill,
 * The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
 * Beautiful objects ! shall delight no more;
 * When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye,
 * In wat'ry damps or dim suffusion lie.
 * Day follows night ; the clouds return again,
 * After the falling of the latter rain ;
 * But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
 * Grateful vicissitude : he still must mourn
 * The sun, and moon, and ev'ry starry light,
 * Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.
 * ' Behold where Age's wretched victim lies !
 * See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes !
 * Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves ;
 * To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
 * And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.
 * ' Loos'd by devouring Time, the silver cord
 * Dissever'd lies ; unhonour'd from the board,
 * The chrystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
 * And apter utensils their place supply.
 * These things and thou must share one equal lot ;
 * Die, and be lost ; corrupt, and be forgot :
 * While still another, and another race,
 * Shall now supply, and now give up the place.

' From earth all came, to earth must all return;
 ' Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.
 ' But be the terror of these ills suppress'd,
 ' And view we man with health and vigour bless'd.
 ' Home he returns with the declining sun,
 ' His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
 ' Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
 ' Again his travail for his bread to pay,
 ' And find the ill-sufficient to the day.
 ' Haply at night he does with horror shun
 ' A widow'd daughter, or a dying son;
 ' His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
 ' And doubly feels his want in their increase:
 ' The next day, and the next, he must attend
 ' His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
 ' In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels
 ' Publick calamities or household ills:
 ' The due reward to just desert refus'd;
 ' The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
 ' The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
 ' And doubtful issue of mis-constru'd laws;
 ' The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
 ' And violent will of the wrong-doing great;
 ' The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,
 ' Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.
 ' Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
 ' Produc'd as atoms form their flutt'ring dance?
 ' Or higher yet their essence may we draw
 ' From destin'd order and eternal law?
 ' Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat:
 ' Spring they, I say, from accident or Fate?
 ' Yet such we find they are, as can controul
 ' The servile actions of our wav'ring soul;
 ' Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will;
 ' Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

• O fatal

' O fatal search! in which the lab'ring mind,
 ' Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
 ' A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
 ' From years of pain one moment of release:
 ' Hoping, at least, she may herself deceive;
 ' Against experience willing to believe;
 ' Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
 ' Happy the mortal man, who now, at last,
 ' Has thro' this doleful vale of mis'ry pass'd;
 ' Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
 ' The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
 ' Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shows
 ' Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes:
 ' He happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate,
 ' To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
 ' Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 ' Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
 ' But, O! beyond description, happiest he
 ' Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
 ' Who, with blest'd freedom, from the gen'ral doom
 ' Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
 ' Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.
 ' Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
 ' And he alone is blest'd who ne'er was born.'
 ' Yet, in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear;
 ' Are not these general maxims too severe?
 ' Say, cannot Pow'r secure it's owner's bliss?
 ' And is not Wealth the potent fire of Peace?
 ' Are victors blest'd with fame, or kings with ease?'
 ' I tell thee, life is but one common care,
 ' And man was born to suffer and to fear.'
 ' But is no rank, no station, no degree,
 ' From this contagious taint of sorrow free?'
 ' None, mortal! none! yet in a bolder strain,
 ' Let me this melancholy truth maintain.

' But hence, ye worldly, and prophane, retire ;
 ' For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre
 ' To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd—
 ' Ye still must covet life and be deceiv'd ;
 ' Your very fear of death shall make ye try
 ' To catch the shade of immortality,
 ' Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
 ' Part of it's prey from the devouring grave ;
 ' To those who may survive you to bequeath
 ' Something entire, in spite of Time and Death ;
 ' A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
 ' And in a book, or from a building, live.
 ' False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly ;
 ' The dome shall moulder, and the volume die.
 ' Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
 ' That all the parts of this great fabrick change,
 ' Quit their old station and primæval frame,
 ' And lose their shape, their essence, and their name ?
 ' Reduce the song ; our hopes, our joys are vain ;
 ' Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain.
 ' What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
 ' The name of wife or great, of judge or king ?
 ' What is a king ?—a man condemn'd to bear
 ' The publick burden of the nation's care :
 ' Now crown'd, some angry faction to appease ;
 ' Now falls a victim to the people's ease.
 ' From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
 ' Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth ;
 ' At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
 ' Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud ;
 ' Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears ;
 ' His very state acknowledging his fears ;
 ' Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
 ' His secret terror of a thousand foes ;
 ' In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
 ' To blind events and fickle chance a slave ;

• Seeking

' Seeking to fettle what for ever flies,
 ' Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.
 ' But he returns with conquest on his brow;
 ' Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow :
 ' The captive generals to his car are ty'd;
 ' The joyful citizens' tumultuous tide,
 ' Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
 ' What is this triumph! madness, shouts, and noise;
 ' One great collection of the people's voice.
 ' The wretches he brings back, in chains relate
 ' What may to-morrow be the victor's fate :
 ' The spoils and trophies, borne before him, shew
 ' National loss, and epidemick woe ;
 ' Various distress, which he and his may know.
 ' Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain;
 ' The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
 ' Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
 ' Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey ?
 ' Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
 ' Wet with the soldiers blood and widows tears ?
 ' See, where he comes, the darling of the war !
 ' See millions crouding round the gilded car !
 ' In the vast joys of this extatick hour,
 ' And full fruition of successful pow'r,
 ' One moment and one thought might let him scan
 ' The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
 ' Are the dire images of sad distrust,
 ' And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust
 ' That rises from the victor's rapid wheel ?
 ' Can the loud clarion or shrill pipe repel
 ' The inward cries of Care ? can Nature's voice,
 ' Plaintive, be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise ;
 ' Tho' shouts, as thunder loud, afflict the air,
 ' Stun the birds, now releas'd, and shake the iv'ry chair ?
 ' Yon crowd, (he might reflect) yon joyful crowd,
 ' Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,

' (Should

- (Should fleeting Vict'ry to the vanquish'd go,
- Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
- Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
- At the high palace or the crouded gate;
- With reckless rage would pull my statues down,
- And cast the brass anew to his renown.
- O impotent desire of worldly sway !
- That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
- May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
- Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier !
- Then, (vileness of mankind !) then, of all these
- Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
- Would one, alas ! repeat me good or great,
- Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate ?
- Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
- The victor's pastime, and the sport of war,
- Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
- Or be so poor, to own he was my friend ?
- Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise ?
- To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes ?
- To know with more distinction to complain,
- And have superior sense in feeling pain ?
- Let us revolve, that roll with strictest eye
- Where safe from Time distinguish'd actions lie;
- And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
- Or pleasure ever may with pow'r remain.
- Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
- The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
- A charming wife ! and air, and sea, and land,
- And all that move therein, to his command
- Render'd obedient : say, my pensive Muse,
- What did these golden promises produce ?
- Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd ;
- One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd,
- Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
- Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.

• Ere

* Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
 * Inclined to earth, his lab'ring sweat must flow ;
 * His limbs must ache, with daily toils oppress'd,
 * Ere long-with'd night brings necessary rest :
 * Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
 * He for her follies and his own must grieve.
 * Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice,
 * His ear oft frighted with the imag'd voice
 * Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd ; oft his view
 * Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew,
 * And the stern cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
 * Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
 * His younger son on the polluted ground,
 * First-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
 * Giv'n by a brother's hand ; his eldest birth
 * Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a fugitive o'er earth :
 * Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the fire,
 * Becomes nor man nor angel to enquire.
 * Each age sinn'd on, and guilt advanc'd with time ;
 * The son still added to the father's crime :
 * Till God arose ; and, great in anger, said,
 * " Lo ! it repenteth me that man was made.
 * " Withdraw thy light, thou sun ! be dark, ye skies !
 * " And, from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise !"
 * The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
 * And o'er the earth, from wrathful viols, pour'd
 * Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.
 * Mean time his Providence to Noah gave
 * The guard of all that he design'd to save :
 * Exempt from gen'ral doom the patriarch stood,
 * Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
 * The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease ;
 * The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace :
 * Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 * Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.

• If

' If on the backward world his views are cast,
 ' 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
 ' Present, (sad prospect !) can he aught descry
 ' But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 ' The beauties of the ancient fabrick lost,
 ' In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
 ' While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
 ' Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
 ' When of God's image only eight he found
 ' Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from nations drown'd;
 ' And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
 ' The seed whence empires must receive their birth,
 ' One he foresees excluded heav'nly grace,
 ' And mark'd with curses fatal to his race.
 ' Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God !
 ' Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
 ' By blood and battles must his pow'r maintain,
 ' And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
 ' Must deal just portions of a servile life
 ' To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife;
 ' Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
 ' In want to wander and in wilds to groan;
 ' Must take his other child, his age's hope,
 ' To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
 ' Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
 ' Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.
 ' Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
 ' The Deity, in radiant beams conceal'd,
 ' And clouded in a deep abyss of light?
 ' While present, too severe for human sight,
 ' Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night:
 ' The following days, and months, and years, decreed
 ' To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
 ' His youth with wants and hardships must engage;
 ' Plots and rebellions must disturb his age:

Some

* Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
 * Prompter to sink the state, than he to save;
 * And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
 * That what the Godhead wrote the prophet broke.
 * His voice scarce heard; his dictates scarce believ'd;
 * In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
 * And dy'd obedient to severest law;
 * Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.
 * My father's life was one long line of care;
 * A scene of danger, and a state of war.
 * Alarm'd, expos'd; his childhood must engage
 * The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
 * By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
 * Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
 * Forlorn he must, and persecuted, fly,
 * Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
 * And often ask, and be refus'd to die.
 * For ever from his manly toil are known
 * The weight of pow'r, and anguish of a crown.
 * What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes;
 * When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
 * When ev'ry object his offence revil'd;
 * The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
 * The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
 * What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd,
 * When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
 * And the inexorable prophet's voice
 * Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his choice.
 * He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
 * It's pois'nous venom on the royal dead:
 * Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
 * Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
 * Dying, he added to my weight of care;
 * He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
 * Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
 * And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

' Young as I was, I halted to fulfil
 ' The cruel dictates of my parent's will :
 ' Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
 ' But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look ;
 ' Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
 ' His care of right, his rev'rence to the laws,
 ' But could with joy his years of folly trace,
 ' Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace ;
 ' Could follow him where'er he stray'd from good,
 ' And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
 ' Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
 ' Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
 ' With smiles I could betray, with temper kill ;
 ' Soon in a brother could a rival view,
 ' Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue :
 ' In vain for life he to the altar fled ;
 ' Ambition and Revenge have certain speed.
 ' E'en there, my soul, e'en there he should have fell,
 ' But that my int'rest did my rage conceal.
 ' Doubling my crime, I promise and deceive,
 ' Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 ' Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain ;
 ' With a mean lye curs'd vengeance I sustain,
 ' Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r,
 ' Till of the destin'd fugitive secure,
 ' In solemn state to parricide I rise,
 ' And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
 ' Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse !
 ' In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
 ' Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;
 ' In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt.
 ' The deed was acted by the subject's hand,
 ' The sword was pointed by the king's command.
 ' Mine was the murder ; it was mine alone :
 ' Years of contrition must the crime atone ;

' Nor

' Nor can my guilty soul expect relief
 ' But from a long sincerity of grief.'
 With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
 (Her love of truth superior to her art)
 Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
 The mournful figures of my actions past.
 The pensive goddess has already taught
 How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
 From growing childhood to declining age,
 How tedious ev'ry step, how gloomy ev'ry stage.
 This course of vanity almost compleat,
 Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
 In the still shades of death; for dread, and pain,
 And grief, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain;
 And their points broke, retorted from the head,
 Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

' Yet tell me, frighted Reason, what is death?
 ' Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath?
 ' The utmost limit of a narrow span,
 ' And end of motion, which with life began?
 ' As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
 ' Is seen this moment, and the next expires;
 ' As empty clouds by rising winds are tofs'd,
 ' Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost:
 ' So vanishes our state, so pass our days,
 ' So life but opens now, and now decays;
 ' The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,
 ' To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.'

' Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 ' Death only shews us what we knew was near.
 ' With courage, therefore, view the pointed hour,
 ' Dread not Death's anger, but expect his pow'r;
 ' Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
 ' But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.'

Cautious thro' doubt, by want of courage wise,
 To such advice the reas'ner still replies.

' Yet measuring all the long continu'd space,
 ' Ev'ry successive day's repeated race,
 ' Since Time first started from his pristine goal,
 ' Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul,
 ' Join'd to my body, swell'd the womb, I was
 ' (At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
 ' Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
 ' Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?
 ' Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
 ' To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
 ' And never shall those particles agree,
 ' That were in life this individual he?
 ' But sever'd, must they join the general mass,
 ' Thro' other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass,
 ' Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
 ' Does the Great Word, that gave him sense, ordain
 ' That life shall never wake that sense again?
 ' And will no pow'r his sinking spirits save
 ' From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the grave?
 ' Each ev'ning I behold the setting sun
 ' With downward speed into the ocean run;
 ' Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
 ' Exerts his vigour, and renews his pow'rs;
 ' Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
 ' Rises and sets, returning still the same.
 ' I mark the various fury of the winds;
 ' These neither seasons guide, nor order binds:
 ' They now dilate, and now contract their force;
 ' Various their speed, but endless is their course.
 ' From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
 ' Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows;
 ' Tho' sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
 ' The whole still runs, with equal pace the same;
 ' Still other waves supply the rising urns,
 ' And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

' Why then must man obey the sad decree,
 ' Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea ?
 ' A flower, that does with op'ning morn arise,
 ' And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
 ' A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
 ' The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
 ' A fire, whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly ;
 ' A meteor shooting from the summer sky ;
 ' A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd ;
 ' A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;
 ' A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream ;
 ' Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim
 ' Our earthly course : but, O my soul ! so fast
 ' Must life run off, and death for ever last !
 ' This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd ;
 ' Else whence this hope and terror of the mind ?
 ' Does something still, and somewhere, yet remain,
 ' Reward or punishment, delight or pain ?
 ' Say ; shall our relicks second birth receive ?
 ' Sleep we to wake, and only die to live ?
 ' When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
 ' And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
 ' Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead,
 ' The spirit only from the body fled ;
 ' The grosser part of heat and motion void,
 ' To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd ;
 ' The soul, immortal substance, to remain
 ' Conscious of joy, and capable of pain ?
 ' And if her acts have been directed well,
 ' While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,
 ' Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat,
 ' Find her rest endless, and her bliss compleat ?
 ' And while the buried man we idly mourn,
 ' Do angels joy to see his better half return ?
 ' But if she has deform'd this earthly life
 ' With murd'rous rapine and seditious strife,

' Amaz'd,

' Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driv'n
 ' From the ethereal seat and blissful heav'n,
 ' In everlasting darkness must she lie,
 ' Still more unhappy that she cannot die ?
 ' Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
 ' Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand ;
 ' On either side our thoughts incessant turn ;
 ' Forward we dread ; and looking back we mourn ;
 ' Losing the present in this dubious haste,
 ' And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.'

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
 My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
 ' Once more,' I said, ' once more I will inquire
 ' What is this little, agile, perversive fire ;
 ' This flutt'ring motion which we call the Mind,
 ' How does she act ? and where is she confin'd ?
 ' Have we the pow'r to guide her as we please ?
 ' Whence then those evils that obstruct our ease ?
 ' We happiness pursue ; we fly from pain ;
 ' Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain ;
 ' And while poor Nature labours to be blest'd,
 ' By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
 ' Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will,
 ' Dashing our rising hope with certain ill ;
 ' And makes us with reflective trouble see,
 ' That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.
 ' That Pow'r superior, then, which rules our mind,
 ' Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd ?
 ' Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease ?
 ' And can our tears reverse his firm decrees ?
 ' Then let religion aid where reason fails,
 ' Throw loads of incense in to turn the scales ;
 ' And let the silent sanctuary show
 ' What from the babbling schools we may not know,
 ' How man may shun, or bear, his destin'd part of woe.

}
 ' What

- What shall amend, or what absolve our fate?
- Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
- Betwixt infinity and nothing; bounds,
- Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds:
- Unequal thought! whilst all we apprehend
- Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,
- As our Creator deigns to be our friend.'

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I said: and instant bade the priests prepare
 The ritual sacrifice, and solemn pray'r.
 Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
 A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way:
 The artful youth proceed to form the choir,
 They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
 The maids in comely order next advance,
 They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance:
 Follows the chosen tribe, from Levi sprung,
 Chaunting by just return the holy song.
 Along the choir in solemn state they pass'd,

—The anxious king came last.

- The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
- I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,
- Father of heav'n! I said, 'and Judge of earth!
- Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
- By whose kind pow'r, and influencing care,
- The various creatures move, and live, and are;
- But ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,
- They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
- Omniscient Master, omni-present King,
- To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.
- Thou that canst still the raging of the seas,
- Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease,
- Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
- Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts;
- From storms of rage, and dang'rous rocks of pride,
- Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
- (It was thy hand that made it!) thro' the tide

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• Impetuous

- Impetuous of this life : let thy command
- Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.
- If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
- Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death;
- It haply be thy will that I should know
- Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe ;
- From now, from instant now, great Sire ! dispel
- The clouds that press my soul ; from now reveal
- A gracious beam of light ; from now inspire
- My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre ;
- My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise,
- And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise :
- Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
- Some new hereafter, and a future state,
- Permit me strength my weight of woe to bear,
- And raise my mind superior to my care.
- Let me, howe'er unable to explain
- The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man;
- With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r ;
- Still weeping hope, and wond'ring still adore :
- So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,
- And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.'

My pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
 Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome :
 'To the beginning miracle succeed
 An awful silence and religious dread.
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;
 The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows—
 Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
 From Arab's gum or the Sabæan rose,
 Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :
 The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews.
 Celestial musick (such Jessides' lyre,
 Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)

Strikes

Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear,
 With extasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear:
 And, lo! what sees my ravish'd eye! what feels
 My wond'ring soul! an op'ning cloud reveals
 An heav'nly form embody'd, and array'd
 With robes of light. I heard. The angel said:

‘ Cease, Man, of woman born, to hope relief,
 ‘ From daily trouble and continu'd grief.
 ‘ Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind;
 ‘ Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind.
 ‘ Free and familiar with misfortune grow;
 ‘ Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe.
 ‘ By weak'ning toil and hoary age o'ercome,
 ‘ See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb.
 ‘ Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
 ‘ Portions of toil, and legacies of care:
 ‘ Send the successive ills thro' ages down,
 ‘ And let each weeping father tell his son,
 ‘ That, deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
 ‘ He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.
 ‘ The child, to whose success thy hope is bound,
 ‘ Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
 ‘ To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd,
 ‘ (That curst poison to the prince's mind!)
 ‘ Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
 ‘ And lose his great defence, his people's love;
 ‘ Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
 ‘ Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd;
 ‘ Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown
 ‘ With lessen'd rays descending to his son;
 ‘ Shall see the wreaths his grandfire knew to reap,
 ‘ By active toil and military sweat,
 ‘ Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
 ‘ Their falling honours from his giddy head;
 ‘ By arms or pray'r unable to assuage
 ‘ Domestick horror; and intestine rage

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‘ Shall

- ‘ Shall from the victor and the vanquish’d fear;
- ‘ From Israel’s arrow, and from Judah’s spear ;
- ‘ Shall cast his weary’d limbs on Jordan’s flood,
- ‘ By brothers arms disturb’d, and stain’d with kindred blood.
- ‘ Hence lab’ring years shall weep their destin’d race,
- ‘ Charg’d with ill omens, fully’d with disgrace.
- ‘ Time, by necessity compell’d, shall go
- ‘ Thro’ scenes of war, and epochas of woe :
- ‘ The empire, lessen’d in a parted stream,
- ‘ Shall lose its course——
- ‘ Indulge thy tears : the heathen shall blaspheme ;
- ‘ Judah shall fall, oppress’d by grief and shame,
- ‘ And men shall from her ruins know her fame.
- ‘ New Egypts yet, and second bonds remain;
- ‘ A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
- ‘ Again, obedient to a dire command,
- ‘ Thy captive sons shall leave the Promis’d Land ;
- ‘ Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
- ‘ Shall on Euphrates’ bank renew the grief of Nile.
- ‘ These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky,
- ‘ (Inglorious change !) shall in destruction lie
- ‘ Low, levell’d with the dust ; their heights unknown,
- ‘ Or measur’d by their ruin. Yonder throne,
- ‘ For lasting glory built, design’d the seat
- ‘ Of kings for ever blest’d, for ever great,
- ‘ Remov’d by the invader’s barb’rous hand,
- ‘ Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
- ‘ The tyrant shall demand yon sacred load
- ‘ Of gold and vessels set apart to God ;
- ‘ Then, by vile hands to common use debas’d,
- ‘ Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
- ‘ With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.
- ‘ Twice fourteen ages shall their way compleat ;
- ‘ Empires by various turns shall rise and set :
- ‘ While thy abandon’d tribes shall only know
- ‘ A diff’rent master, and a change of woe ;

‘ With

' With downcast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,
 ' Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.
 ' Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
 ' Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run;
 ' Their harps upon the neighb'ring willows hung,
 ' Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
 ' Nor chearful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,
 ' Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
 ' In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
 ' Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 ' Her pensive head; and in her languid face
 ' The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race;
 ' While pond'rous fetters vex their close embrace.
 ' With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn
 ' Their long-neglected feasts despair'd return,
 ' And sad oblivion of their solemn days:
 ' Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
 ' Louder to weep. By day, your frightened seers
 ' Shall call for fountains to express their tears,
 ' And wish their eyes were floods: by night, from dreams
 ' Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging flames,
 ' Starting amaz'd, shall to the people shew
 ' Emblems of heav'nly wrath, and mystick types of woe.
 ' The captives, as their tyrant shall require
 ' That they should breathe the song, and touch the lyre,
 ' Shall say, " Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
 " Untun'd the musick, and diffus'd the voice?
 " What can we play?" they shall discourse; " how sing
 " In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king?
 " We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
 " To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
 " The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
 " (Out-cast of mortal race!) can we conceive
 " Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay?
 " Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day,

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" The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,
 " Is but some interval from active woe ;
 " In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
 " Till morn the tyrant and the scourge return.
 " Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme ?
 " Our endless anguish does not Nature claim ?
 " Reason and sorrow are to us the same.
 " Alas ! with wild amazement we require
 " If idle Folly was not Pleasure's fire ?
 " Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
 " To grinning Laughter and to frantick Mirth."
 " This is the series of perpetual woe,
 " Which thou, alas ! and thine, are born to know.
 " Illustrious wretch ! repine not, nor reply ;
 " View not what Heav'n ordains with Reason's eye ;
 " Too bright the object is, the distance is too high.
 " The man who would resolve the work of Fate,
 " May limit number, and make crooked straight :
 " Stop thy enquiry, then, and curb thy sense,
 " Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
 " 'Tis God who must dispose ; and man sustain,
 " Born to endure, forbidden to complain :
 " Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil ;
 " What derogates from his command, is ill,
 " And that alone is good which centres in his will.
 " Yet that thy lab'ring senses may not droop,
 " Lost to delight, and destitute of hope ;
 " Remark what I, God's messenger, aver,
 " From him who neither can deceive nor err.
 " The land, at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn ;
 " Shall from her sad captivity return.
 " Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,
 " And in her courts the law again be read.
 " Again the glorious Temple shall arise,
 " And with new lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies.

“ The

' The promis'd feat of empire shall again
 ' Cover the mountain, and command the plain ;
 ' And, from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring,
 ' Greater in act than victor, more than king
 ' In dignity and pow'r; sent down from heav'n
 ' To succour earth. To Him, to Him 'tis giv'n,
 ' Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy.
 ' Thro' Him, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,
 ' Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow !
 ' No more may man enquire, nor angel know.
 ' Now, Solomon ! rememb'ring who thou art,
 ' Act thro' thy remnant life the decent part.
 ' Go forth ; be strong ; with patience and with care
 ' Perform and suffer ; to thyself severe,
 ' Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
 ' Diffus'd thy virtues ; first of men ! be best.
 ' Thy sum of duty let two words contain ;
 ' O may they graven in thy heart remain !
 ' Be humble, and be just !' The angel said ;
 With upward speed his agile wings he spread ;
 Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
 By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object : at length (my mournful look
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke :
 ' Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate !
 ' Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate !
 ' Enthron'd in light and immortality !
 ' Whom no man fully sees, and none can see !
 ' Original of Beings ! Power Divine !
 ' Since that I live, and that I think, is thine ;
 ' Benign Creator ! let thy plæstic hand
 ' Dispose it's own effect : let thy command
 Restore, Great Father, thy instructed son,
 And in my act may Thy great Will be done !'

EDWIN

EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY MR. MALLET.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood:

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest'd, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair :

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual

A mutual flame was quickly caught ;
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The Father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd ;
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of diff'rent passions strove :
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept ;
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft,

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wint'ry waffe,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner fray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaft:
So fades the fresh rofe in it's prime,
Before the northern blaft.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

' 'Tis past !' he cry'd ; ' but if your souls
' Sweet mercy yet can move,
' Let these dim eyes once more behold
' What they must ever love !'

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But, oh ! his sister's jealous care,
(A cruel sister she !)
Forbade what Emma came to say ;
' My Edwin, live for me !'

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in ev'ry found,

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad founding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door:
'He's gone!' she cry'd; and I shall see
'That angel-face no more!

'I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
'Beat high against my side!—
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

NEW MARKET.

A SATIRE.

BY THOMAS WARTON, M.A.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care:
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy;
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each fond frolick what the source and end?
His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.
Some squires, to Gallia's cooks most dainty dupes,
Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in soups:

S.

This

This coxcomb doats on fidlers, till he sees
 His mortgag'd mountains destitute of trees ;
 Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
 With mightier force than those of Greece, the grove.
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns ;
 So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh—
 He cares not—if his Cæsars * be but safe.
 Some tread the slippery paths of love's delights ;
 These deal the cards, or shake the box at White's.
 To different pleasures different tastes incline,
 Nor the same sea receives the rushing swine.
 Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poisonous bowl,
 In separate sties the mimic monsters roll.

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving squires,
 How best you may disgrace your prudent fires ;
 How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
 Be damn'd at once to ruin, and to fame ;
 By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
 O greatly dare to tread Olympick ground !
 Where fam'd Newmarket spreads her tempting plain,
 There let the chosen steed victorious strain ;
 Where not (as erst was sung in manly lays)
 Men fly to different ends thro' different ways ;
 Thro' the same path, to the same goal ye run,
 And are, at once, undoing and undone ;
 Forfeit, forget, friends, honour, and estate,
 Lose all at once—for what ?—to win the plate :
 All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
 To your own beasts, Aæon-like, a prey.

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
 When the good knight at last retir'd to rest !
 Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
 Each pleasing prospect of the spacious Park ;

* Antiquæ medallæ.

That Park, where beauties undisguis'd engage
 Those beauties less the work of art than age ;
 In simple state, where genuine Nature wears
 Her venerable dress of ancient years ;
 Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
 The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which Druids might adore ;
 Pride and support of Britain's conqu'ring cross,
 Which distant ancestors saw crown'd with moss :
 With meeting boughs, and deep'ning to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue ;
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green ;
 There the full stream, through intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades,
 Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun, or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old feat, whose Gothick tow'rs
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs ;
 Whose raster'd hall the crouding tenants fed,
 And dealt to age and want their daily bread :
 Where garter'd knights, with peerless beauties join'd,
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd ;
 Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
 In mystick pageantries, and moral masque *.
 But vain all ancient praise, or boasts of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroick worth !
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
 Hilario bets—park, house, dissolve in air !

* It was a fashionable practice among our ancient nobility and gentry, of both sexes, to perform personally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of spending an evening than this. Milton's *Comus* was thus exhibited at Ludlow Castle, in the year 1631. See Ben Johnson's *Masques*.

With antique armour hung, high trophy'd rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd;
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace;
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fidler, highwayman, or player.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
 Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode!
 Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the lifted plain!
 Not more fantastick Sancho's * airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magick horse,
 He pierc'd heav'n's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
 Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed:
 For poets have, like you, their destin'd round;
 And ours is but a race on claffick ground.
 Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had eat sirloins in peace:
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toils or strife,
 The mild October of a rural life;
 Long liv'd with calm domestick conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.

* Clavileno. See Don Quixote.

Lo ! there, thy triumphs, Taaff ; thy palms, Portmore ;
 Tempt him to rein the steed, and stake his store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonick sand,
 Amid the lists our hero takes his stand ;
 Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes, that witness huge dismay ;
 When lo ! the chance of one unlucky heat
 Strips him of game, strong-beer, and sweet retreat.
 How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.
 The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst ;
 At once with dulness, and with hunger curs'd.

And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires ?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver squires ?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold !
 (For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough by a lucky bet)
 Smit with the love of the laconick boot,
 The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaëtons usurp the reins,
 And scour in rival race Newmarket's plains.
 See, side by side, the Jockey and Sir John,
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For O, my Muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear !

See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race !
 All ask, what crowds the tumults could produce ;
 ' Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose ?'
 Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
 Such emphasis of oaths, and claret-drinking !
 Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
 Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
 The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
 As, at Newmarket, dislocated limbs.

Thy

Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud :
 With critick skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide ;
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses, gravely fix the fate,
 Guide the nice conduct of a daring match,
 And o'er th' equestrian rights with care paternal watch.

Mean time, no more the mimick patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise :
 No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause ;
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's stand *.

Are these the sage directive powers, design'd,
 With the nice search of a sagacious mind,
 In judgment's scales the fate of realms to weigh,
 Britannia's interest, trade, and laws survey ?
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are cross'd,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
 Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's kings the sacred race ;
 Think London journies are the worst of ills,
 And set their hands to articles for bills ;
 Strangers to all historians sage relate,
 Theirs are the memoirs of th' equestrian state ;
 Unski'll'd in Albion's past and present views,
 Who Cheney's † records for Rapin peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge ;

* A kind of scaffold, where is held a consistory, made up of several very eminent gentlemen, for determining doubtful cases in the race, &c. This place might not improperly be called a Pandæmonium.

† The accurate and annual author of an historical list of the running-horses, &c.

Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs :
 See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad ;
 Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide, with equal reins, a steed and state.

How would a virtuous Houhnhym * neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein ;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoke thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road ;
 And robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.

Yet O, what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons, of more than mortal kind ;
 A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest'd,
 That fills the prudent head, or valorous breast ;
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race,
 In whom pride, av'rice, ignorance conspire—
 That hated animal, a Yahoo squire !

How are th' adventurers of the British race
 Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of ancient days ;
 Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
 Divinely labour'd in the Pythian dust.
 Theirs was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
 Theirs was the Theban bard's recording song.
 Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
 Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
 Our British Thurons issue to the race,
 Of their own generous courfers the disgrace.
 What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
 They won no bets—but then they soar'd to gods ;
 And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
 Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.

* Vide Gulliver's Travels, voyage to the Houhnhym.

Greece ! how I kindle at thy magick name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame !
 Thy solemn scenes and awful visions rise,
 In ancient grace, before my musing eyes.
 Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
 While sage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue :
 There Xerxes' host, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at her fated hero's * flashing spear.
 Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
 The laureat walks of sweet Ilissus spring :
 And lo ! where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
 Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.

Yet, ah ! no more the seat of arts and arms.
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
 Lo ! the stern Turk, with more than Gothick rage,
 Has blasted all the bays of ancient age :
 No more her groves by sacred feet are trod,
 Each Attick Grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fall'n is fair Greece ! by Luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barb'rous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch ! O trim thy with'ring bays !
 Remember thou hast rival'd Græcia's praise,
 Great nurse of works divine ! Yet, oh, beware !
 Left thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recal thy wonted worth with conscious pride :
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde ;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear,
 With Spartan fortitude, the British spear ;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
 Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

* Leonidas.

MARY,

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

AN ELEGY.

BY MR. MICKLE.

Quod tibi vitæ fors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.

BUCCH.

THE balmy Zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now thro' the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays;
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Aman murmuring thro' the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's Bower the songs of Love;
The songs of Love, of Innocence, and Joy?

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flow'ry green;
Here by the moon, full oft in chearful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs, that thro' the copse appear,
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flow'rs they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

T

Supreme

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
 Appears the lady of th' ærial train;
 Tall as the sylvan goddess of the bow,
 And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
 Wand'ring by Judah's flow'ry mountains, wept;
 And with fair Iphis, by the hallow'd strand
 Of Siloe's brook, a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent crofs with thistles twin'd,
 'Tis Mary's guardian Genius loft in woe:
 ' Ah! say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
 ' To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow!

' O stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
 ' Your solemn rites; here comes no foot profane:
 ' The Muses' son, and hallow'd is his eye,
 ' Implores your stay, implores to join the strain!

' See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies;
 ' Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these!
 ' Ye nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
 ' O say, what musick will her soul appease!

' Refound the solemn dirge,' the nymphs reply,
 ' And let the turtles moan in Mary's Bow'r;
 ' Let Grief indulge her grand sublimity,
 ' And Melancholy wake her melting pow'r:

' For Art has triumph'd; Art, that never stood
 ' On Honour's side, or gen'rous transport knew,
 ' Has dy'd it's haggard hands in Mary's blood,
 ' And o'er her fame has breath'd it's blighting dew.

' But

- But come, ye nymphs; ye woodland spirits, come;
 - And with funereal flow'rs your tresses braid:
 - While in this hallow'd grove we raise the tomb,
 - And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

 - O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore!
 - Her's ev'ry charm, and ev'ry loveliest grace:
 - When Nature's happiest touch could add no more,
 - Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

 - O! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
 - Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,
 - Where creeping ivy shades the Druid's cell,
 - Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow;

 - Or whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
 - You thro' the fairy dales of Teviot glide;
 - Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia sheds
 - Her silv'ry light o'er Esk's translucent tide:

 - Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
 - By Virtue's tears, by weeping Beauty, come;
 - Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
 - And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.

 - And come, ye fleet magicians of the air!
 - (The mournful lady of the chorus cry'd;)
 - Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
 - And thro' this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide:

 - And let the song, with solemn harping join'd,
 - And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!
- She spoke; and, waking thro' the breathing wind,
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began : ' How bright her early morn !
 ' What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !
 ' To wield the awful British sceptres born,
 ' And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed ascends.

' See, round her bed, light-floating on the air,
 ' The little Loves their purple wings display ;
 ' When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
 ' Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

' Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds ;
 ' Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan :
 ' The bridal-bed the sable hearse succeeds,
 ' And struggling factions shake her native throne.

' No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
 ' May'st thou, O queen, thy lovely form display ;
 ' No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
 ' Nor in Versailles proud bow'rs outshine the day.

' For the cold north the trembling sails are spread :
 ' Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast,
 ' While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
 ' Thy future woes in boding sighs confess'd * !

* The unhappy Mary in her infancy was sent to France, to the care of her mother's family, the House of Guise. The French court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated, with all the distinctions due to her high rank ; and, as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. On the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the House of Guise required the return of the young queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmost reluctance ; and, on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

' A nation

‘ A nation stern and stubborn to command,
 ‘ And now convuls’d with Faction’s fiercest rage,
 ‘ Commits it’s sceptre to thy gentle hand,
 ‘ And asks a bridle from thy tender age.’

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
 Her native shore receives the mournful queen ;
 November wind o’er the bare landscape blows,
 In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene :

The house of Holy Rood, in fullen state,
 Bleak in the shade of rude pil’d rocks appears ;
 Cold on the mountain’s side, the type of Fate,
 It’s shatter’d walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the shelt’ring bough ;
 O’er the dank vale, prophetick of her reign,
 Beneath the curving mountain’s craggy brow,
 The dreary echoes to the gales complain :

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
 The high pil’d city rears her Gothick tow’rs ;
 The stern-brow’d castle, from his lofty rock
 Looks scornful down, and fix’d defiance lours*.

Domestick blifs, that dear, that sov’reign joy,
 Far from her hearth was seen to speed away ;
 Straight dark-brow’d factions entering in, destroy
 The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

* These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy Rood House, are local. Yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the other efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantick summer landscape.

No more by moon-shine to the nuptial bow'r
 Her Francis comes, by Love's soft fetters led ;
 Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour * ,
 Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

' Ah, draw the veil !' shrill trembles thro' the air :
 The veil was drawn, but darker scenes arose ;
 Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare † ,
 The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd ;
 Far from the couch offended Prudence fled :
 Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
 And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glitt'ring spears,
 Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds wield ;
 Fanatick rage the plowman's visage wears,
 And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
 The beautiful queen, all tears, is seen to fly :
 Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne ‡ ,
 Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye !

* Lord Darnly ; the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

† Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell ; an unprincipled politician of great address.

‡ When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an enraged mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan, when he relates these circumstances, seems to drop a tear over them.

Again the vision shifts the woeful scene :
 Again, forlorn, from rebel arms she flies;
 And, unsuspecting, on a sister queen,
 The lovely injur'd fugitive relies.

When Wisdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain,
 Heav'n oft delights to set the virtuous free ;
 Some friend appears, and breaks Affliction's chain—
 But, ah! no gen'rous friend appears for thee !

A prison's ghastly walls, and grated cells,
 Deform'd the airy scenery as it pass'd ;
 The haunt where listless Melancholy dwells,
 Where ev'ry genial feeling shrinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend * !
 ' Ah, cease to tell it in the female ear !
 ' A woman's stern command ! a proffer'd friend !
 ' Oh, gen'rous passion, peace ! forbear, forbear !
 ' And could, O Tudor ! could thy breast retain
 ' No soft'ning thought of what thy woes had been,
 ' When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
 ' Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant queen ?
 ' And could no pang from tender memory wake,
 ' And feel those woes that once had been thine own !
 ' No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake ;
 ' For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne ?
 ' Alas ! no pleading touch thy memory knew ;
 ' Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd :
 ' Dark politicks alone engag'd thy view ;
 ' With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

* A fact.

' And

‘ And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command?
 ‘ Did Honour wave his banner o’er the deed?
 ‘ Ah !—Mary’s fate thy name shall ever brand;
 ‘ And ever, o’er her woes, shall Pity bleed!

‘ The babe that prattled on his nurse’s knee,
 ‘ When first thy woeful captive hours began;
 ‘ Ere Heaven, O hapless Mary! set thee free,
 ‘ That babe to battle march’d, in arms a man!’

An awful pause ensues!—With speaking eyes,
 And hands half rais’d, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
 While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
 Stain’d with the last deep woes of Mary’s fate!

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
 The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor;
 Blue gleams the axe, the block it’s shoulders rears,
 And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
 And Mary’s maids (a mournful train!) pass by;
 Languid they walk, and listless hang the head,
 And silent tears pace down from ev’ry eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the queen;
 She smiles on Heav’n, and bows the injur’d head:
 The axe is lifted—from the deathful scene,
 The guardians turn’d, and all the picture fled.

It fled—the wood-nymphs o’er the distant lawn,
 As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes:
 So, when the huntsman hears the rustling fawn,
 He stands impatient of the starting prize.

- The sov'reign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
 As Cuma's maid when by the god inspir'd ;
 ' The depths of ages to my sight unfold !'
 She cries; ' and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd !
- ' On Tudor's throne her fons shall ever reign ;
 ' Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
 ' With sov'reign pride, wherever roars the main,
 ' Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.
- ' Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone;
 ' Age after age, through length'ning time, shall see
 ' Her branching race on Europe's ev'ry throne,
 ' And either India bend to them the knee.
- ' But Tudor as a fruitless gourd shall die ;
 ' I see her death-scene—On the lowly floor
 ' Dreary she sits; cold Grief has glaz'd her eye,
 ' And Anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more.'
- But hark !—loud howling thro' the midnight gloom,
 Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell !
 O save, ye gen'rous few, your Mary's tomb !
 O save her ashes from the blasting spell !
- ' And lo ! where Time with brighten'd face serene,
 ' Points to yon far, but glorious op'ning sky ;
 ' See Truth walk forth, majestick, awful queen !
 ' And Party's black'ning mists before her fly.
- ' Falshood, unmask'd, withdraws her ugly train,
 ' And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—
 ' Yes, thou hast friends ! the godlike and humane
 ' Of latest ages, injur'd queen, are thine.'

The milky splendors of the dawning ray,
 Now thro' the grove a trembling radiance shed ;
 With sprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
 And with the moon-shine all the vision fled *.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

*Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
 Infantumque animæ flentes in lumine primo.*

VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.

AH, me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise ;
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise :
 Lend me thy clarion, Goddess ! let me try
 To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies ;
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

* The author of this little poem to the memory of an unhappy princess is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved demonstration: the letters, which have always been esteemed as the principal proof of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Thuanus and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her publick records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demonstration. And, to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian ; a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity, and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of virtue.

In

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire,
 Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
 They, griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in fight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
 Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide it's waving branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray,

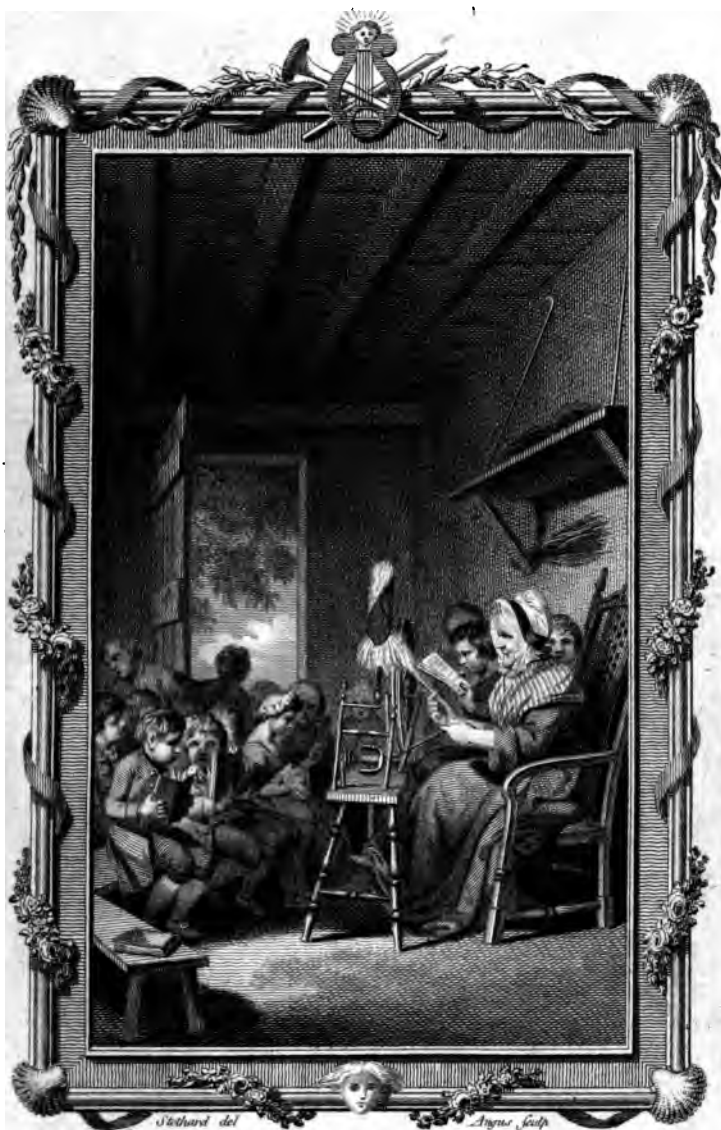
Eager, perdie, to be in sunny day !
 The noisies intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tennement betray ;
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
 And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwain'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd ;
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd ;
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Æol's train,
 Libs, Notus, Ausfer* : these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
 Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A ruffet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
 A ruffet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
 'Twas simple ruffet, but it was her own :
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare ;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

* The south-west wind, South. &c. &c.





Albeit, ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth ;
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear :
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim :
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew ;
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of chearful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disclaiming here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left un sung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;

And

And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
 Ere, driv'n from it's envy'd site, it found
 A sacred shelter for it's branches here,
 Where edg'd with gold it's glitt'ring skirts appear.
 Oh, wassel days ! O customs meet and well !
 Ere this was banish'd from it's lofty sphere ;
 Simplicity then fought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete ;
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-feat :
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning ev'ry string,
 Up-hung their uselefs lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
 And in those elfin's ears would oft deplore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed ;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed ;
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn :
 Ah, dearest Lord ! forefend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sov'reign prince and lieft liege is plac'd,
 The matron fate : and some with rank she grac'd ;
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
 Redrefs'd affronts, (for vile affronts there pass'd ;)
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise ;
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
 E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now, with state she utters the command !
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,
 To save from finger wet the letters fair.
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
 St. George's high atchievements does declare,
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
 As erst the bard *, by Mulla's silver stream,
 Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,

* Spenser.

Sigh'd

Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite ;
 For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
 And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure
 His little sister doth his peril see ;
 All playful as she fate, she grows demure,
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free :
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could die .

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in it's mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
 She sees no kind domestick visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?
 When he in abject wise implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care ;
 By turns, aston'd, ev'ry twig survey,
 And from their fellows hateful wounds beware,
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
 And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet !

See, to their seats they hye with merry glee,
 And in beseemly order sitten there,
 All but the wight of bum y-galled ; he
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair)
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust beheft,
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be carefs'd.

His face besprent, with liquid chrystal shines ;
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
 Which low to earth it's drooping head declines,
 All smear'd and fully'd by a vernal show'r.
 O the hard bosoms of despotick pow'r !
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame ;
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour :
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;
 Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth aught,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns,

And deems it shame if he to peace inclines :
 And many a fullen look askaunce is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he desigas ;
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah, me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see
 Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires :
 Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
 (All coward arts) is valour's gen'rous heat ;
 The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
 Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great.
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
 E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so ;
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low ;
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
 Wiseth, poor starv'ling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
 Shall Dennis be ! if rigid Fates incline ;
 And many an epick to his rage shall yield,
 And many a poet quit the Aonian field :
 And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now, with 'dainful fury thrill'd,
 Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, ' What stuff is here ?'

But

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door ;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run ;
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !
 For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chace gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs ;
 For when my bones in grafs-green fods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs.
 O vain, to seek delight in earthly thing !
 But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs ;
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace, can spring
 Beneath the pompous doom of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
 These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,
 Salute the stranger passing on his way :
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to play ;
 Think to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a diff'rent store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been,
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Gallings full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;

And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green :
 And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear ;
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween ;
 O may no wight e'er pennylefs come there,
 Left smit with ardent love he pine with hopelefs care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread fo white in tempting posies ty'd,
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
 And must be bought, tho' penury betide :
 The plumb all azure, and the nut all brown ;
 And here, each season, do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known *.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd ;
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :
 Ah ! midst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
 Who chearless o'er her darkling region stray,
 Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

ODE AGAINST ILL-NATURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M.A.

OFFSPRING of Folly and of Pride,
 To all that's odious, all that's base ally'd ;
 Nurs'd up by Vice, by Pravity misled,
 By pedant Affectation taught and bred :

* Shrewsbury cakes.

Away,

Away, thou hideous hell-born sprite!
 Go, with thy looks of dark design,
 Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
 Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light!
 Thy planet was remote when I was born;
 'Twas Mercury that rul'd thy natal morn.
 What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
 And ripens for enjoyment ev'ry growing day;
 When to exist is but to love and sing,
 And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring,

There, in yon lonesome heath,
 Which Flora or Sylvanus never knew,
 Where never vegetable drank the dew,
 Or beast or fowl attempts to breathe;
 Where Nature's pencil has no colours laid,
 But all is blank, and universal shade:
 Contrast to figure, motion, life, and light,
 There may'st thou vent thy spite,
 For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
 Of all th' infernal crew the worst;
 The worst in genius, measure, and degree;
 For Envy, Hatred, Malice, are but parts of thee.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit thy den,
 Behold the heaven-deserted fen,
 Where Spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
 Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
 Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed:
 There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
 There may'st thou croak, in concert with the toad.
 With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
 Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny;
 The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
 Th' ear-piercing hern, and plover screaming high;
 While million humming gnats fit æstrum shall supply.

Away!

Away ! away !—behold an hideous band,
 And herd of all thy minions, are at hand !
 Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
 And ever looks around her as she walks ;
 With bibulous ear, imperfect sounds to catch,
 And prompt to listen at her neighbour's latch
 Next Scandal's meagre shade,
 Foe to the virgin's and the Poet's fame ;
 A wither'd, time-deflower'd old maid,
 That ne'er enjoy'd Love's ever-sacred flame,
 Hypocrisy succeeds, with saint-like look,
 And elevates her hands, and plods upon her book.
 Next comes illiberal, scrambling Avarice ;
 Then Vanity, and Affectation nice—
 See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,
 As in short Gallick trips she minces by ;
 Starting Antipathy is in her eye,
 And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
 To thee, Ill-nature, all the numerous groupe
 With lowly reverence stoop—
 They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay :
 Away ! thou art infectious—haste away !

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY MR. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM ; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.—TIME, THE MORNING.

' Y^E Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
 ' And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 ' Not all are blest'd, whom Fortune's hand sustains
 ' With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :

Well

- * Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
- * 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.*

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd ;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :
Wife in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride ;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away ;
By Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

- * 'Ye Persian dames,' he said, 'to you belong,
- * (Well may they please) the morals of my song :
- * No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
- * Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around ;
- * The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
- * Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes ;
- * For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
- * And yours the love that kings delight to know.
- * Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
- * The best kind blessings Heav'n can grant the fair !
- * Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
- * Boast but the worth Balfora's* pearls display :
- * Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright ;
- * But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
- * Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast ;
- * By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
- * Self-flatt'ring sex ! your hearts believe in vain,
- * That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
- * Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
- * As spots on ermin beautify the skin :

* The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

- Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
- Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
- Each tender passion man delights to find,
- The lov'd perfection of a female mind !
- Bles'd were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
- And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
- With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
- Immortal Truth ! and daughters blest'd their love.
- O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !
- Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
- The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
- By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
- Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
- The dear deserters shall return again.
- Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear ;
- To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :
- Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
- And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
- With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
- Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;
- But man the most—not more the mountain doe
- Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
- Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
- A filken veil conceals her from the view.
- No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
- But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
- Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
- And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;
- And Love the last. By these your hearts approve ;
- These are the virtues that must lead to love.'

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay :
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.—TIME, MID-DAY.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd :
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh :
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :

‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !

‘ Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,

‘ The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !

‘ Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,

‘ When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ;

‘ Soon shall this scrip it’s precious load resign ;

‘ Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

‘ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear

‘ In all my griefs a more than equal share !

‘ Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,

‘ Or moss-crown’d fountains mitigate the day,

‘ In vain ye hope the green delights to know,

‘ Which plains more blest’d, or verdant vales bestow :

‘ Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,

‘ And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !

Y

‘ Curs’d

- Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade
- Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
- The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
- And Life is dearer than the golden ore :
- Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
- To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
- Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
- And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
- Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made ?
- Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd ?
- Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
- The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
- Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
- The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride ;
- Why think we these less pleasing to behold
- Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
- Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
- O cease, my fears !—all frantick as I go,
- When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
- What if the lion in his rage I meet !
- Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
- And, fearful ! oft, when Day's declining light
- Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
- By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
- Gaunt wolves and fullen tigers in his train ;
- Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way !
- Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
- Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
- At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
- If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
- Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
- And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
- Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor ;
- From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !

• They

" They tempt no desarts, and no griefs they find ;
 " Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind,
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
 " O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 " The tender Zara, will be most undone !
 " Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 " When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she said :
 " Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain ;
 " Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !
 " Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise,
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 " Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see ;
 " No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth, like me !"
 " O let me safely to the fair return,
 " Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn !
 " O let me teach my heart to lose it's fears,
 " Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears !"
 He said ; and call'd on Heav'n to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE 'III.

ABRA ; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.—TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tessis' tow'rs are seen,
 In distant view along the level green ;
 While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade ;
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain ;
 At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead
 Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead :
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made.
 Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose *,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;
 All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
 The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away :
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
 Oft as she went, she backward turn’d her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove ;
 To richer scenes of golden power and love !
 Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd’s strain ;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix’d her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

Still,

Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
 To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd :
 And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant Hours ;
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band !
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand :
 Some simple lay, of flocks and herds, they sung ;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

And oft the royal lover left the care .

And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof’d cots retir’d,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir’d ;
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

Bless’d was the life that royal Abbas led :

Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel ;
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia’s jewell’d throne,
 Be fam’d for love, and gentlest love alone ;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover’s myrtle with the warrior’s crown.
 ‘ O happy days !’ the maids around her say :
 ‘ O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !
 ‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,
 ‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER ; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.—TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest'd, for ev'ry maid was kind ;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains ;
 What time the Moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky ;
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wild'ring fear and desperate sorrow led :
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies sto'e away.
 Along the mountain's bending side they ran ;
 Till faint and weak, Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey ;
 Trace our sad flight thro' all it's length of way !
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain !
 You ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd !
 And last, this lofty mountain's weary side !

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind ;
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Drops it's fair honours to the conquering flame ;

Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land ! whose blessings tempt the sword ;
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind :
Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy ;
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale :
Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest'd.
No more the shepherds whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd ;
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair.
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
Those hairs the Tartár's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;

Some -

Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair :
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native desarts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wailing flames the way ;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :
 Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

BY MR. LLOYD.

ACTING, dear Thornton, it's perfection draws
 From no observance of mechanick laws :
 No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
 No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
 Let players nicely mark them as they will,
 Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
 If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
 Some curious vet'ran critick chance to fit,
 Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
 By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago ?
 The mind recalls an object held more dear,
 And hates the copy, that it comes so near.

Why

Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
 In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
 A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
 But gives his mimick no reflected praise.

Thrice happy genius, whose unrivall'd name,
 Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
 'Tis thine to lead, with more than magick skill,
 The train of captive passions at thy will;
 To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
 In the sweet sense of sympathetick woe:
 Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
 When horrors such as thine *have murder'd sleep*;
 And at the old man's look and frantick stare,
 'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
 Nor yet confin'd to tragick walks alone,
 The comick Muse, too, claims thee for her own,
 With each delightful requisite to please,
 Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,
 Familiar Nature forms thy only rule,
 From Ranger's rake, to Druggier's vacant fool.
 With powers so pliant, and so various blest'd,
 That what we see the last, we like the best.
 Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
 But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
 'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
 The play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
 'Tis so mechanick in these modern days)
 Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start;
 Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
 The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,
 The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
 To this one standard make your just appeal,
 Here lies the golden secret—learn to *FEEL*.
 Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distress'd,
 No actor pleases, that is not *possess'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
 When Christians were the subject of their plays,
 Ere Persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
 And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
 An Actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
 Nature's disciple, and Genes his name.
 A noble object for his skill he chose,
 A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.
 Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
 Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
 Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,
 He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art;
 While look, and voice, and gesture, all express'd
 A kindred ardour in the player's breast:
 Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
 He lost the Actor, and commenc'd the Man;
 Profess'd the faith, his Pagan gods deny'd,
 And what he acted then, he after dy'd.
 The player's province they but vainly try,
 Who want these pow'rs—*deportment, voice, and eye.*

The critick fight 'tis only *grace* can please,
 No figure charms us if it has not ease.
 There are, who think the stature all in all,
 Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
 The feeling sense all other want supplies,
 I rate no actor's merit from his size.
 Superior height requires superior grace,
 And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatrick monarchs, in their tragick gait,
 Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
 One foot put forward in position strong,
 The other, like it's vassal, dragg'd along.
 So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
 Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
 The mien delights us that has native grace,
 But affectation ill supplies it's place.

Unskilful

Unskilful actors, like your mimick apes,
 Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
 However foreign from the poet's art,
 No tragick hero but admires a start.
 What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
 Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
 While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
 Till Praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
 Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
 By perseverance to extort applause.
 When Romeo, sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
 With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
 The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
 Which please the vulgar, make the critick laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
 The proper action Nature's self will tell:
 No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always loathes excess.
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
 Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
 I hate your fool who over-acts his jest;
 Who murders what the poet finely writ,
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
 And writes a foolish comment with his face.
 Old Johnson once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
 But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
 With steady face, and sober, hum'rous mien,
 Fill'd the strong out-lines of the comick scene.
 What was writ down, with decent utterance spoke,
 Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
 The very man in look, in voice, in air,
 And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no play'r,

The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labour too minute.

Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong,
 While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
 Her proper traits the fix'd attention hit,
 And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
 With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
 Well pleas'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.

But let the gen'rous actor ſtill forbear
 To copy features with a mimick's care!
 'Tis a poor ſkill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
 A vile ſtage-cuſtom, *honour'd in the breach*.
 Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
 But ſhews the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.
 When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
 Drag private foibles on the publick ſcene,
 Forſaking Nature's fair and open road,
 To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode;
 Fir'd with diſguſt, I loathe his ſervile plan,
 Deſpiſe the mimick, and abhor the man.

Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
 And hunt for humour in diſtortions there!
 Fill up the meaſure of the motley whim,
 With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
 Then ſhame, at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
 Good ſenſe, good-manners, virtue, and the ſtage!

'Tis not enough the voice be ſound and clear,
 'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear.
 When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
 The ſame ſoft ſounds of unimpaſſion'd woes,
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
 That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs:
 But none emphatick can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal emphafiſ on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd meaſures roll,
 Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll;

Point

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Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along :
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear :
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
Repeating what the poet sets not down ;
The verb disjointing from it's friendly noun ;
While pause, and break, and repetition, join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft, and finer strokes, are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone :
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fix'd amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd, *Ob !*
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts it's meaning from the speaking eyes ;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flow'rets round,
And with her straws fantastick strews the ground ;
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.

In

In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critick's rage ;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen Actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue ;
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say ;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recall them home.

Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
Why ſhould the well-bred Actor wiſh to know
Who ſits above to-night, or who below ?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage ;
When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curſey to her grace.

To ſuit the drefs demands the Actor's art ;
Yet there are thoſe who over-dreſs the part.
To ſome preſcriptive right gives ſettled things ;
Black wigs to murd'ers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Caſſio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with ſnuff.
Why ſhould Pol. Peachum ſhine in ſattin cloaths ?
Why ev'ry devil dance in ſcarlet hoſe ?

But in ſtage-cuſtoms what offends me moſt,
Is the ſlip-door, and ſlowly-riſing gholt.
Tell me, nor count the queſtion too ſevere,
Why need the diſmal powder'd forms appear ?

When chilling horrors ſhake th' affrighted king,
And Guilt torments him with her ſcorpion ſting ;
When keenest feelings at his boſom pull,
And Fancy tells him that the ſeat is full ;

Why

Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
 To frighten children with his mealy face?
 The king alone should form the phantom there,
 And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
 Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
 When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
 She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
 And still pursues them with a frantick stare,
 'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
 More instant horror would enforce the scene,
 If all her shudd'ings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blended skill,
 Mould all our passions to their instant will;
 'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
 (The speaking comment of his Shakespeare's page)
 Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
 I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
 Nor dulceness lay the realms of genius waste!
 No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
 No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
 More natural uses to the stage belong,
 Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
 For other purpose was that spot design'd:
 To purge the passions, and reform the mind;
 To give to nature all the force of art,
 And while it charms the ear, to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
 The decent stage, as virtue's natural friend:
 Tho' oft debas'd with scenes prophane and loose,
 No reason weighs against it's proper use.
 Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
 Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
 Shew Scorn her features, her own image Vice?

Who

Who teach the mind it's proper force to scan,
 And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
 Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
 Who stand the foremost in the moral train;
 Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
 And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless artist! tho' thy skill can raise
 The bursting peal of universal praise;
 Tho' at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
 And lifts, Briareus like, her hundred hands;
 Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!
 Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
 Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
 And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
 Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
 While more than half becomes the actor's share,
 Relentless Death untwists the mingled fame,
 And sinks the player in the poet's name.
 The pliant muscles of the various face,
 The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
 The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
 Are gone—nor leave a single trace behind!

THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY MR. GREVILLE.

' AH! what avails the length'ning mead,
 ' By Nature's kindest bounty spread
 ' Along the vale of flow'rs?
 ' Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
 ' Or Philomel's melodious love,
 ' That glads the midnight hours?

' For

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• For me, alas! the god of day
• Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
• Nor night her comfort brings;
• I have no pleasure in the rose;
• For me no vernal beauty blows,
• Nor Philomela sings.

• See how the sturdy peasants stride
• Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
• In chearful ignorance blest'd!
• Alike to them the rose or thorn,
• Alike arises ev'ry morn,
• By gay Contentment dress'd.

• Content, fair daughter of the skies,
• Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
• Her choice divinely free;
• She visits oft the hamlet cot,
• When Want and Sorrow are the lot
• Of Avarice and me.

• But see!—or is it Fañcy's dream?
• Methought a bright celestial gleam
• Shot sudden thro' the groves;
• Behold, behold, in loose array,
• Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
• More mild than Paphian doves!

• Welcome, O! welcome, Pleasure's queen!
• And see, along the velvet green,
• The jocund train advance:
• With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air,
• The wood-nymphs dew-bespangled hair
• Plays in the sportive dance.

A a

Ah!

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

• Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
 • When to the feeling wretch is given
 • A soul alive to joy!
 • Joys fly with ev'ry hour away,
 • And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
 • To cares, that peace destroy.

• And see, with visionary haste,
 • (Too soon the gay delusion pass'd)
 • Reality remains!
 • Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
 • And horror drives without controul,
 • And slackens still the reins.

• Ten thousand beauties round me throng:
 • What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
 • To the distemper'd soul?
 • I see the lawn of hideous dye;
 • The towering elm-nods misery;
 • With groans the waters roll.

• Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
 • Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
 • Ye were for misery made.—
 'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke;
 His wayward step then pensive took
 Along th' unhallow'd shade.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

BY THE SAME.

• YES, to the Sages be it told,
 • However great, or wise, or old,
 • Fair Pleasure's my pursuit:

• For

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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• For her I breathe the joyful day;
• For her thro' Nature's wilds I stray,
• And cull the flow'rs and fruit.

• Sweep, sweep the tute's enchanting string,
• And all thy sweets, lov'd Luxury, bring!
• "To enjoy, is to obey."
• The heav'nly mandate still prevail,
• And let each unwife wretch bewail
• The dire neglected day.

• Ah, graceless wretch! to disobey,
• And devious quit the flow'ry way,
• And flight the gods' decree!
• Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send!
• If e'er my guilty hands offend,
• Indeed my heart is free.

• In Pleasure's ray see Nature shine;
• How dull, alas! at Wisdom's shrine!
• "'Tis folly to be wise."
• Collusive term! poor vain pretence!
• Enjoyment, sure, is real sense,
• In philosophick eyes.

• I love the carol of the hound;
• Enraptur'd on the living ground,
• In dashing extasy:
• I love the aukward courser's stride,
• The courser that has been well try'd,
• And with him eager fly.

• And yes, I love, ye sneering wife!
• Fair Honour, spurning still at lyes,
• As courting Liberty;

' Still hand in hand great Nature goes,
 ' With joys to honour never foes,
 ' And all those joys are free.

' And welcome thrice to British land,
 ' From Italy's voluptuous strand,
 ' Ye destin'd men of art;
 ' Breathe on the thrilling, meaning sound,
 ' Each grace shall still be faithful found,
 ' At your admirer's heart,

' Avert, ye gods! that curse of fools,
 ' The pride of theoretick rules,
 ' That dupery of sense:
 ' I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,
 ' With ev'ry good—that can annoy—
 ' Most easily dispense.

' I catch each rapture as it flies,
 ' Each happy loss a gain supplies,
 ' And boon still follows boon:
 ' The smile of beauty gilds my day,
 ' Regardless of her frowns I stray—
 ' Thus thro' my hours I run!

' But let me not for idle rhyme
 ' Neglect, ungrateful, good old Time;
 ' Dear watch! thou art obey'd.—
 'Twas thus the Man of Pleasure spoke;
 His jovial step then careless took,
 To Celia—or her maid,

ON A SUPPOSED SLIGHT FROM
A FRIEND.

BY MISS ROBERTS!

THOU great Director of the soul,
Who first to being call'd me forth;
Teach me my passions to controul,
Nor let my nature lose it's worth.

Bred in Adversity's sad school,
My dearest wishes ever cross'd;
Cannot I yet those tumults rule,
Which make these dear-bought lessons lost?

Alas! by various evils torn,
How is my anxious mind distress'd!
The past with secret tears I mourn;
The present seldom gives me rest.

To future prospects if I fly,
Ah, me! what hopes can they bestow?
Can flattering Fancy cheat the eye,
With aught but lengthen'd scenes of woe?

In early bloom, in life's first prime,
To Love and Friendship still inclin'd;
With lively hopes I look'd through time,
Romantick pleasures fill'd my mind.

But

But now, alas! those phantoms fled,
 By youth's light hand so gaily dress'd;
 My worn-out mind, to Love grown dead,
 I thought myself in Friendship blest'd.

X But disappointments still attend
 The mind to earth-born pleasures prone:
 Look up, my soul, behold thy FRIEND,
 And bend before his awful throne.

• Father ador'd, incline thine ear
 • To her, whose heart afflictions press;
 • Whose mind, tho' weak, thou know'st sincere:
 • Oh! calm, and make her feelings less!

• Lend me, O gracious God! thine aid;
 • Vouchsafe to rectify my heart:
 • Thy goodness, on thy work display'd,
 • Will lead me to the better part!"

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN;

OR, A WINTER'S DAY.

BY GERALD FITZGERALD, ESQ.

THE feather'd game that haunt the hoary plains,
 When ice-bound winter hangs in chrysal chains;
 The mimic thunder of the deep-mouth'd gun,
 By lightning usher'd, and by death out-run;
 The spaniel springing on the new-fall'n prey;
 The friend attendant, and the spirits gay:
 These are the scenes which lur'd my earliest days;
 And scenes like these continue still to please.
 Oft, when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise,
 And spread it's pinions to the polar skies;

Th' ex-

Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
 Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man ;
 Swift from the college, and from cares, I flew,
 (For studious cares solicit something new)
 From tinkling bells, that wake the truant's fears,
 And letter'd trophies of three thousand years :
 Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glide,
 The fatal tube depending at my side.
 No busy vendor dins with clam'rous call,
 No rattling carriage drives me to the wall ;
 The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,
 In silence frown, like mansions of the dead :
 Save, where the footy-shrowded wretch cries ' Sweep,'
 Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,
 'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
 Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame.
 Save, that from yonder stew the batter'd bean,
 With tott'ring steps comes reeling to and fro.
 Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
 Stare in his face, and stupify his sight !
 Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
 'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold !
 Amphibious wretch ! the prey of passion's tide,
 The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent borne,
 Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn ;
 With sturdy sinews, brush the frozen snow,
 While crimson colours on our faces glow ;
 Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
 ' And vindicate the ways of health to man.'

To yonder vales that spread beneath the hills,
 Where Miltown river winds with murm'ring rills,
 Onward our course diversify'd we bend,
 And right and left with anxious care attend :
 The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
 Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows ;

Sudden

Sudden he stops !—he eyes the plashy spring !
 The frighted snipe darts upward on the wing ;
 With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
 In vain ! for death e'en persecutes him there.
 Another springs ! but, happier in his flight,
 'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun, and panting still for breath,
 With arms recruited for the work of death, '
 Pleas'd we behold the gay transparent gleam
 Of frozen lake, that skirts the purling stream ;
 With inlaid figures, and mosaick wrought,
 With margin rich, and lucid pendants fraught :
 Till lively Ranger chides our long delay,
 Gambols around, then forward springs away.
 Heav'n ! what delights my active mind renew,
 When out-spread nature opens to my view,
 The carpet-cover'd earth of spangled white,
 The vaulted sky, just tinged with purple light ;
 The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,
 The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way :
 The morning breeze in milder air retires,
 And rising rapture all my bosom fires ;
 In incense wafted to the throne on high,
 To Him who form'd the earth, the air, the sky,
 Who gives me health and vigour to enjoy,
 Guides me e'en now, and guarded when a boy.
 Accept, great God ! the fervour of my pray'r,
 And, as before, continue still thy care.
 Oft as I view thee in creation's drefs,
 Be mine to praise thee, as 'tis thine to blefs !

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
 The wary woodcock rustles thro' the brakes ;
 With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
 Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force :
 Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of it's aim,
 Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim ;

Till chance decides the long-contested spoil,
Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled sportsman beats with forward care ;
Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at it's feet, and brambles at it's side—
Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah ! what avails him now the varnish'd dye,
The tortoise-colour'd back, the brilliant eye ;
The pointed bill, that steers his vent'rous way
From northern climes, and dar'd the boist'rous sea :
To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous laws, and rigid hunger press,
In Western regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate ;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
Sudden, he sees the roving Indian nigh,
Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye !
Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies ;
Till, arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies.
Unhappy man ! who no extreme could shun,
By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone ;
In vain fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune, and to fame.

But why, my Muse, when livelier themes I sought,
Why change the rural scenes to sober thought ?
Why rouse the patriot ardour in my breast ?
Useless it's glow, when Freedom droops deprest'd.
Not mine to combat Lux'ry's lordly stride ;
My humble lot forbids th' aspiring pride ;
Forbids to stop Depopulation's hand,
That crushes industry, and frights the land ;

B b

That

That robs the poor of half their little store,
And insurrection spreads from shore to shore.

These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,
And this the task of sov'reigns to attend :
Be mine the care, to range this ample field,
Try what it's springs, and what it's thickets yield ;
Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
And purge the æther with successive fire ;
Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
And rouse my friend that ling'ring stays behind ;
Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains,
The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains ;
Or loudly laugh, when, diligently nice,
He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

Oh, friendship ! name for ever lov'd, ador'd ;
Thou richest gift, which Heaven for man has stor'd !
To me more dear, congenial to my breast,
Than all the hoards and honours of the East.
Whene'er thro' life's more arduous paths I bend,
Be there to guide, and aid me to my end ;
Or when the sports of rural scenes I try,
With converse sweet each interval supply ;
In all extremes of business or of ease,
Be there to comfort, and be here to please ;
Unlock the sluices of my flowing heart,
And to it's course thy genial warmth impart ;
Augment it's stream, refine it as it flows,
Till fair creation it's clear current shews !—
May no rude passions toss it into foam,
Nor restless commerce on it's bosom roam ;
But cheer'd by bright'ning science may it run,
No cares to ruffle, and no rocks to shun ;
Or glide sequester'd thro' Sylvanus' shades,
The flocks of Pan, and Flora's flow'ry meads ;
While the pleas'd Muses, with auspicious smile,
Breathe pastoral musick, and the time beguile.

And

And thou, dear spaniel ! friend in other form !
 Obsequious come, thy duty to perform ;
 Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
 Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame.
 And thou, dear pointer ! never devious stray,
 But search the plains inquisitively gay ;
 With lengthen'd side, and sapient nose, inhale
 The floating vapour of the scented gale—
 Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year,
 By Libra weigh'd, rewarded Ceres' care,
 Thro' new-thorn fields, with active vigour bound,
 Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground ;
 Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
 With keenest attitude, the tim'rous prey ;
 Then, statue-like, with lifted foot proclaim
 The partridge near, and certify the game.
 Where'er I range, whatever sports pursue,
 Be still attendant, and be still in view.

Now had the sun, in noon-tide robes array'd,
 Of fleecy clouds, the subject world survey'd ;
 Onward we move, to gain the mountain's side*,
 That East and West attends in solemn pride ;
 With lofty head that breathes the gelid gale,
 Brow-beats the city, and o'erlooks the vale :
 Adown it's face the trickling riv'lets run,
 Spread at his feet, and bathe them in the sun.
 These to disclose, we trace the rugged foil,
 And many a shot repays the pleasing toil ;
 Till tir'd at length with new-discover'd game,
 We mark the course reserv'd for future fame.

As when the Spaniards, with unceasing pains,
 Thro' Chili rov'd to Charcas' barren plains,

* That part of the Wicklow Mountains which lies about three miles to the South of Dublin.

Approach'd Potosi's arduous height, that boasts
 The richest treasures of the Southern coasts;
 The latent veins they labour to explore,
 Of pregnant mines that teem with sparkling ore;
 With rising rapture spring them into day,
 And flush'd with pleasure, plan their future sway.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,
 Demands a thought for respite and for rest;
 Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
 Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie:
 The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
 The splendid domes that emulously rise;
 The lowly hamlets scatter'd here and there,
 That scarcely swell to breathe refreshing air;
 The hedge-row'd hills, and intermingled vales,
 The distant villas, fann'd by floating gales;
 And eastward still, the wide-extended main,
 By commerce cover'd, awes the solemn scene.

These to behold may please the vacant mind;
 More pleasing far the cottage of the hind,
 That yonder smokes, by russet hawthorn hedg'd,
 By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd:
 Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
 Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd.
 The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
 Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests;
 Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
 The homely board prepares, the napkin dry;
 The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
 The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care:
 The milky store, for cream collected first,
 Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst;
 While crackling faggots, bright'ning as they burn,
 Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn;
 The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
 The lambkin dear that frisks about the house—

The

The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
 Who, unperceiv'd, a silent look would steal;
 Call'd, she attends, assists with artless grace,
 The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
 That scorns the dye which pallid pride can lead,
 And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
 Lo! forward comes the father of his flock,
 Of honest front—salutes with rustick gait,
 Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
 When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
 And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
 Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,
 Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see:
 Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth,
 He seeks from labour, and he gains from health.
 Then talks of sport; how many wild-ducks seen!
 What flocks of widgeon, too, had fledg'd the green!
 Till ev'ry prentice dar'd the city shun,
 Range the wide field, and lift the level gun.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
 The hasty ev'ning calls us from the cot;
 A small gratuity dilates their heart,
 And many a blessing follows as we part.
 Nor you, ye proud! disdain their state to hear,
 The state of nature crowns their frugal cheer;
 Transmitted pure from patriarchal times,
 By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes—
 To you unknown their labours and their race,
 Alike unknown their innocence and peace:
 Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
 Their lives calm current flows without a name.

With limbs refresh'd, with lively tales and gay,
 We homeward haste, and guile the tedious way;
 Each object view in wint'ry dress around,
 And eye the dogs that wanton o'er the ground;

The pensive red-breast on the leafless bough,
 And just beneath, the fragrance-breathing cow ;
 While still more grateful, with her cleanly pail,
 The ruddy milk-maid hears a tender tale
 From the lov'd swain, who swells th' alternate sigh,
 Leans on his staff, and lures her side-long eye,
 With artless guise, his passion to impart,
 With looks that speak the language of his heart—
 Her's was the sweetness of the milk she press'd,
 And his the fervour of the sweets she press'd :
 A Daphne she, with rural grace attir'd,
 A Damon he, with faithful love inspir'd.
 Thrice happy pair ! whom guiltless joys adorn,
 Pure as the eve, and constant as the morn ;
 No pride-born cares, to frustrate or controul
 Your mutual vows responsive to the soul,
 Till sacred Hymen binds the nuptial band,
 And blends your lives, a blessing to the land !

Hence Contemplation lifts the internal eye,
 Fix'd on the love of Providence on high,
 That still impartial thro' the world extends
 In bounteous blessings vary'd to their ends ;
 From the rich Urkain to Siberia's snow,
 Adapted sweets in ev'ry climate grow ;
 The rude Tongusian, quiver'd for the chase,
 Feels joys unknown to Persia's splendid race ;
 Thro' wilds immense pursues the savage brood,
 At once his pride, his raiment, and his food ;
 No difference proves, but what from fancy springs,
 'Twixt tented Tartars, and empalac'd kings.

But soon the visionary scene withdraws,
 And active sports solicit new applause,
 For yonder come—yet distant to the eye,
 The vagrant plover wafted thro' the sky ;
 Swift to the hedge, on different sides we run,
 That skirt the copse, and hide the deadly gun ;

Onward

Onward they move, regardless of their state,
 A single guide conducts them to their fate ;
 The sudden thunder bursts upon their head,
 The foremost fall, and all the rest are fled.

Thus, where it's forests Niagara spreads,
 And wild Oswego all it's horror sheds,
 The sons of Britain march'd in vent'rous pride,
 No foe to front them, and no caution guide,
 Till ev'ry tree with hidden rage conspires,
 And ev'ry shrub emits destructive fires.
 What could they do ; or where the vengeance fly ?
 They wheel—they drop—and all or run or die :
 The gun, relentless, no compassion shews,
 And no respect of diff'rent objects knows ;
 Alike regardless, when it's fury's stirr'd,
 Of man or beast—a Braddock, or a bird.

But while I thus it's dire effects attend,
 'Tis man alone must answer for the end.
 The gun, like riches, claims no genuine use,
 But just as rul'd, will good or bad produce ;
 Whether it rolls the raging tide of war,
 Or only frights the tenants of the air ;
 For empire levell'd, or for health caref's'd,
 The motive, not the mean, is curs'd or blef's'd.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy grey,
 Mourn'd the departure of retiring day ;
 A darker hue the face of nature wears,
 And scarce distinct the distant town appears—
 Back to our mind, in swift succession throng,
 (To cheat the time and steal the road along)
 The various sports of all the summer past,
 When ling'ring, long-vacation, came at last ;
 Imagination fondly sports to tell,
 How many grouse ! how many partridge fell !

And

And quick transports me, gladden'd as I go,
 Where the proud Gaulties * lift their awful brow.
 Oft did I there with lively spirits run,
 Mount on their back to meet the rising sun ;
 When toiling, panting, labour-spent, and slow,
 I stopp'd to breathe—and view'd the plains below :
 And thee, dear village † ! loveliest of the clime,
 (Fain would I name thee, but I can't in rhyme)
 Where first my years in youthful pleasures pass'd,
 And where in age I hope to die at last ;
 Fain would I dwell upon thy native charms,
 Thy verdant hills and cultivated farms—
 But sudden rous'd, I see the pointers wind,
 My brother sportsmen pressing close behind ;
 The grumbling heath-cock feels an instant wound,
 Adown he falls, and whirs against the ground—
 Again, methinks I see the service spread,
 The cold provisions on the cakes of bread ‡,
 The mountain stream, of babbling accents nigh,
 My couch the heath, my canopy the sky :
 Æneas-like, I eagerly devour
 The plates themselves ||—the quarter'd cakes of flour ;
 Like him arise new conquests to pursue,
 Then end my toil, and tell of all I knew.
 So at the close of toilsome, hardy life,
 The vet'ran foldier brags of glorious strife ;
 What dangers past, what cities he had seen,
 What battles fought, when thousands strew'd the green ;

* A range of mountains in the county of Tipperary.

† Tipperary.

‡ — Adorea liba per herbam

Subjiciunt epulis, &c.

VIR. ÆN. vii. 110.

|| — Malisq. audacibus orbem

Fatalis crustis, patulis nec parcere quadris ;

Hecus ? etiam Menfas consumimus inquit Iulus. VIR. ÆN. vii. 110.

Till fancy-warm'd he seems to fight them o'er,
And tir'd at last, he braves and boasts no more.

Bless'd with the view of Stephen's Green at last,
Amusive fancy paints it's pleasures past ;
Where shady walks entice the noon-tide gale,
And whisp'ring lovers softly-sighing tale ;
The ogling belle, the pert and powder'd beau,
And dame delighted pretty Miss to shew ;
The trader trim, that struts with vacant air
To catch the breeze, or captivate the fair—
But now no more Florillus glads the green,
Lucinda's gone, and desolate's the scene.

'The rising moon, with delegated sway,
Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
Reveals the various objects that we meet,
And all the busy tumults of the street :
With headlong pace the vagrant hawker scours,
And bloody news from lungs horrick pours ;
The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,
That mock the crowd with Love's fantastick joy ;
The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp, that shews
Where pamper'd pride, and indolence repose ;
While close behind, the shiv'ring female strays,
Parted from virtue, innocence, and ease.
She, once the darling of her mother's arms,
Her father's pride, and bless'd with blooming charms,
Thro' all the village known for spotless fame ;
Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name ;
Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,
And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit,
There perish'd grace, her guardian honour fled,
And sad remembrance mourns each blessing—dead !
Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
She wanders now to ev'ry vice a prey—
A prey to yonder terror of the night,
(Avert, ye gods ! such monsters from my sight !)

The bully dire : whose front the furies swell,
 And scars dishonest mark the son of hell—
 In vain ! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace ;
 Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face ;
 To scenes Tartarean, see ! the wretches hie,
 Where drench'd in vice, they rave—they rot—or die,
 Heav'n ! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene,
 Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign ;
 Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
 And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health ;
 Where undisturb'd, unenvy'd, unconfin'd,
 Calm Reason rules each moment of the mind ;
 Where mock'd Ambition seeks her last retreat,
 And proves the world a bubble or a cheat.

Thro' clam'rous streets at length by caution led,
 Lo ! Alma Mater rears her rev'rend head ;
 Unfolds the portals of her awful courts,
 Where nurs'd by Science, future Fame resorts—
 Pleas'd, we behold the bright'ning fuel blaze,
 And hot repast that gives content and ease ;
 While keenest appetites a zest bestow,
 Which listless Luxury can never know.
 The cloth remov'd, with blessing for our fare,
 We next the jug of cordial punch prepare ;
 Or purple claret sparkling as we pour,
 Nectareous juice ! to cheer the social hour,
 When toil declining claims refreshment's smiles,
 And mirthful Innocence the time beguiles.

With conscious joy our nets we then review,
 And all the conquests of the day renew ;
 Boast of our skill, and palliate where it fails ;
 For e'en in trifles human pride prevails—
 Nor to ourselves the feather'd spoils confine,
 But range them round for Friendship's sacred shrine ;
 The rural bliss redoubles in our breast,
 In pleasing others when ourselves are blest'd.

Nor you, my friends! disdain what we adore;
 We give with pleasure, and would give you more:
 Our offering take; and, as we wish, survey,
 The grateful produce of a Winter's Day.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

BY MRS. COLLIER.

AH, me! what pangs a tender heart must feel!
 Such is the wayward fate of all below,
 We joy and sorrow oft in others weal,
 And best affections prove a source of weal.

To Friendship's pow'r I've long resign'd my soul,
 And fancy'd happiness her reign must prove;
 The ills of life I thought she would controul,
 And peace and rest would flow from purest love.

Alas! 'twas mortal, what I'd fancy'd more;
 And ills will mix in scenes beneath the sky:
 Friendship soon prov'd th' ideal bliss was o'er;
 That pains were doubled by the tender tie.

Friendship, how strange thy sympathetick pow'r!
 Thy magick influence spreads thro' all my mind;
 I doat on pain, indulge the mournful hour,
 When Friendship calls, nor think her task unkind.

Nay, more—how oft I've left the mirthful scene,
 The scene where joy and laughter seem'd to reign;
 And stole with Friendship to the calm serene,
 The converse of the heart—how great the gain!

When my Maria meets me, gentle maid,
 And tells the artless story of her woe ;
 My bosom meets her sighs, her griefs would aid,
 And tear for tear from sympathy will flow !

Might but the heart-felt tendernefs I bear,
 Soothe the keen anguish of her aching breast ;
 With joy I would indulge th' endearing care,
 And live to hush her sorrows into rest.

My dear Maria! can thy heart enjoy
 A sense of aught that friendship can bestow ?
 Or does thy wretchedness all sense destroy,
 But that which only serves to swell thy woe ?

Yet such my love to thee, the tie so strong,
 I still would strive to ease thy soul's distress ;
 Nor could pale misery paint the season long,
 That in the end should bring thy mind redress.

Sometimes I've seen a transient gleam of joy,
 Transfus'd through all thy features to a smile :
 Indulge the ray, nor be to Friendship coy ;
 Her kindly influence may thy woes beguile.

With liberal hand thy mind by Heav'n is stor'd,
 Each dear affection in thy heart hath place ;
 For gifts like these, be gracious Heav'n ador'd,
 And glowing gratitude expresses the grace !

These, too, will bid thy tortur'd breast be still,
 And calm thy troubled passions into rest ;
 Will lead to acquiesce in th' Almighty's will,
 And see that all his ways are right, and best.

SIMKIN.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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S I M K I N.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY DR. KENRICK.

----- crinem
Irroravit aquis -----

Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori.

ovid.

IN days of yore, when elves were seen,
By moon-light dancing on the green,
Leading in mystick steps their train,
O'er marshy mead or flow'ry plain ;
A maiden with her milking pail,
Tripp'd morn and eve across the vale ;
Patty, the sweetest temper'd lass
That e'er beat dew-drop from the grass-
But Nature, half unkind, had shed
Ill-natur'd influence on her head ;
For, oh ! the cause of many a care !
Deep-tinted red the virgin's hair.
For sister nymphs she liv'd a jest,
And ne'er was kiss'd among the rest.

Now so it chanc'd, that by the mead,
Where Patty's cows were us'd to feed,
There stood a mount, on verdant ground,
With daisies strew'd, and violets crown'd ;
Round which had many a tim'rous swain
Seen fairies sporting on the plain :
For under, as the story's told,
They dwelt in palaces of gold ;
Safe in the bosom of the hill,
Where they convey'd themselves at will ;

Or,

Or, when they pleas'd, from thence could rise,
Invisible to mortal eyes.

By these the nymph was often seen,
With clear-starch'd coif so neat and clean,
Devoid of all that negligence,
That gives the fairies just offence ;
Who trace the house with critick eye,
Nor pass an unwash'd trencher by ;
But pinch severe the careless maid,
For room unswept, or spoon mislaid.
They view in pity Patty's hair,
And take the virgin to their care.

Now, as at dusky eve the maid
Sat milking Mully in the shade,
Simkin, a sprite of neither sex,
That us'd old peevish maids to vex,
In flowing azure loosely dress'd,
A thin transparent gauze it's vest ;
Like that which now to us convey'd,
The modern females term a shade ;
Astride a vapour dancing came ;
A Will o' th' Wisp it's mortal name :
The same which boys so often ken,
From distant lake or foggy fen ;
A cloud of light that leads astray
Trav'lers, benighted on their way.

Thus, over hill and dale, the maid
The well-designing Simkin led ;
Till twelve o'clock, a solemn sound,
Rung, from a neighb'ring village, round :
What time the nimble fairies tread
The maiden daifies of the mead,
Which scarcely bend beneath their weight,
So lightly trip their nimble feet.

How blest the plain ! thrice fertile soil,
On which the fairies deign to smile !

No barren spot can here be found,
 No weed nor thistle curse the ground ;
 Nor here is heard the screech-owl's note,
 Nor omen from the raven's throat ;
 But thrush and black-bird sweetly sing,
 And the glad cuckoo hails the spring.
 Here, too, the scented sweet-briar grows,
 The woodbine wild, and wild the rose ;
 The king-cup smiles with brighter bloom,
 And violets breathe more sweet perfume.
 To such a spot, enchanted mead !
 The sprightly elf doth Patty lead ;
 Now from his bounding steed alights,
 And mixes 'mong his fellow sprites ;
 His bounding steed no more his care,
 Directly vanish'd into air.

Now gentle Patty, in surprize,
 Around her turns her wand'ring eyes,
 Here some she saw, with mighty care,
 New-moulding fancies for the fair ;
 Here rose a head, and there was seen
 Improvements on a capuchin ;
 (For all the milliner imparts
 Is the result of fairy arts.)
 Here stood a crowd in warm dispute,
 About to form a birth-day suit ;
 And there, in consultation, sat
 As many, modelling a hat :
 Fast by, inspir'd by female love,
 The spreading petticoat t' improve,
 They met, and in debate were high,
 Or is ?—or is it not—a fly ?
 Others, to greater deeds inclin'd,
 Were drawing morals for the mind ;
 And lo ! to this important end,
 The fairy histories are penn'd ;

The

The sprites, to all invention new,
 Their slender fingers dip in dew,
 And fill with deeds unknown before,
 Their tomes, the leaves of sycamore.
 Hence are the lov'd of fairies taught,
 And blest'd with ev'ry brilliant thought;
 Who here peruse at early dawn,
 Th' impressions on the dewy lawn,
 Ere yet an inauspicious wind,
 Leaves not a single tome behind,
 Or the refulgent sun exhales
 On one bright beam a thousand tales!
 From hence each intellectual vapour,
 They scrawl on mortal ink and paper.
 So wretches, vulgar things their care,
 For mushrooms at the morn repair,
 Ere yet th' expanding warmth of day
 Dries their contracted sweets away.

A number more, at different toil,
 Patty with terror view'd a while:
 When now a train approach'd the maid,
 With sprightly Simkin at their head;
 Who, smiling, tripp'd before the rest,
 And thus the trembling fair address'd.

‘ Fear not, sweetest maid, but see
 ‘ What the gift we bring to thee.
 ‘ This the queen of fairies sent,
 ‘ In a phial nicely pent;
 ‘ Drops, by moon-cy'd elves distill'd
 ‘ From the wild-buds of the field;
 ‘ Mix'd with liquids nicely caught,
 ‘ Which in acorn cups are brought;
 ‘ Fill'd before the peep of morn,
 ‘ From the prickly point of thorn;
 ‘ Or the furze-bush in the dell,
 ‘ Or the yellow cowslip bell,

‘ (Suck'd

- (Suck'd from thence with slender pipe)
- Or the hip, at Christmas ripe ;
- Join'd with these, a chymick rare,
- Earth extract from purest air.
- Nymph, with this bedew thine head,
- No more shall glow thy locks with red ;
- Of lovely brown shall be thy hair,
- And thou the brightest of the fair.'

This said, the ken of rising day
Summon'd each sprite in haste away.

Now Patty to the phial flies,
And straight the remedy applies.
She sighs, neglected, now no more,
The swains admire that jeer'd before ;
The nymphs from former pity turn,
And now with hate and envy burn.

PHILANTHROPY.

INSCRIBED TO THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

BY C. MARTYN, ESQ.

HAIL, first-born principle of grace divine,
Eternal Mercy ! at thy sacred shrine
Let titles, dignities, and honours bow,
Wealth stoop her crest, and Pride herself fall low.
Hail, Charity benign ! whose gentle course
From god-like Mercy first deriv'd it's source ;
Offspring of Heav'n, of two-fold force possess'd,
Who blessing others, in thyself art blest'd.
Hail, mild Philanthropy, from Mercy sprung,
Begot by fiat of th' Almighty tongue,
When Discord first his jarring reign began,
To heal the strifes, and ease the cares of man !
The monarch, seated in the chair of state,
Whose smile is fortune, and whose frown is fate ;

Whose word, obsequious, distant realms obey,
 And crowds attendant own his sov'reign sway;
 At Mercy's throne shall bend the suppliant knee,
 And, God of Mercy! seek for aid from thee.

At that sad hour, when wealth and grandeur fail,
 And Joy no longer spreads her silken sail;
 When anxious doubts the fluttering soul possess,
 Dreading to be, yet fearing to be less;
 Lo! Charity, with lenient hand appears,
 And comfort ministers with mingling tears;
 Bless'd hope of future blissful scenes she brings,
 And robs the tyrant, Death, of half his stings.

When such misfortunes as e'en wealth attend,
 A son unduteous, or unfaithful friend,
 Unjust suspicion, or ill-founded blame,
 A wounded character, or blasted fame,
 Envy's foul tongue, or Malice' ranc'rous dart,
 Distract the mind, and rack the lab'ring heart;
 Philanthropy with willing step draws nigh,
 With sweet compassion checks the rising sigh,
 Persuasive bids us common ills endure,
 And charms the malady she cannot cure.

Thrice happy thou, to whom indulgent Heav'n
 The means of blessing, and the will has giv'n;
 A heart attentive to the plaints of woe,
 A hand responsive ready to bestow;
 A soul which emulates the Pow'r above,
 Replete with mercy, charity, and love.

Behold yon pile in decent order rise,
 Whose annual cost thy lib'ral hand supplies,
 To sickness dedicate, and sudden ill,
 Where care, contentment, medicine, and skill,
 With force united combat fierce disease,
 Expel the poison, and restore to ease:
 Wretches reliev'd, in strains of heart-felt praise,
 To God, and thee, their grateful voices raise;

Mothers

Mothers preserv'd, shall catch the grateful flame,
And lisping infants strive to bless thy name.

When nipping Winter bends it's hoary brows,
And feeble Age beneath it's rigour bows ;
When e'en the chearing sun's bless'd influence fails,
And Want, with double force, the wretch assails ;
Warm'd by thy hand, and by thy bounty fed,
The child of woe shall rear his drooping head,
And raise to heav'n his supplicating pray'r,
To crown thy days with choicest blessings here ;
From care and pain thine eve of life to guard,
And grant eternal bliss, thy due reward.

O, for that Muse which Rosset's hero sung !
That lyre with harmony celestial strung !
Sounds that might vibrate on the ravish'd ear
Strains fit for Virtue's choicest sons to hear !
Description's pow'rs to paint the glowing line
And, as the subject, language all divine !
Then would th' enraptur'd Muse, with willing feet,
Attend thee daily to the dark retreat,
Where worth obscure, in pining anguish lies,
And hides it's misery from vulgar eyes ;
Where conscious Virtue, dignify'd in grief,
Unus'd to work, asham'd to seek relief,
Bereft alike of fortune and of friends,
On God alone for succour he depends ;
Humbly submits the rod of wrath to bear,
Nor on himself bestows a single tear.

Lo, where his wife, dear partner of his care !
Whose voice could comfort, and whose smile could cheer ;
Whose eye was sunshine on the loveliest face,
Whose form was symmetry, whose motion grace ;
O'erwhelm'd with grief, in silent sorrow stands,
Grasping her hapless race with pallid hands ;
Till at their plaints her yearning heart o'erflow,
And burst upon them in a flood of woe !

For these he mourns ; for these his racking heart,
 Tho' nurs'd in troubles, and inur'd to smart,
 Melting to softness, joins the weeping train,
 And seeks Religion's aid to ease his pain ;
 Her heav'n-taught precepts calmly he pursues,
 Faithful in hope, to Providence he sues,
 Humbly resolv'd with patience to endure,
 And trusts, that He who gave the wound will cure ;
 Nor trusts in vain ; for see, at Heav'n's command,
 As Him of yore, with healing in his hand,
 An angel-minister of peace appears,
 With downy pinions wipes the falling tears,
 Puts fell Despair to flight, dispels the gloom,
 And Health and Competence their reign resume !

Nor yet confin'd to private acts alone,
 Is mild Philanthropy's blest influence known ;
 Kingdoms and states her kind protection share,
 And ev'ry human ill demands her care.

When civil broils distract the commonweal,
 'Tis her's to soften, and 'tis her's to heal ;
 To bend the rigid patriot's haughty soul,
 To teach the fierce republican controul ;
 And bid the frantick demagogues contend,
 Who most shall be, not seem, his country's friend.

But should Rebellion dare, with lawless aim,
 In arms to vindicate some groundless claim ;
 With wild presumption king and senate awe,
 And madly spurn at loyalty and law ;
 Then shall Philanthropy, with steady view,
 Unchang'd, unmov'd, her gen'rous plans pursue ;
 With necessary force her arm extend,
 And check with pow'r divine th' insulting fiend ;
 Nor spares she then her dearest son to yield
 To all the dangers of th' embattled field ;
 But bids him, zealous in the righteous cause
 Of injur'd faith and violated laws,

Go forth his country's champion, lead her bands
O'er seas Atlantick, to those hostile lands
Where clam'rous faction rules the wide domains,
And holds Allegiance bound in galling chains ;
Where Loyalty and Virtue, doom'd to fly,
Unhallow'd Tumult lifts his banner high ;
Where loud Confusion and fell Discord roar,
And Peace and Order quit the hated shore.

The heats of party-fury to assuage,
To stem the torrent of misguided rage ;
To bid mistaken zealots rancour cease,
And call them back to reason and to peace ;
Inspir'd by thee, the noble youth essays,
And points the sacred branch a thousand ways :
But deaf to Wisdom's, as to Virtue's call,
And still resolv'd to urge their desp'rate fall,
When led by Folly to Destruction's brink,
From proffer'd terms the wretched victims shrink,
Parental love, with savage hate requite,
And turn from mercy with contemptuous flight ;
The Christian hero, from resentment free,
Tempers strict justice with humanity,
And whilst his arms immortal trophies raise,
Esteems THE FRIEND OF MAN his better praise.

All hail, Philanthropy ! whose lib'ral mind,
Fix'd to no climate, to no state confin'd,
Pervading Nature's universal soul,
Irradiates, actuates, and informs the whole !

The humble peasant, who with guiltless breast,
Flush'd by no hopes, and by no fears possess'd,
Unnotic'd strays the road of life along,
And cheers his labours with an artless song ;
Touch'd by Philanthropy, with pleasure eyes
The neighb'ring crops in promis'd plenty rise ;
Conducts the wand'rer to his master's fold,
Or helps the harvest home of future gold.

The cunning artist, whose mechanick hand
Proportion, form, and beauty can command,
The mass unshap'd, to order can reduce,
And call it forth to elegance and use,
Her influence feels—with honest pride imparts
The wond'rous progress of his mimic arts ;
Free to commend, and only slow to blame,
He joys to lead the docile youth to fame ;
His pupil's merit with regard surveys,
And scarcely claims his due, the master's praise.

The man of science lives not for himself,
Nor hoards his treasures up like sordid pelf ;
Pleas'd to communicate, still more to find
His labour prove a blessing to mankind ;
Ambitious only of that noble praise,
Which honest fame in grateful tribute pays ;
Founds on Philanthropy his gen'ral plan,
And makes his sole pursuit, THE GOOD OF MAN.

Where Windsor's turrets, tow'ring to the skies,
In proud pre-eminence majestick rise ;
Where George and Charlotte, born to reign and bless,
From toils of state enjoy their lov'd recess ;
Philanthropy, their welcome guest, attends,
From publick cares the royal breast unbends,
And leaves the monarch happy to dispense
The milder virtues of beneficence.

The turf-crown'd cottage, undisturb'd retreat,
Upon whose roof no storms of fortune beat,
Within whose walls no gusts of passion blow,
Too mean for envy, and for hate too low,
From Pride, Ambition, base intruders ! free,
With humble grace receives Philanthropy.

Upon the barren mountain's hoary top,
In the low vale where oozing waters drop ;
Along the stream that trickles thro' the wood,
Upon the wild beach of the briny flood ;

In busy cities, and sequester'd dells,
 In princes palaces, and hermits cells ;
 Where pamper'd Wealth on bed of down reclines,
 Where meagre Want on humble pallet pines,
 Philanthropy resides : and low, and high,
 Noble, and mean, riches, and penury,
 With equal eye regards ; nor more she loves,
 Or Shenstone's bow'rs, or Lyttelton's alcoves ;
 But dwells with Virtue, in whate'er degree,
 And, good and great Northumberland, with thee.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
 From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well :
 Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
 So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
 Calm nature's image on it's wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wafted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way!
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cry'd.
 'And hail, my son!' the rev'rend sire reply'd.
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
 Till each, with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose;
 When near the road a stately palace rose:
 There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd, the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home.
 Yet still the kindness from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive; the livery'd servants wait;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate:
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.

Then,

Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and filk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn; and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glittering and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
It's owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;

The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest;)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair:
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's servour through their limbs restores
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager withe,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd;
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 'And why should such,' within himself he cry'd,
 'Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?'
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In every settling feature of his face;
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
 And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seem'd to speak it's master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies.

' Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 ' To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
 ' From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
 ' A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
 Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the Youth pursues; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way:
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;

Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage, inflames the father's eyes;
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 ' Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal burst upon his sight;
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
 (The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

' Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 ' In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 ' These charms, success in our bright region find,
 ' And force an Angel down to calm thy mind;
 ' For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky——
 ' Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
 ' Then know the truth of government Divine,
 ' And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 ' The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 ' In this the right of Providence is laid;
 ' It's sacred majesty through all depends
 ' On using second means to work his ends:



- 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
- The Power exerts his attributes on high ;
- Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
- And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
- What strange events can strike with more surprize,
- Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
- Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
- And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !
- The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
- Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
- Who made his ivory stands with goblet's shine,
- And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine ;
- Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
- And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
- The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
- Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor ;
- With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
- That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind :
- Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
- And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
- Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
- With heaping coals of fire upon it's head ;
- In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
- And loose from dross the silver runs below.
- Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
- But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
- (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
- And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
- To what excesses had his dotage run ?
- But God, to save the father, took the son.
- To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
- (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
- The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
- Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
- But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
- Had that false servant sped in safety back ;

• This

' This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 ' And what a fund of charity would fail !
 ' Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 ' Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer began,
 ' Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done !'
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PETHERTON BRIDGE*.

AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. BEAN.

BY MR. GERRARD.

O Bean ! whose fond connubial days
 A beauteous infant-race attend ;
 Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
 And join the patron to the friend ?

But not e'er bright Aonian plains,
 Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam :
 The Muse each joyous thought restrains,
 And calls her wing'd ideas home.

* Tradition holds, that the catastrophe alluded to in this elegy happened about two centuries ago ; of which the sculpture was yet to be seen at the above-mentioned bridge, near South Petherton, Somerset.

The wedded pair for children pray;
 They come—fair blessings from the skies;
 What raptures gild the halcyon day!
 What joys in distant azure rise!

But, ah! enamour'd as they view
 The smiling, hopeful, infant-train,
 Unseen, Misfortune marks his due,
 Unheard, he threatens the heart with pain.

Had sad disaster ne'er ensnar'd
 The soft, the innocent, and young,
 The tender Muse had gladly spar'd
 The little heroes of her song.

See'st thou the limpid current glide
 Beneath yon bridge, my hapless theme,
 Where brambles fringe it's verdant side,
 And willows tremble o'er the stream?

From Petherton it takes it's name,
 From whence two smiling infants stray'd:
 Led by the stream, they hither came,
 And on the flowery margin play'd.

Sweet victims! must your short-liv'd day
 So soon extinguish in the wave;
 And point the setting sun his way,
 That glimmer'd o'er your wat'ry grave!

As each, by childish fancy led,
 Cropp'd the broad daisies as they sprung;
 Lay stretch'd along the verdant bed,
 And sweetly ply'd the lisping tongue;

Lo! from the spray-deserted steep,
Where either way the twigs divide,
The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
And plung'd beneath the closing tide;

The other saw; and, from the land,
(While nature imag'd strange distress)
Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
The fruitless signal of redress!

The offer'd pledge, without delay,
The struggling victim rose and caught;
But, ah! in vain—their fatal way,
They both descended swift as thought.

Short was the wave-oppressing space;
Convuls'd with pains too sharp to bear,
Their lives dissolv'd in one embrace,
Their mingled souls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn sculpture shews
The sad, the melancholy truth;
What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,
What snares await defenceless youth.

Here, not to sympathy unknown,
Full oft the sad Muse wand'ring near,
Bends silent o'er the mossy stone,
And wets it with a willing tear.

MELPO.

MELPOMENE;

OR, THE

REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

BY MR. ROBERT DODSLEY.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command
 The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
 Melpomene, support my vent'rous hand,
 And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise,
 From the gay scenes of pride
 Do thou his footsteps guide
 To Nature's awful courts, where nurs'd of yore,
 Young Shakespeare, Fancy's child, was taught his various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
 To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm:
 So may his numbers, with pathetick force,
 Bid Terror shake us, or Compassion warm,
 As different strains controul
 The movements of the soul,
 Adjust it's passions, harmonize it's tone,
 To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear it's own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
 'Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play,
 Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
 And Damon's Muse, that breathes her melting lay,

2 F

This

This ardent prayer was made:
 When, lo! the secret shade,
 As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook—
 Strength, firmness, reason, all—my astonish'd soul forsook.

Ah! whither, goddess! whither am I borne?
 To what wild region's necromantick shore?
 These panicks whence? and why my bosom torn
 With sudden terrors never felt before?
 Darkness inwraps me round,
 While from the vast profound
 Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
 And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha! what is he, whose fierce, indignant eye,
 Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
 Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
 As with it's thunder shakes his labouring frame.
 What can such rage provoke?
 His words their passage choke:
 His eager steps, nor time nor truce allow,
 And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, Goddess! whence that fearful shriek
 Of consternation? as grim Death had laid
 His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
 And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd:
 Ah, see! besmear'd with gore,
 Revenge stands threat'ning o'er
 A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
 In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies!

Nor long the space—abandon'd to despair,
 With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,
 This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
 Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:

While

While torn within, he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
Beckoning his frightened soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wond'ring sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain!
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate, assail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conscious pride and shame with rage conspire,
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace:
From rage to madness ev'ry feature breaks.
A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare Distraction speaks:
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled;
And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes—
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled sighs.

Yet, yet again!—a murd'rer's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds
His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given,
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

And hark! Ah, mercy! whence that hollow sound?
Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair?
Earth opens wide; and, from unhallow'd ground,
A pallid ghost, slow-rising, steals on air:

To where a mangled corse,
 Expos'd without remorse,
 Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the way
 Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

' Was it for this,' he cries, ' with kindly flower
 ' Of daily gifts the traitor I carefs'd?
 ' For this array'd him in the robe of power,
 ' And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?
 ' O kindness ill repay'd!
 ' To bare the murdering blade
 ' Against my life!—May heav'n his guilt explore,
 ' And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore!'

He said, and stalk'd away.—' Ah, Goddess! cease
 ' Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
 ' These horrid phantoms shake the throne of Peace,
 ' And Reason calls her boasted powers in vain,
 ' Then change thy magick wand,
 ' Thy dreadful troops disband,
 ' And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
 ' To melt the feeling heart, yet soothe it's tenderest woes!'

The fervent prayer was heard—With hideous sound,
 Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;
 A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound,
 The train of terror vanishes from view.
 More mild enchantments rise;
 New scenes salute my eyes;
 Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples, grace the plain,
 And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
 And every solemn temple teems with life;
 Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
 There with the deeper woes of human strife.

In groups around the lawn,
 By fresh disasters drawn,
 The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe,
 And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid ! her languid head,
 Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain ;
 With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,
 In brave assertion of her honour slain.
 Her bosom heaves with sighs,
 To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
 With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
 Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of Friendship ? Yet, alas !
 Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
 Of two, the foremost in her sacred clasp,
 One from his friend receives the fatal wound !
 What could such fury move !
 What, but ill-fated love !
 The same fair object each fond heart enthalls,
 And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind
 To mutual truth, as female trust in love ?
 Then what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
 Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove ?
 By fair, but false pretence,
 She lost her innocence ;
 And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
 Clasp'd in her arms, expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

Ah ! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire ?
 Kings are not rais'd above Misfortune's frown :
 That form, so graceful even in mean attire,
 Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown,

From

From filial rage and strife,
 To screen his closing life,
 He quits his throne, a father's furrow feels,
 And in the lap of Want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive Queen
 Appears confels'd before my dazzled sight;
 Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
 The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
 Not such her nobler frame,
 When kindling into flame,
 And bold in Virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
 To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroick fires.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—
 The Power, with eyes complacent, saw my fears;
 And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
 These accents vibrate on my list'ning ear.
 ' Aspiring son of art,
 ' Know, tho' thy feeling heart
 ' Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shewn,
 ' Still may the Delian God thy powerless toils disown.

' A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
 ' May swell thy breast with sympathetick woes;
 ' A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
 ' As from my dreary realms of darkness rose,
 ' Whence Shakespeare's chilling fears,
 ' And Otway's melting tears—
 ' That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
 ' The types of every theme that suits the TRAGICK STRAIN.

' But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,
 ' And all due honour to her precepts pay?
 ' Canst thou the lure of Affectation scorn,
 ' Pleas'd in the simpler paths of Truth to stray?

' Hail

- ‘ Hast thou the Graces fair
- ‘ Invok’d with ardent prayer?
- ‘ They must attire, as Nature must impart,
- The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.
- Then, if creative Genius pour his ray,
- ‘ Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;
- Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
- ‘ And the deep source of Passion stand confess’d;
- ‘ Then may the listening train,
- ‘ Affected, feel thy strain;
- ‘ Feel Grief or Terror, Rage or Pity move:
- Change with thy varying scenes, and every scene approve!’

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
 I kiss’d the borders of her crimson vest;
 Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
 But fear upon my lips her seal impress’d.
 While awe-struck thus I stood,
 The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
 The Form Celestial, fading on my view,
 Dissolv’d in liquid air, and all the vision flew.

ODE TO MAY.

BY MISS WHATELY.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
 Ever blooming, lovely May;
 While thy vivid skies appear,
 Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery-painted mead,
 Pasture fair, and mountain green;
 Thine, with infant-harvest spread,
 Laughing lies the lowland scene.

Friend

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
 Blithsome near the yellow broom ;
 While his flock, that careless strays,
 Seeks the wild thyme's sweet perfume.

May, with thee I mean to rove -
 O'er these lawns and vallies fair ;
 Tune thy gentle lyre to love,
 Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
 Shall the rosy nymphs appear ;
 While I sing, in rural strains,
 May, to shepherds ever dear.

I had never skill to raise
 Peans from the vocal strings ;
 To the god-like hero's praise,
 To the pageant pomp of kings ;

Stranger to the hostile plains,
 Where the brazen trumpets sound ;
 Life's purple stream the verdure stains,
 And heaps promiscuous press the ground :

Where the murderous cannon's breath
 Fate denounces from afar,
 And the loud report of death
 Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,
 Birth-night balls, and courtly trains ;
 Thee I woo, my gentle May,
 Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming

Blooming groves, and wand'ring rills,
Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams ;
Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,
All her unexalted themes.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES*.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

O Under various sacred names ador'd !
Divinity supreme ! all-potent Lord !
Author of nature ! whose unbounded sway
And legislative power all things obey !
Majestick Jove ! all hail ! To thee belong
The suppliant prayer, and tributary song :
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due ;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew ;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire ! is thine ;
Embodied portions of the soul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
And of thy wond'rous pow'r for ever sing.
The wheeling orbs, the wand'ring fires above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.
Such is the awe impress'd on nature round,
When thro' the void thy dreadful thunders sound,
Those flaming agents of thy matchless pow'r,
Astonish'd worlds, hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reason which, thro' all convey'd,
Informs this gen'ral mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.

* Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a disciple of Zeno.

For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
 Nor yon etherial pole, the seat of gods,
 Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine;
 Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine !
 Vice is the act of man, by passion tofs'd,
 And in the shoreless sea of folly lost ;
 But thou what vice disorders, can'st compose,
 And profit by the malice of thy foes :
 So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
 As thence to model one harmonious whole ;
 One universal law of truth and right ;
 But wretched mortals shun the heav'nly light ;
 And, tho' to bliss directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not, Reason's sacred voice ;
 That common guide, ordain'd to point the road,
 That leads obedient man to solid good.
 Thence, quitting Virtue's lovely paths, they rove ;
 As various objects, various passions move.
 Some thro' opposing crowds and threat'ning war,
 Seek Power's bright throne, and Fame's triumphal car ;
 Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain,
 Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain :
 While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
 Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
 But, O great Father, thunder-ruling God !
 Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode !
 Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
 Do thou from ignorance mankind defend !
 The clouds of vice and folly, O controul !
 And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul !
 Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
 Thy justice rules this universal frame.
 That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
 We may essay thy goodness to requite,
 With honorary songs and grateful lays,
 And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,

The proper task of man ; and sure, to sing
 Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty King,
 Is bliss supreme. Let gods with mortals join !
 The subject may transport a breast divine.

CLAREMONT.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARE:

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain ;
 Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
 So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
 Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more :
 The last indulge the fault the first commit,
 And take off still the offal of their wit.
 So shameless, so abandon'd, are their ways,
 They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
 None ever can without admirers live,
 Who have a pension or a place to give.
 Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts ;
 The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
 Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and pow'r ;
 No Muse is proof against a golden show'r.
 Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon,
 He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own ;
 Or if to rant in tragick rage he yields,
 False Fame cries—' Athens ;' honest Truth—' Moorfields.'
 Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' floods of ink,
 Flags with full sail, and rises but to sink.

Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
 Their panegyricks lash, their satire's praise :

So nauseously and so unlike they paint,
 N——'s an Adonis, M——r a faint.
 Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd
 That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
 But such a shameless Muse must laughter move,
 That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.

To form great works puts Fate itself to pain;
 E'en Nature labours for a mighty man;
 And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
 She strains no less a poet next to frame.
 Rare as the hero's is the poet's rage;
 Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
 With earthquakes tow'ring Pindar's birth begun,
 And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son:
 The fire of gods o'er Phoebus cast a shade,
 But with a hero well the world repaid.

No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein,
 Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign.
 To grant big Thrafo valour, Phormio sense,
 Should indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and would try
 From this reproach to rescue poetry.
 Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art,
 And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.

'What, then,' you'll say, 'must no true sterling pass,
 'Because impure allays some coin debase?'
 Yes—praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow,
 And when I meet with merit scribble too.

The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
 Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
 Forgiving others, to himself severe;
 Tho' earnest easy, civil yet sincere;
 Who seldom but thro' great good-nature errs;
 Detesting fraud as much as flatterers:
 'Tis he my Muse's homage should receive,
 If I could write, or Holles could forgive.

But

But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
 A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
 When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
 A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
 Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
 From his bright urn in purest chrystal glides;
 But when new-gathering streams enlarge his course,
 He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
 In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
 And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.
 Direct me, Clare! to name some nobler Muse,
 That for her theme thy late recess may chuse;
 Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
 Such varied scenes, such pleasing images,
 That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
 And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.

But say, who shall attempt th' advent'rous part,
 Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
 If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
 Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
 And rocks are animated with his fire.
 'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
 Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
 Close groves and op'ning glades with verdure spread,
 Flow'rs sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
 With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
 And all the bright horizon smiling round;
 Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame
 Records from whence the villa took it's name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
 To love no foreign fashions like their own;
 When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
 And quality put on no paint but woad;
 Of Spanish red unheard was then the name,
 (For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame)

No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves;
 Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
 Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd,
 Not yet broad eyebrows were reduc'd by puffs;
 No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
 To mend the work wise Providence had made;
 Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
 And thrifty silk-worms spun for times to come;
 Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
 All, like Diana, were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
 Surly in show, unfashion'd in address;
 Upright in actions, and in thought sincere,
 And strictly were the same they would appear.
 Honour was plac'd in probity alone,
 For villains had no titles but their own.
 None travell'd to return politely mad,
 But still what fancy wanted reason had.
 Whatever Nature ask'd their hands could give;
 Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
 No cook with art increas'd physicians fees,
 Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricassees.
 Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd,
 For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong by turns set prices bore,
 And conscience had it's rate, like common whore;
 Or tools to great employments had pretence,
 Or merit was made out by impudence;
 Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs,
 And humble friends grew haughty ministers:
 In those good days of innocence here stood
 Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,
 Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
 Religious honours on the mistletoe.

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
 How trees did first this stranger entertain;

Whether

Whether the busy birds ingraft it there,
 Or else some deity's mistaken care,
 As Druids thought; for when the blasted oak
 By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke,
 So, when the Gauls the tow'rs of Rome defac'd,
 And flames drove forward with outrageous waste,
 Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood;
 So sacred was the mansion of a god.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
 Here for the bleeding victims altars rose:
 To Hermes oft they paid their sacrifice,
 Parent of arts, and patron of the wise.
 Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd,
 Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
 None violated truth, invaded right,
 Yet had few laws but will and appetite,
 The people's peace they study'd, and profess'd
 No politicks but publick interest.
 Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
 For all their luxury was doing good.

No mitred priest did then with princes vie,
 Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
 Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure
 For being several centuries obscure.
 None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
 For not believing what none understood:
 Nor Simony nor sinecure were known;
 Nor would the bee work honey for the drone:
 Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
 Frail Abigails with fat pluralities.

But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band,
 Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
 Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
 And how the seasons travell'd with the sun:
 When his dim orb seem'd wading thro' the air,
 They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;

And

And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
 When redd'ning clouds reflect his blood-shot eye.
 All their remarks on Nature's laws require
 More lines than would e'en Alpin's readers tire.

This sect in sacred veneration held
 Opinions by the Samian sage reveal'd ;
 That matter no annihilation knows,
 But wanders from these tenements to those :
 For when the plastick particles are gone,
 They rally in some species like their own.
 The self-same atoms, if new jumbled, will
 In seas be restless, and in earth be still ;
 Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
 And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
 Those falling leaves that wither with the year,
 Will in the next on other stems appear ;
 The sap that now forsakes the bursting bud,
 In some new shoot will circulate green blood ;
 The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
 Will, when the season offers, scent the rose ;
 And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
 Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.

They hold, that matter must be still the same,
 And varies but in figure and in name :
 And that the soul not dies, but shifts her seat,
 New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
 Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
 In beings brave and virtuous they revive :
 Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign
 Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain
 Good laws, and halcyon years shall hush the world again. }

The truths of old traditions were their theme,
 Or gods descending in a morning dream.
 Past acts they cited, and to come foretold,
 And could events not ripe for fate unfold.

Beneath

Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
 In rhymes uncouth, prophetick truths they spoke.
 Attend then, Clare! nor is the legend long;
 The story of thy villa is their song.

• The fair Montano, of the Sylvan race,
 • Was with each beauty blest'd, and ev'ry grace:
 • His fire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
 • His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood;
 • Her silver urn supply'd the neighb'ring streams,
 • A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
 • Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye,
 • Nor when a flow'r could boast more fragrancy.
 • His skin might with the down of swans compare;
 • More smooth than pearl, than mountain-snow more fair:
 • In shape so poplars or the cedars please;
 • But those are not so straight, nor graceful these.
 • His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
 • Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue;
 • The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
 • But sunk to softness at the melting sound.

• The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
 • To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down:
 • All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
 • And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
 • In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace;
 • Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase:
 • For tho' possession be th' undoubted view,
 • To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
 • Those nymphs that yield too soon, their charms impair,
 • And prove at last but despicably fair;
 • His own undoing glutton Love decrees,
 • And palls the appetite he meant to please:
 • His slender wants too largely he supplies,
 • Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.
 • A grot there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown,
 • Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mould'ring stone;

‘ Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall,
 ‘ And weeping rills but whisper as they fall :
 ‘ The clasping ivys up the ruin creep,
 ‘ And there the bat and drowzy beetle sleep.
 ‘ This cell sad Echo chose, by Love betray’d,
 ‘ A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
 ‘ Hither, fatigu’d with toil, the sylvan flies,
 ‘ To shun the calenture of sultry skies,
 ‘ But feels a fiercer flame ; Love’s keenest dart
 ‘ Finds thro’ his eyes a passage to his heart.
 ‘ Pensive the virgin sat with folded arms,
 ‘ Her tears but lending lustre to her charms :
 ‘ With pity he beholds her wounding woes,
 ‘ But wants himself the pity he bestows.
 ‘ “ Oh! whether of a mortal born,” he cries,
 ‘ “ Or some fair daughter of the distant skies,
 ‘ “ That in compassion leave your chrystal sphere,
 ‘ “ To guard some favour’d charge, and wander here ;
 ‘ “ Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove,
 ‘ “ But pity one, a novice yet in love.
 ‘ “ If words avail not, see my suppliant tears,
 ‘ “ Nor disregard those dumb petitioners !”
 ‘ ‘ From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
 ‘ Asserting all the empire of her eyes.
 ‘ ‘ Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
 ‘ Nor seeks from sleep or sustenance relief.
 ‘ ‘ The lamp of life now casts a glimm’ring light,
 ‘ The meeting lids his setting eyes benight :
 ‘ ‘ What force remains the hapless lover tries,
 ‘ Invoking thus his kindred deities.
 ‘ “ Haste, parents of the flood ! your race to mourn,
 ‘ “ With tears replenish each exhausted urn :
 ‘ “ Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
 ‘ “ Fall a just victim to an injur’d shade.”
 ‘ ‘ More he endeavour’d ; but the accents hung
 ‘ ‘ Half form’d, and stopp’d unfinish’d on his tongue.

‘ For

' For him the Graces their sad vigils keep ;
 ' Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
 ' What gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries,
 ' A mount erecting where the sylvan lies :
 ' The rural pow'rs the wond'rous pile survey,
 ' And piously their diff'rent honours pay.
 ' Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread,
 ' And nymphs transform'd to laurels lent their shade :
 ' Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours,
 ' And Flora strews the summit with her flow'rs ;
 ' Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
 ' When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
 ' Sad Echo now laments her rigour more,
 ' Than for Narcissus, her loose flame before ;
 ' Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled ;
 ' All day in rifted rocks she hides her head ;
 ' Soon as the ev'ning shews a sky serene,
 ' Abroad she strays, but never to be seen ;
 ' And ever as the weeping Naiads name
 ' Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the same.
 ' With them she joins her lover to deplore,
 ' And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before ;
 ' Her sex's privilege she yet retains,
 ' And tho' to nothing wasted, voice remains.
 So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
 Thus utter what the Delphick god inspir'd.
 ' Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
 ' A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
 ' No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains ;
 ' The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns :
 ' From Jove he comes, the captive to restore,
 ' Nor can the thunder of his fire do more,
 ' Religion shall dread nothing but disguise,
 ' And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
 ' Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord ;
 ' Her safety to secure, two pow'rs accord ;
 ' Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.

- Like him shall his Augustus shine in arms,
- Tho' captive to his Carolina's charms :
- Ages with future heroes she shall bless,
- And Venus once more found an Alban race.
- Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage ;
- Example must reclaim a graceless age.
- Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead,
- And laws e'en by the legislators bleed,
- His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
- None but the virtuous are of noble blood :
- For tyrants are but princes in disguise,
- Tho' sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
- Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend,
- The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
- Great Edward's Order early he shall wear,
- New light restoring to the sully'd star.
- Oft will his leisure this retirement chuse,
- Still finding future subjects for the Muse ;
- And to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
- The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name.^A

C Y N T H I A.

AN ELEGIACK POEM.

BY DR. PERCY.

— Libeat tibi Cynthia mecum
 Roscida muscolis antra tenera jugis.

PROPERT.

BENEATH an aged oak's embow'ring shade,
 Whose spreading arms with grey moss fringed were,
 Around whose trunk the clasping ivy stray'd,
 A love-lorn youth oft pensive would repair.

Faſt by, a Naiad taught her ſtream to glide,
Which through the dale a winding channel wore ;
The ſilver willow deck'd it's verdant ſide,
The whiſp'ring ſedges wav'd along the ſhore.

Here oft, when morn peep'd o'er the duſky hill ;
Here oft, when eve bedew'd the miſty vale ;
Careleſs he laid him all beſide the rill,
And pour'd in ſtrains like theſe his artleſs tale.

' Ah !' would he ſay—and then a ſigh would heave ;
' Ah, Cynthia ! ſweeter than the breath of morn,
' Soft as the gentle breath that fans at eve,
' Of thee bereft, how ſhall I live forlorn ?

' Ah ! what avails this ſweetly ſolemn bow'r,
' That ſilent ſtream where dimpling eddies play ;
' Yon thymy bank, bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
' Where maple-tufts exclude the beam of day ?

' Robb'd of my love ; for how can theſe delight,
' Though laſciſh Spring her ſmiles around has caſt !
' Deſpair, alas ! thatwhelms the ſoul in night,
' Dims the ſad eye, and deadens ev'ry taſte.

' As droops the lily at the blighting gale ;
' Or crimſon-spotted cowſlip of the mead,
' Whoſe tender ſtalk (alas ! their ſtalk ſo frail)
' Some haſty foot hath bruſ'd with heedleſs tread :

' As droops the woodbine, when ſome village hind
' Hath fell'd the ſapling elm it fondly bound ;
' No more it gadding dances in the wind,
' But trails it's fading beauties on the ground :

- ‘ So droops my soul, dear maid, downcast and sad,
‘ For ever! ah, for ever torn from thee!
- ‘ Bereft of each sweet hope, which once it had,
‘ When love, when treacherous love, first smil’d on me.
- ‘ Return, blest’d days! return, ye laughing hours,
‘ Which led me up the roseate steep of youth;
- ‘ Which strew’d my simple path with vernal flow’rs,
‘ And bade me court chaste Science, and fair Truth.
- ‘ Ye know, the curling breeze, or gilded fly
‘ That idly wantons in the noon-tide air,
- ‘ Was not so free, was not so gay as I,
‘ For, ah! I knew not then, or love, or care.
- ‘ Witness, ye winged daughters of the year,
‘ If e’er a sigh had learn’d to heave my breast!
- ‘ If e’er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
‘ Till Cynthia came, and robb’d my soul of rest!
- ‘ O, have you seen, bath’d in the morning dew,
‘ The budding rose it’s infant bloom display;
- ‘ When first it’s virgin tints unfold to view,
‘ It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.
- ‘ So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
‘ Youth’s damask glow just dawning on her cheek:
- ‘ I gaz’d, I sigh’d, I caught the tender flame,
‘ Felt the fond pang, and droop’d with passion, weak.
- ‘ Yet not unpity’d was my pain the while;
‘ For oft, beside yon sweet-briar in the dale,
- ‘ With many a blush, with many a melting smile,
‘ She fate and listen’d to the plaintive tale.

‘ Ah,

- Ah, me ! I fondly dream'd of pleasures rare,
• Nor deem'd so sweet a face with scorn could glow ;
- How could you cruel, then, pronounce despair,
• Chill the warm hope, and plant the thorn of woe ?
- What, though no treasures canker in my chest,
• Nor crowds of suppliant vassals hail me lord !
- What, though my roof can boast no princely guest,
• Nor surfeits lurk beneath my frugal board !
- Yet should Content, that shuns the gilded bed,
• With smiling Peace, and Virtue there forgot,
- And rose-lip'd Health, which haunts the straw-built shed,
• With cherub Joy, frequent my little cot :
- Led by chaste Love, the decent band should come,
• O, charmer, would'st thou deign my roof to share !
- Nor should the Muses scorn our simple dome ;
• Or, knit in mystick dance, the Graces fair.
- The woodland nymphs, and gentle fays, at eve,
• Forth from the dripping cave and mossy dell,
- Should round our hearth fantastick measures weave,
• And shield from mischief by their guardian spell.
- Come then, bright maid, and quit the city throng,
• Have rural joys no charm to win the soul ?—
- She proud, alas ! derides my lowly song,
• Scorns the fond vow, and spurns the russet stole.
- Then, Love, be gone ! thy thriftless empire yield ;
• In youthful toils I'll lose th' unmanly pain :
- With echoing horns I'll rouse the jocund field,
• Urge the keen chace, and sweep along the plain.

• Or

- Or all in some lone moss-grown tow'r sublime,
- With midnight lamp I'll watch pale Cynthia round,
- Explore the choicest rolls of ancient Time,
- And heal with Wisdom's balm my hapless wound.
- Or else I'll roam——Ah, no ! that sigh profound
- Tells me that stubborn love disdains to yield ;
- Nor fight, nor Wisdom's balm can heal the wound,
- Nor pain forsake me in the jocund field!

L O N D O N ;

OR, THE

P R O G R E S S O F C O M M E R C E .

BY RICHARD GLOVER, ESQ.

Y E northern blasts, and Eurus *, wont to sweep
 With rudest pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
 Awhile suspend your violence, and waft
 From sandy Weser † and the broad mouth'd Elbe,
 My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore,
 Safe o'er th' unruffled main : let ev'ry thought,
 Which may disquiet and alarm my breast,
 Be absent now ; that, dispossess'd of care,
 And free from ev'ry tumult of the mind,
 With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace,
 I may pour all my spirit on the theme
 Which opens now before me, and demands
 The loftier strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
 Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,
 Disdains all objects but the golden sun,

* The east wind.

† Bremen is situated on the Weser, and Hamburgh on the Elbe.

Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
 And sails exulting through the blaze of day ;
 So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,
 Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,
 Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,
 Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my Muse
 Shall celebrate, O London ; thee she hails.
 Thou lov'd abode of Commerce, last retreat,
 Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
 Her various wand'rings from the fated hour,
 That she abandon'd her maternal clime ;
 Neptunian Commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
 Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
 Along the founding main extended far,
 Which flow'ry Carmel with it's sweet perfumes,
 And with it's cedars Libanus o'er shades.
 Her from the bottom of the wat'ry world,
 As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
 To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
 Of Neptune view'd enamour'd : from the deep
 The god ascending rushes to the beach,
 And clasps th' affrighted virgin. From that day,
 Soon as the paly regent of the night
 Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
 Thro' Heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led
 By shame, once more the sea-worn margin sought :
 There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,
 A solitary mourner ; and the surge,
 Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
 With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd.

' Ye fragrant shrubs and cedars, lofty shade,
 ' Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
 ' That rise majestick on these fruitful meads,
 ' With you, who gave the lost Phœnice birth,
 ' And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,
 ' Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,

' Farewel ! To thee, perfidious god, I come,
 ' Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,
 ' I come thy suppliant ; death is all I crave :
 ' Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
 ' And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame ! '

She ceas'd, when sudden from th' inclosing deep
 A chrystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,
 Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethy's train,
 And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow
 Mix'd with the wat'ry lustre of the pearl,
 A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,
 Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
 The fear-subdu'd Phœnice, and along
 The lucid chariot place. . As there with dread
 All mute, and struggling with her painful throes,
 She lay, the winds, by Neptune's high command,
 Were silent round her ; not a zephyr dar'd
 To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top,
 Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen
 To wave it's graceful verdure ; o'er the main
 No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
 But all was hush'd and motionless around,
 All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
 Along the level azure by the strength
 Of active Tritons, rivalling in speed
 The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train
 Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
 The livid ruins of a falling star.

Beneath the Lybian skies, a blissful isle,
 By Triton's * floods encircled, Nyfa lay.
 Here youthful Nature wanton'd in delights,
 And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
 While it was now the infancy of time,
 Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd

* Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.

To smile, Eucarpé*, Dapfiléa† dwelt,
 With all the nymphs, whose secret care had surs'd
 The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore
 A turf-clad valley opens, and along
 It's verdure mild the willing feet allures;
 While on it's sloping sides ascends the pride
 Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
 With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
 Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,
 Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff‡, whose forehead glows
 With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
 From it's resplendent fragments beaming round;
 Nor less irradiate colours from beneath,
 On ev'ry side an ample grot reflects,
 As down the perforated rock the sun
 Pours his meridian blaze! Rever'd abode
 Of Nyfa's nymphs, with ev'ry plant attir'd,
 That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills
 From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
 With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flow'rs
 Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
 With inexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
 Which breathes incessant there; while ev'ry bird
 Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
 Blends with the warble of meandering streams,
 Which o'er their pebbled channels murmur'ing lave
 The fruit-invested hills that rise around.
 The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
 Phoenix bear; nor Dapfiléa bland,
 Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey
 Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
 Refuse; nor long Lucina is invok'd.

* Fruitfulness.

† Plenty.

‡ This whole description of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod. Siculus,

lib. iii. p. 202.

Soon as the wond'rous infant sprung to-day,
 Earth rock'd around ; with all their nodding woods,
 And streams reverting to their troubled source,
 The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,
 Mysterious Ammon, from his hollow cell,
 With deep-resounding accent thus to heaven,
 To earth, and sea, the mighty birth proclaim'd.

‘ A new-born power behold ! whom Fate hath call'd
 ‘ The God's imperfect labour to compleat
 ‘ This wide creation. She in lonely sands
 ‘ Shall bid the tow'r-encircled city rise,
 ‘ The barren sea shall people, and the wilds
 ‘ Of dreary nature shall with plenty clothe ;
 ‘ She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
 ‘ And with endearing intercourse unite
 ‘ Remote nations, scorch'd by sultry suns,
 ‘ Or freezing near the snow-encrusted pole :
 ‘ Where'er the joyous vine disdains to grow,
 ‘ The fruitful olive, or the golden ear ;
 ‘ Her hand divine, with interposing aid
 ‘ To ev'ry climate shall the gifts supply
 ‘ Of Ceres, Bacchus, and the Athenian maid* ;
 ‘ The graces, joys, emoluments of life,
 ‘ From her exhaustless bounty all shall flow.’

The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard.
 Straight from their star-bespangled thrones descend
 On blooming Nyssa a celestial band,
 The ocean's lord to honour in his child ;
 When o'er his offspring smiling, thus began
 The trident ruler. ‘ Commerce be thy name :
 ‘ To thee I give the empire of the main,
 ‘ From where the morning breathes it's eastern gale,
 ‘ To th' undiscover'd limits of the west ;

* Minerva, the tutelary goddess of the Athenians, to whom she gave the olive.

' From chilling Boreas to extremest south,
 ' Thy fire's obsequious billows shall extend
 ' Thy universal reign.' Minerva next
 With wisdom blest'd her, Mercury with art,
 The Lemnian god * with industry; and last
 Majestick Phœbus, o'er the infant long
 In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd
 From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon.

' Thee with divine invention I endow,
 ' That secret wonder, goddess, to disclose;
 ' By which, the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
 ' The heaven-taught poet and exploring sage,
 ' Shall pass recorded to the verge of time.'

Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
 When to her mother's natal soil repair'd
 The new divinity, whose parting step
 Her sacred nurses follow'd, ever now
 To her alone inseparably join'd;
 Then first deserting their Nyseian shore
 To spread their hoarded blessings round the world;
 Who with them bore the inexhausted horn
 Of ever-smiling Plenty. Thus adorn'd,
 Attended thus, great Goddess, thou began'st
 Thy all-enlivening progress o'er the globe,
 Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair
 The various ills which earliest ages ru'd
 From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts
 Of Heaven, Pandora, whose pernicious hand,
 From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.

Thou, gracious Commerce, from his cheerless caves,
 In horrid rocks and solitary woods,
 The helpless wand'rer man, forlorn and wild,
 Didst charm to sweet society; didst cast
 The deep foundations, where the future pride

* Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

Of mightiest cities rose, and o'er the main
 Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present
 The surge-dividing keel, and stately mast,
 Whose canvas wings, distending with the gale,
 The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits,
 To northern Albion's tin-embowell'd fields,
 And oft beneath the sea-obscur'ing brow
 Of cloud-envelop'd Tencriffe convey'd.
 Next in sagacious thought th' etherial plains
 Thou trod'st, exploring each propitious star,
 The danger-braving mariner to guide;
 Then all the latent and mysterious pow'rs
 Of number didst unravel: last, to crown
 Thy bounties, goddesses, thy unrival'd toils
 For man, still urging thy inventive mind,
 Thou gav'st him letters*; there imparting all
 Which lifts the ennobled spirit near to heaven,
 Laws, learning, wisdom, Nature's works reveal'd
 By godlike fages, all Minerva's arts,
 Apollo's musick, and th' eternal voice
 Of Virtue sounding from the historick roll,
 The philosophick page, and poet's song.

Now Solitude and Silence from the shores
 Retreat, on pathless mountains to reside;
 Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts
 Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace,
 With hospitality, begin to soothe
 Unsocial Rapine, and the thirst of blood;
 As from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads
 His genial tides abroad, the favour'd soil
 That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes
 The kindly stream: anon the bounteous god
 His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,

* Here the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton is followed, that letters were first invented amongst the trading parts of the world.

Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
 The sleeping grain with vigour to attire
 In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains.
 Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
 Had banish'd Freedom, with disdainful steps
 Indignant Commerce, turning from the walls
 Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd
 Among the nations, spreading round the globe
 The fruits of all it's climes; Cecropian * oil,
 The Thracian vintage, and Panchaïan gums,
 Arabian spices, and the golden grain,
 Which old Osiris to his Ægypt gave,
 And Ceres to Sicania †. Thou didst raise
 Th' Ionian name, O Commerce! thou the domes
 Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
 Of Syracuse didst people! All the wealth
 Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,
 And golden-channell'd Tagus; all the spoils
 From fair Trinacria ‡ wasted; all the powers
 Of conquer'd Africk's tributary realms,
 To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
 Thy native tract: the nymphs of Nyssa hail
 Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds
 O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain.
 The irreversible decrees of Heaven
 To far more northern regions had ordain'd
 Thy lasting seat: in vain th' imperial port
 Receives the gather'd riches of the world;
 In vain whole climates bow beneath it's rule;
 Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
 It's glories yields, and mould'ring, leaves no trace
 Of it's deep-rooted greatness; thou with tears

* Athenian. Athens was call'd Cecropia, from Cécrops it's first king.

† Sicily.

‡ Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravaged by the Carthaginians.

From thy extinguish'd Carthage didst retire,
 And these thy perish'd honours long deplore.
 What though rich Gades*, what though polish'd Rhodes,
 With Alexandria, Ægypt's splendid mart,
 The learn'd Maffylians †, and Ligurian ‡ towers;
 What though the potent Hanscatick league,
 And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,
 With all the Ægean floods, awhile might soothe
 The sad remembrance; what though, led through climes
 And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons
 Of Tagus || pass'd the stormy cape, which braves
 The huge Atlantick; what though Antwerp grew
 Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there
 Didst shower thy blessings with unsparing hands:
 Still on thy grief-indented heart impress'd
 The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds
 Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss
 Of thy unequal Annibal remain'd;
 Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,
 And sounding margin of the Scheld and Maese,
 With sudden roar the angry voice of war
 Alarm'd thy languor; wonder turn'd thy eye.
 Lo! in bright arms a bold militia stood,
 Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou saw'st
 The snowy ridge of Appennine, the fields
 Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
 The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
 And rapid Ebro, gath'ring all their pow'rs
 To crush this daring populace. The pride
 Of fiercest kings with more inflam'd revenge
 Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor since dauntless Greece,

* Cadiz.

† Marseilles, a Grecian colony, the most civilized, as well as the greatest trading city of ancient Gaul.

‡ Genoa.

|| The Portuguese discovered the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

And

And Rome's stern offspring, none hath e'er surpass'd
 The bold Batavian * in his glorious toil
 For liberty, or death. At once, the thought
 Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,
 And, ardent goddess, thou dost speed to save
 The gen'rous people. Not the vernal show'rs,
 Distilling copious from the morning clouds,
 Descend more kindly on the tender flow'r,
 New-born and op'ning on the lap of Spring,
 Than on this rising state thy chearing smile
 And animating presence; while on Spain,
 Prophetick thus, thy indignation broke.

‘ Infatiate race! the shame of polish'd lands!
 ‘ Disgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds.
 ‘ And infolence renown'd! what demon led
 ‘ Thee first to plough the undiscover'd furge,
 ‘ Which lav'd an hidden world? Whose malice taught
 ‘ Thee first to taint with rapine and with rage.
 ‘ With more than savage thirst of blood, the arts,
 ‘ By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,
 ‘ For mutual aids, and hospitable ties
 ‘ From shore to shore? Or that pernicious hour,
 ‘ Was Heaven disgusted with it's wond'rous works,
 ‘ That to thy fell, exterminating hand,
 ‘ Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,
 ‘ And all which lordly Montezuma † sway'd?
 ‘ And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores
 ‘ Of that gold-teeming hemisphere, to waste
 ‘ The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
 ‘ Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats
 ‘ Of liberty? Presumptuous nation! learn,
 ‘ From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
 ‘ Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,

* The Dutch.

† Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico.

' And Victory against her Albion's cliffs
 ' Shall see the blood-empurpl'd ocean dash
 ' Thy welt'ring hosts, and stain the chalky shore :
 ' E'en those, whom now thy impious pride would bind
 ' In servile chains, hereafter shall support /
 ' Thy weaken'd throne; when Heaven's assisting hand
 ' Of all thy power despoils thee; when alone,
 ' Of all which e'er hath signaliz'd thy name,
 ' Thy inscience and cruelty remain.'

Thus, with her clouded visage wrapp'd in frowns,
 The goddess threaten'd, and the daring train
 Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
 Despising fortune, from repeated foils
 More fierce, and braving Famine's keenest rage,
 At length through deluges of blood she led
 To envied greatness; e'en while clam'rous Mars
 With loudest clangor bade his trumpet shake
 The Belgian champain, she their standard rear'd
 On tributary Java, and the shores
 Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st
 Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons
 Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd,
 And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
 Their spicy groves. And O, whatever coast
 The Belgians trace, where'er their pow'r is spread,
 To hoary Zembla, or to Indian fens,
 Still thither be extended thy renown,
 O William, pride of Orange; and ador'd
 Thy virtues, which disdaining life, or wealth,
 Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
 Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
 The fatal night of death*, no other care
 Besides the publick own'd. And dear to fame

* He was assassinated at Delf. His dying words were, ' Lord have mercy
 upon this people!' See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

Be thou, harmonious Douza *; ev'ry Muse,
 Your laurel strew around this hero's urn,
 Whom fond Minerva, grac'd with all her arts,
 Alike in letters and in arms to shine,
 A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.
 Him Spain's surrounding host for slaughter mark'd,
 With massacre yet reeking from the streets
 Of blood-stain'd Harlem: he on Leyden's towers,
 With Famine, his companion, wan, subdu'd
 In outward form, with patient virtue stood
 Superior to despair; the heav'nly Nine
 His suff'ring soul with great examples cheer'd
 Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
 With wreaths of fame; Oeagrus † tuneful son,
 Who with melodious praise, to noblest deeds
 Charm'd the Iölkian heroes, and himself
 Their danger shar'd; Tyrtæus ‡, who reviv'd
 With animating verse the Spartan hopes;
 Brave Æschylus § and Sophocles ¶, around
 Whose sacred brows the tragick ivy twin'd,
 Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
 By Douza's valour: and the gen'rous toil,
 His and his country's labours soon receiv'd
 Their high reward, when favouring Commerce rais'd
 Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
 Among the mightiest, on the brightest roll
 Of fame they shone, by splendid wealth and pow'r

* Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the most learned man of his time. He commanded in Leyden, when it was so obstinately besieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meursii Athen. Bat.

† Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who set sail from Iölkoe, a town in Thes-Galia.

‡ When the Spartans were greatly distressed in the Messenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who sent them the poet Tyrtæus.

§ Æschylus, one of the most ancient tragick poets, who signalized himself in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

¶ Sophocles commanded his countrymen, the Athenians, in several expeditions.

Grac'd and supported ; thus a genial soil
 Diffusing vigour though the infant oak,
 Affords it strength to flourish, till at last
 It's lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
 It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.

Yet here th' eternal fates thy last retreat
 Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
 For thy reception ; sufferers alike
 By th' unremitted insolence of pow'r
 From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
 For bold contention oft on crimson fields,
 In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
 To circumscribe, or conquering to depose
 Their scepter'd tyrants : Albion, sea-embrac'd,
 The joy of freedom, dread of treach'rous kings,
 The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
 And arbitress of Europe, now demands
 Thy presence, goddess. It was now the time,
 Ere yet perfidious Cromwell dar'd profane
 The sacred senate, and with impious feet
 Tread on the pow'rs of magistrates and laws,
 While ev'ry arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
 Nor one in all that dauntless train was found
 To pierce the ruffian's heart ; and now thy name
 Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
 Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
 And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source.
 O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
 Thou bold asserter of Britannia's fame,
 Unconquerable Blake : propitious Heav'n
 At this great æra, and the sage decree *
 Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
 What by Eliza † was so well begun,

* The act of navigation.

† Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes, who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.

So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
 The goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
 Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
 And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
 Pleas'd with the silver Thames, it's gentle stream,
 And smiling banks, it's joy-diffusing hills,
 Which clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd,
 O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,
 Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;
 Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
 Sagacious converse, to enquiry led,
 And zeal for knowledge: hence the op'ning mind
 Resigns it's errors, and unseals the eye
 Of blind Opinion; Merit hence is heard
 Amidst it's blushes, dawning arts arise,
 The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
 Spread o'er the paths of Virtue, are dispell'd,
 Servility retires, and ev'ry heart
 With publick cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
 Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame.
 How many names of glory mayst thou trace
 From earliest annals down to Barnard's* times!
 And O! if like that eloquence divine,
 Which forth for Commerce, for Britannia's rights,
 And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
 These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
 Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,
 Who now, all-fearful to thy praise, attunes
 His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,
 Thy votary, O Commerce! Gracious Pow'r,
 Continue still to hear my vows, and bless
 My honourable industry, which courts
 No other smile but thine; for thou alone
 Canst wealth bestow with independence crown'd:

* Sir John Barnard.

Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
 But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
 Of learned leisure, never to reject
 The visitation of the tuneful Maids,
 Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
 And grace a mortal mansion; thou divide
 With them my labours; pleasure I resign,
 And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
 E'en now, when Albion, o'er the foaming breast
 Of groaning Tethys spreads it's threat'ning fleets,
 I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
 That hero's valour, who shall best confound
 His injur'd country's foes; e'en now I feel
 Celestial fires descending on my breast,
 Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,
 Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
 Among the nations, by the gods endow'd,
 Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
 One permanent abode; why oft expell'd
 Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne
 Thy wand'ring steps; why London late hath seen
 (Thy lov'd, thy last retreat) desponding Care
 O'ercloud thy brow: O listen, while the Muse,
 Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
 The fatal cause. What time in Nyfa's cave
 Th' ethereal train, in honour to thy fire,
 Shower'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the pow'r
 Of war was absent; hence, unblest'd by Mars,
 Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts
 Intent, and still to mercenary hands
 The sword entrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
 Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
 Unwarlike Freedom; hence the Alps in vain
 Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows
 And dreary torrents; swol'n with Roman dead,

Altonish'd

Astonish'd Trebia * overflow'd it's banks
 In vain, and deep-dy'd Trafimenus roll'd
 It's crimson waters; Cannæ's signal day
 The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
 Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
 Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last
 To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
 Of Heaven in ev'ry climate hath ordain'd,
 And ev'ry age, that empire shall attend
 The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.
 Then from thy suff'rings learn; th' auspicious hour
 Now smiles; our wary magistrates have arm'd
 Our hands; thou, goddess, animate our breasts
 To cast inglorious indolence aside,
 That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
 Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen
 Their country's only rampart, and the dread
 Of wild Ambition. Mark the Swedish hind;
 He, on his native soil should danger lour
 Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
 Would rise to arms; and other fields and chiefs,
 With Helsingburgh † and Steinboch soon would share
 The admiration of the northern world:
 Helvetia's hills behold; th' aerial seat
 Of long-supported Liberty, who thence,
 Securely resting on her faithful shield,
 The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
 Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan
 In servitude around her; and, her sword
 With dauntless skill high brandishing, defies

* Trebia, Trafimenus Lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gained by Annibal over the Romans.

† Helsingburgh, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory which Count Steinboch gained over the Danes, with an army for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before: it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as complete a body of regular forces as any in all Europe.

The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul.
 And O could those ill-fated shades arise,
 Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
 Of Newbury * lay crouded, they could tell,
 How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft
 O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,
 Whose dreaded standard Victory had wav'd,
 Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
 From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the restive spear
 Of London's firm militia, and resign'd
 The well-disputed field; then, goddess, say,
 Shall we be now more timid, when behold
 The black'ning storm now gathers round our heads,
 And England's angry genius sounds to arms?
 For thee, remember, is the banner spread;
 The naval tower, to vindicate thy rights,
 Will sweep the curling foam: the thund'ring bomb
 Will roar, and startle in the deepest grotts
 Old Nereus' daughters; with combustion stor'd
 For thee our dire volcanos of the main,
 Impregnated with horror, soon will pour
 Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet.
 Thou then, great goddess, summon all thy powers,
 Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, ev'ry heart
 In flame; and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,
 Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
 Of Liberty and Commerce, now no more
 Secrete your gen'rous valour; hear the call

* The London train'd bands, and auxiliary regiments, (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery Ground, had till then too cheap an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day: for they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about.—Clarendon, book 7. p. 347.

Of injur'd Albion ; to her foes present
Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife
The seas and clouds : though long in silence hush'd
Hath slept the British thunder ; though the pride
Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar ;
Soon shall her ancient terrors be recall'd,
When your victorious shouts affright her shores.
None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,
Nor hazard more indignant Valour's curse,
Their country's wrath, and Time's eternal scorn.
Then bid the furies of Bellona wake,
And silver-mantled Peace with welcome steps
Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
And that perpetual safety may possess
Our joyous fields, thou, Genius, who presid'st
O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons
To wield the noble instruments of war ;
And let the great example soon extend
Through ev'ry province, till Britannia sees
Her docile millions fill the martial plain.
Then, whatsoe'er our terrors now suggest
Of desolation and th' invading sword ;
Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
And to it's parent continent rejoin'd
Our chalky shore ; though Mahomet could league
His pow'rful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd East,
Who now in trembling vassalage unites
The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
With his auxiliar host ; our warlike youth,
With equal numbers, and with keener zeal
For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,

Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
 The dreadful onset, and resistless break
 Th' immense array *; thus e'en the lightest thought
 E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose,
 Must die, the moment that auspicious Mars
 Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
 That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,
 The servile pupils of tyrannick Rome,
 With distant gaze despairing shall behold
 The guarded splendors of Britannia's crown;
 Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,
 With all th' attendance on despotick thrones,
 Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step,
 Gigantick Terror, striding round our coast,
 Shall shake his Gorgon ægis, and the hearts
 Of proudest kings appal: to other shores,
 Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs,
 To arms awaken our vindictive power,
 Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
 But Liberty, Security, and Fame,
 Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

LET Observation, with extensive view,
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;

* If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom, may be relied on, it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subist in an enemy's country, greater numbers than they would find opposed to them here

Then

Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of Fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancy'd ills, or chafes airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
And crouds with crimes the records of mankind :
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land :
When statues glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r ;
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' Consecration's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee—crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;

New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade ;
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
 One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 Th' insidious rival, and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
 With chearful wisdom and instructive mirth ;
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
 Thou, who couldst laugh where Want enchain'd Caprice,
 Toil crush'd Conceit, and man was of a piece ;
 Where Wealth unlov'd, without a mourner dy'd,
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by Pride ;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?
 Attentive Truth and Nature to decry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophick eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty shew,
 The robes of Pleasure, and the veils of Woe :
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human-kind ;
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants croud Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

On ev'ry stage the foes of Peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and Insult mocks their end.
Love ends with Hope; the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions fold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal;
Tho' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolfey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,

The

The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastick rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolfey's wealth, with Wolfey's end, be thine ?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
 For why did Wolfey near the steeps of Fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
 Why, but to sink beneath Misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below ?
 What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd ?
 What, but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Thro' all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown ;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head *.
 Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;

* There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Here Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes ;
 See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent ;
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads—hear, and sleep !

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resists o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine :

This

'This pow'r has praise, that Virtue scarce can warm,
 Till Fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And morgag'd states their grandfires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide.
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain:
 No joys to him pacifick sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
 'On Moscow's walls till Gothick standards fly,
 'And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realm of Frost.
 He comes; not want and cold his course delay—
 Hide, blushing Glory; hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?

His

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand;
 A petty fortrefs, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale:

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way:
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
 Fresh praise is try'd, till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe:
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
 Thro' purple billows, and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r;
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway.
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise.
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of ravage croud the war;
 The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom,
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death, from anguish and from shame.

' Enlarge my life with multitude of days !'
 In health in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted, is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Tho' dancing mountains witness Orpheus near ;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend ;
 But everlasting dictates croud his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still-returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence ;
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it—till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
 An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away ;
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;
 The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend ;
 Such age there is, and who could wish it's end ?

Yet e'en on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes flagging wings :
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
 Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage ;
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprize,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise ;
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolick, and the dance by night ;

Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines,
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard, and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In croud at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
 By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Now Beauty falls, betray'd, despis'd, distress'd;
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
 Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
 Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain,
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of Sacred Presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
 For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For Patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;

For

For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these, celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

MONIMIA TO PHILOCLES.

BY LORD HERVEY.

SINCE language never can express my pain,
 How can I hope to move when I complain?
 Yet such is woman's frenzy in distress,
 We love to plead, tho' hopeless of redress.
 Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
 From whence these lines? whose message to convey?
 Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
 Too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
 But if you force me to avow my shame,
 Behold them prefac'd with Monimia's name.
 Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
 Expos'd to infamy, reproach, and scorn,
 To joy and comfort lost, and all for you,
 And lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too;
 How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
 Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
 Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,
 By friends, by kindred, by my lover, left.
 Oh! frail dependance of confiding fools,
 On lovers oaths, or friendship's sacred rules!
 Too late, in modern hearts, alas! I find,
 Monimia's fall'n, and Philocles' unkind!
 To these reflections, each slow-wearing day,
 And each revolving night, a constant prey,

Think

Think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
 What madness dictates in my fond despair;
 Grudge not this short relief—too fast it flies!
 Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
 For sure one moment is at least her due,
 Who sacrific'd her all of life for you.
 Without a frown this farewell then receive,
 For 'tis the last my fatal love shall give;
 Nor this I would, if reason could command,
 But what restriction reins a lover's hand?
 Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor int'rest sways;
 The hand implicitly the heart obeys:
 Too well this maxim has my conduct shewn,
 Too well that conduct to the world is known.

Oft have I writ, as often to the flame
 Condemn'd the after-witness of my shame;
 Oft in my cooler, recollected thought,
 Thy beauties and my fondness half forgot,
 (How short those intervals for reason's aid!)
 Thus to myself in anguish have I said.

' Thy vain remonstrance, foolish maid, give o'er;
 ' Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.'
 Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
 I form thee melting, as I tell my pain.
 If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
 Or tigers nurs'd thee in the desert shade,
 This would at least thy cold compassion prove,
 That slender sustenance of greedy love:
 Tho' no return my warmer wishes find,
 Be to the wretch, tho' not the mistress, kind;
 Nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
 Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my fate.
 Without restraint, habituate to range
 The paths of pleasure, can I bear the change?
 Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
 In bloom of life, and warm with young desire,

In lieu of roofs, with regal splendor gay,
 Condemn'd in distant wilds to drag the day;
 Where beasts of prey maintain their savage court,
 Or human brutes (the worst of brutes!) resort.
 Yes, yes, this change I could unsighing see,
 For none I mourn, but what I find in thee:
 There centre all my woes; thy heart estrang'd,
 I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd.
 Bless'd with thy presence, I could all forget,
 Nor gilded palaces in huts regret;
 But exil'd thence, superfluous is the rest,
 Each place the same, my hell is in my breast;
 To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
 My only sense, to suffer and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
 Say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat?
 Canst thou know peace? is conscience mute within?
 That upright delegate for secret sin;
 Is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
 That not one spark remains to take my part?
 Not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh?
 Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thine eye?
 Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill!
 Thou, nor remorse, nor thought humane, canst feel:
 Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
 And education more debas'd thy mind.
 Born in an age when Guilt and Fraud prevail,
 When Justice sleeps, and Int'rest holds the scale;
 Thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
 Most to each other, all to us untrue;
 Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
 Not leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice;
 Who, indigent of honour, as of shame,
 Glory in crimes which others blush to name;
 By right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,
 Unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.

The

The fair, who trusts their prostituted vows,
 If not their falshood, still their boasts expose;
 Nor knows the wisest to elude the harm!
 E'en she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm,
 They know to slander, though they fail to warm:
 They make her languish in fictitious flame,
 Affix some specious scandal on her name,
 And baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame!

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
 These vile seducers laugh'd thee out of truth;
 Whose scurril jests all solemn ties profane,
 Or Friendship's band, or Hymen's sacred chain;
 Morality as weakness they upbraid,
 Nor e'en revere Religion's hallow'd head;
 Alike they spurn divine and human laws,
 And treat the honest like the christian cause.
 Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
 Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
 That takes advantage of the chearful hour,
 When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's pow'r
 And would the goddess in the soul efface,
 To substitute dishonour in her place.

With such you lose the day in false delight,
 In lewd debauch you revel out the night.
 (O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace!)
 Their arguments convince because they please;
 Whilst sophistry for reason they admit,
 And wander dazzled in the glare of wit:
 Wit that on ill a specious lustre throws,
 And in false colours ev'ry object shows;
 That gilds the wrong, depreciating the right,
 And hurts the judgment, while it feasts the sight.
 So in the prism, to the deluded eye,
 Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye;
 With borrow'd charms the gaudy prospect glows,
 But truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows;

Inverted

Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
And lawns impending shade the nether sky;
No just, no real images we meet,
But all the shining vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve, in this distracted mind,
Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer kind;
But oh! how dear their memory I pay!
What pleasures past can present cares allay?
Of all I love for ever dispossest'd:
Ah! what avails, to think I once was blest'd!
Hard disposition of unequal fate,
Mix'd are our joys, and transient are their date;
Nor can reflection bring them back again,
Yet brings an after-sing to ev'ry pain.

Thy fatal letters, O immoral youth,
Those perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
Dear as they were, no second joy afford,
My cred'lous heart once leap'd at ev'ry word,
My glowing bosom throb'd with thick-heav'd sighs,
And floods of rapture rush'd into mine eyes:
When now repeated (for the theft was vain,
Each treasur'd syllable my thoughts retain)
Far other passions rule, and diff'rent care,
My joys are grief, my transports are despair.

Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love?
But half it's joys the faithless ever prove;
They only taste the pleasures they receive,
When, sure, the noblest is in those we give.
Acceptance is the heav'n which mortals know,
But 'tis the bliss of angels to bestow.
Oh! emulate, my love, that task divine,
Be thou that angel, and that heav'n be mine.
Yes, yet relent, yet intercept my fate:
Alas! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
First vital warmth shall from the grave return,
Ere love, extinguish'd, with fresh ardour burn.

Oh! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
 And stab thy image in this faithful heart,
 There riveted to life secure you reign,
 Ah! cruel inmate! sharp'ning ev'ry pain :
 While, coward-like, irresolute I wait
 Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate;
 Perhaps may linger on life's latest stage,
 Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age :
 No—grief shall spread my sails, and speed me o'er
 (Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore,
 Where I can trust, and thou betray no more. }
 Might I but once again behold thy charms,
 Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
 On that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
 Permitted where I might not live to die,
 My soften'd fate I wou'd accuse no more!
 But fate has no such happiness in store.
 'Tis past, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
 When I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind?
 Why, then, this care?—'tis weak—'tis vain—farewel——
 At that last word what agonies I feel!
 I faint—I die—remember, I was true——
 'Tis all I ask—eternally—adieu!——

THE LAWYER'S FAREWEL TO HIS MUSE.

BY WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, ESQ.

A S, by some tyrant's stern command,
 A wretch forfakes his native land,
 In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
 An endless exile from his home;
 Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
 And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
 Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
 He stops, and turns his eyes below;

There,

There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu :
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithsome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend !
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Chear'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest'd my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee !
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along :
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more ;
Loft to the field, and torn from you——
Farewel !——a long, a last adieu.

Me, wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,
To smoak, and crowds, and cities draw ;
There selfish Faction rules the day,
And Pride and Av'rice throng the way :
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare ;
Loose Revelry and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold ;
Or, when in silence all is drown'd,
Fell murder walks her lonely round :
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu !

Shakespeare, no more thy Lylian son,
 Nor all the art of Addison,
 Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
 Instead of these, a formal band
 In furs and coifs around me stand;
 With sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
 That grate the soul of harmony;
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystick, dark, discordant lore;
 And points with tott'ring hand the ways
 That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat;
 Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
 There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the law,
 She keeps the wond'ring world in awe;
 And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,
 Like eastern queens, is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade
 Where dwells the venerable maid!
 There humbly mark, with rev'rend awe,
 The guardian of Britannia's law;
 Unfold with joy her sacred page,
 (Th' united boast of many an age,
 Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
 The wisdom of a thousand years)
 In that pure spring the bottom view,
 Clear, deep, and regularly true,
 And other doctrines thence imbibe,
 Than lurk within the sordid scribe:
 Observe how parts with parts unite
 In one harmonious rule of right;
 See countless wheels distinctly tend
 By various laws to one great end;
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
 Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
 Welcome the cares, the thorns of life;
 The visage wan, the pore-blind fight,
 The toil by day, the lamp at night;
 The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
 The pert dispute, the dull debate;
 The drowsy bench, the babbling hall;
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Thus tho' my noon of life be pass'd,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
 There let me taste the home-felt bliss
 Of innocence, and inward peace;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe;
 Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
 My honour, and my conscience clear:
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend!

V I S I O N S

FOR THE

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF YOUNGER MINDS.

BY DR. COTTON.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

MOR.

TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
 Thro' modesty suppress their name *;
 And wou'd you wish me to reveal
 What these superior Wits conceal?

* Though Dr. Cotton is well-known to have been the author of these *Visions*, they have hitherto been published without prefixing his name.

Forego

Forego the search, my curious friend,
 And husband time to better end.
 All my ambition is, I own,
 To profit and to please unknown ;
 Like streams supply'd from springs below,
 Which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or 'prefs'd with pain,
 Straight you'd apply to Warwick Lane :
 The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse,
 (No matter whether Mead or Hulse)
 Writes——Arabic to you and me——
 Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
 Now, should the sage omit his name,
 Would not the cure remain the same ?
 Not but physicians sign their bill,
 Or when they cure, or when they kill.

'Tis often known, the mental race
 Their fond ambitious fires disgrace.
 Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
 Criticks might sneer, and friends might blame.
 This dang'rous secret let me hide,
 I'll tell you ev'ry thing beside:
 Not that it boots the world a tittle,
 Whether the author's big or little ;
 Or whether fair, or black, or brown !
 No writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
 No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r :
 My mansion's warm, and very neat ;
 You'd say, ' A pretty snug retreat !'
 My rooms no costly paintings grace,
 The humbler print supplies their place.
 Behind the house my garden lies,
 And opens to the southern skies :
 The distant hills gay prospects yield,
 And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
 The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
 Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
 And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can;
 (Brutes leave ingratitude to man)
 She, daily thankful to her lord,
 Crowns, with nectareous sweets, my board.
 Am I diseas'd—the cure is known,
 Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam;
 Few visits please me more than home.
 I pity that unhappy elf
 Who loves all company but self;
 By idle passions borne away
 To op'ra, masquerade, or play;
 Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
 And Britain's peers receive her chains;
 Where the pert virgin flights a name,
 And scorns to redden into shame.
 But know, my fair, (to whom belong
 The poet and his artless song)
 When female cheeks refuse to glow,
 Farewel to virtue here below.
 Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule,
 Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
 'Tis to your innocence we run;
 Save us, ye fair, or we're undone:
 Maintain your modesty and station,
 So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
 Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold;
 Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
 To make her cheap by publick view:
 (Few, who their diamonds value weigh,
 Expose those diamonds ev'ry day.)

Then,

Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
 The parent trembled for her child:
 The first advance alarm'd her breast;
 And fancy pictur'd all the rest.
 But now no mother fears a foe,
 No daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
 Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream.
 In Folly's chace our youths engage,
 And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
 The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl,
 With various charms ingross the soul.
 Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
 The frantick tribes shall pay the price.
 But tho' to ruin post they run,
 They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
 Or fight to ken where joys are plac'd.
 They widely err, who think me blind,
 And I disclaim a stoick's mind.
 Like yours are my sensations quite;
 I only strive to feel aright.
 My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
 Tho' small their channel, never dry;
 Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
 And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
 And more than you dare tell) is small;
 Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
 And Want goes smiling from my door.
 Will forty shillings warm the breast
 Of Worth or Industry distress'd;
 This sum I chearfully impart,
 'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart;
 And you may make, by means like these,
 Five talents ten, whene'er you please.

'Tis

'Tis true my little purse grows light;
 But then I sleep so sweet at night!
 This grand specifick will prevail,
 When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask what party I pursue;
 Perhaps you mean, ' Whose fool are you?'
 The names of party I detest,
 Badges of slavery at best:
 I've too much grace to play the knave,
 And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
 And grieve when knaves or fools controul.
 I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart,
 Or at the gibbet or the cart:
 Yet always pity, where I can;
 Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet——
 Does not this little preface show it?
 My Visions if you scan with care,
 'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
 And if my actions suit my song,
 You can't in conscience think me wrong.

S L A N D E R.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ****.

VISION I.

My lovely girl, I write for you,
 And pray believe my visions true;
 They'll form your mind to ev'ry grace,
 They'll add new beauties to your face;
 And when old age impairs your prime,
 You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.

Childhood and youth engage my pen,
 'Tis labour lost to talk to men :
 Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong ;
 Age will not listen to my song.
 He who at fifty is a fool,
 Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
 When almost ev'ry passion fails ;
 Which with our very dawn begun,
 Nor ends, but with our setting sun ;
 Which like a noxious weed, can spoil
 The fairest flow'rs, and choak the soil ?
 'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,
 The vice of human-kind alone.

Be Slander, then, my leading dream,
 Tho' you're a stranger to the theme ;
 Thy foster breast, and honest heart,
 Scorn the defamatory art ;
 Thy soul asserts her native skies,
 Nor asks Detraction's wings to rise :
 In foreign spoils let others shine,
 Intrinsic excellence is thine.
 The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
 Could plead no merit of her own :
 The silly theft betray'd her pride,
 And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
 Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
 Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store :
 Who takes your gold, takes trash—no more ;
 Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
 Ah ! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread !
 But the dark villain, who shall aim
 To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
 He'd steal a precious gem away,
 Steal what both Indies can't repay !

Her

BEAUTIES OF POETRY,

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Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
 Or the more impious pleas of gain.
 No sinking family to save!
 No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!
 Improve the hint of Shakespeare's tongue;
 'Twas thus immortal Shakespeare sung*;
 And trust the bard's unerring rule,
 For Nature was that poet's school.
 As I was nodding in my chair,
 I saw a rueful wild appear:
 No verdure met my aching sight,
 But hemlock and cold aconite;
 Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
 But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around!
 Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
 A black and barren mountain nigh,
 Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
 Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
 Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
 A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
 The plumes of ravens were her bed †;
 She fed upon the viper's brood,
 And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun, and western ray,
 Were witness to her distant sway.
 The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
 Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
 No conquest grac'd Darius' son ‡;
 By his own numbers half undone:

* Othello.

† Garth's Dispensatory.

‡ Xerxes, King of Persia and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men, (some say more than two millions) who, together with their cattle, perished in great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

Success attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en Merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantick stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide:
So the impetuous torrents sweep,
At once, whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian*, known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treachery brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate:
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his out-stretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll,
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful unsuspected sprite,
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;

* Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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Or shoot the wing'd malignant lye,
And female honours pine and die :
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains ;
Approach the folds, where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes ;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her conquests daily grew :
Around the crouded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state ;
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law,
To say what female friends I saw ?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart ;
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r ;
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crouded there :
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave Physick, and loquacious Law ;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound ;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills :
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain.

Good.

Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
 Attir'd in robes of chearful green :
 A fair and smiling virgin she !
 With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
 Prudence assum'd the chief command,
 And bore a mirror in her hand ;
 Grey was the matron's head by age,
 Her mind by long experience sage ;
 Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
 And anxious for the simp'ring maid,
 The Graces danc'd before the fair ;
 And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
 The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
 And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground ;
 The sun display'd each brighter ray,
 And shone in all the pride of day,
 When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
 And skulk'd away to shun the light.

P L E A S U R E.

VISION II.

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
 Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.
 What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
 I'll warrant that my doctrine's true :
 Or if my sentiments be old,
 Remember, truth is sterling gold.
 You judge it of important weight,
 To keep your rising offspring straight :
 For this such anxious moments feel,
 And ask the friendly aids of steel ;
 For this import the distant cane,
 Or slay the monarch of the main.

And

And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part!
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or it's case?

Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees,
(As ev'ry moralist agrees)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist * in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth;
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.

* Persius.

Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
 And bid your sons revere the sage ;
 In study spend their midnight oil,
 And string their nerves by manly toil.
 Thus shall they grow like Temple wife,
 Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise ;
 Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
 And save us from the chains of France.
 Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
 Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow ;
 Where the young mind is Folly's slave,
 Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
 For wisdom or for valour fam'd :
 Are the dear youths to science prone,
 Tell how th' immortal Bacon shone !
 Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
 Soar'd high on Contemplation's wings ;
 Rang'd the fair fields of Nature o'er,
 Where never mortal trod before :
 Bacon ! whose vast, capacious plan,
 Bespoke him angel, more than man !

Does love of martial fame inspire,
 Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire ;
 Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
 And rouse the hero in their breast :
 Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
 Their souls shall kindle at the view ;
 Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
 When liberty and Britain call.
 Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
 Or hurl their thunders thro' the main ;
 Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
 What their degen'rate fires have lost :
 The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
 As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer's ev'ning, as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade;
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spy'd,
And stately trees adorn'd it's side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I straight obey'd—Persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue:
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabrick rose to view;
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold:
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.

Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But aukward devotees at best.

' Now let us range at large,' we cry'd,
' Thro' all the garden's boasted pride.'
Here jasmies spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade,
There roses blush, and scent the glade;
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit, like pendant gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murm'ring to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along;
Thro' all the aromattick groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves;
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen, how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens, and corrupts the heart:
The childish toys and wanton page,
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;

All that to ruin man combine,
 Yes, specious harlot, all are thine !
 Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,
 Which beggars thousands in a day ?
 Speak, forc'refs, speak, (for thou canst tell)
 Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell ?
 Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
 Profanes sweet Friendship's sacred hours ;
 Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
 And faithless to himself and friends ;
 A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
 To ev'ry abject with a slave :
 But who against himself combines,
 Abets his enemy's designs.
 When Rapine meditates a blow,
 He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
 Is man a thief who steals my self—
 How great his theft, who robs himself !
 Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat—
 How heinous, then, is self-deceit !
 Is murder justly deem'd a crime—
 How black his guilt, who murders time !
 Should custom plead, as custom will,
 Grand precedents to palliate ill,
 Shall modes and forms avail with me,
 When reason disavows the plea ?
 Who games, is felon of his wealth,
 His time, his liberty, his health :
 Virtue forsakes his fordid mind,
 And Honour scorns to stay behind.
 From man when these bright cherubs part,
 Ah, what's the poor deserted heart !
 A savage wild that shocks the sight,
 Or chaos, and impervious night !
 Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
 And dæmons croud the frightful void !

Shall Siam's elephant supply
 The baneful desolating die?
 Against the honest sylvan's will,
 You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
 Heav'n, fond it's favours to dispense,
 Gave him that weapon for defence.
 That weapon, for his guard design'd,
 You render'd fatal to mankind.
 He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth,
 You gave the venom to his tooth.
 Blush, tyrant, blush! for, oh! 'tis true,
 That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart,
 Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart:
 A porter shew'd a different door;
 Not the fair portal known before.
 The gates, methought, were open'd wide;
 The crowds descended in a tide:
 But oh! ye heav'ns, what vast surprize
 Struck the advent'urers frighted eyes!
 A barren heath before us lay,
 And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
 The darkness rose in smoaky spires;
 The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
 Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
 While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
 And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
 Here sat Dis taste, with sickly mien,
 And more than half devour'd with spleen;
 There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,
 And vipers feeding on his breast:
 Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
 With bones just starting thro' his skin;
 A ghastly fiend!—and close behind
 Disease his aching head reclin'd!

His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires which rag'd within his breast :
Death clos'd the train ! the hideous form
Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm ;
When straight a doleful shriek was heard ;
I 'woke—the vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy ;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From fallies of the soul in sleep.
And since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

H E A L T H.

VISION III.

ATTEND my visions, thoughtless youths,
Ere long you'll think them weighty truths ;
Prudent it were to think so now,
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow :
For he, who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If Folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time ;
Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein—
Nor penitence dilute the stain :
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is Health,
A good, superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust it's worth !
Consult the monarchs of the earth ;

Imperial

Imperial czars, and sultans, own
No gem so bright, that decks their crowns;
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustick, or a cit:

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not that cruels shall avail,
For salutary cruels fail:
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's son is Egypt's * reed.
How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential-pill,
The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure;
So says the Proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave;
Calmly retire, like ev'ning light,
And chearful bid the world good night—
Let Temp'rance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense—
Let Temp'rance (always friend to Fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they who slight her golden rules,
In Wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart:

* In allusion to a King's will: &c.

I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descry'd,
Dress'd in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmur'ing brook I saw
An humble cottage, thatch'd with straw;
Behind a garden, that supply'd
All things for use, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part,
But more of nature than of art.

' Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvy'd seat!
I said, and bless'd the fair retreat:
' Here would I pass my remnant days,
' Unknown to censure, or to praise;
' Forget the world, and be forgot,
' As Pope describes his vestal's lot.'

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stepp'd from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast:
She claim'd the cottage for her own,
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought;
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:

Hence

BEAUTIES OF FORTUNE

Hence in her face the Lily speaks,
 And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;
 The cherry gave her lips to glow,
 Her eyes were debtors to the sloe;
 And, to compleat the lovely fair,
 'Tis said the chefnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averſe to courts,
 But often ſeen in rural ſports:
 When in her roſy veſt the morn
 Walks o'er the dew-beſpangled lawn;
 The nymph is firſt to form the race,
 Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.

Sudden I heard a ſhoutiſg train,
 Glad acclamations fill'd the plain:
 Unbounded joy improv'd the ſcene,
 For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two ſmiling cherubs grac'd her throne;
 (To modern courts, I fear, unknown!)
 One was the nymph, that loves the light,
 Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
 With ſiſter Peace in cloſe embrace,
 And heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
 And Virtue, miniſter of ſtate.
 In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
 You hear of Vice preferr'd to Pow'r:
 Vice was a perfect ſtranger here;
 No knaves engroſs'd the royal ear;
 No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
 Virtue diſpos'd of ev'ry place.

What ſickly appetites are ours,
 Still varying with the varying hours!
 And tho' from good to bad we range,
 'No matter,' ſays the fool, 'tis change.'

Her ſubjects now expreſs'd apace
 Diſſatisfaction in their face:

Some view the state with Envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why;
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart,
Would not th' instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense;
We should his heav'nly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile power arose
To Health, whose household were her foes:
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,
Made war against the queen of Health,
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wond'rous fav'rites with the queen:
Both were of Amazonian race,
Both high in merit, and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no pow'r controul;
The heroine wore a Roman vest,
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of Thought;
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage,

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

And now the Syren's armies press,
 Their van was headed by Excess;
 The mighty wings, that form'd the side,
 Commanded by that giant, Pride;
 While Sickness, and her sisters, Pain
 And Poverty, the centre gain:
 Repentance, with a brow severe,
 And Death, were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
 And acted the defensive part;
 Her army, posted on a hill,
 Plainly bespoke superior skill.
 Hence were discover'd, thro' the plain,
 The motions of the hostile train:
 While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
 Oft sally'd with her trusty spies;
 Explor'd each ambuscade below,
 And reconnoiter'd well the foe.

Afar, when Luxury descry'd
 Inferior force by art supply'd,
 The Syren spake—' Let Fraud prevail,
 ' Since all my numerous hosts must fail;
 ' Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
 ' I'll send to Health and offer peace.'
 Straight she dispatch'd, with pow'rs compleat,
 Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
 This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
 And sow'd sedition in the heart!
 Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran,
 All were infected to a man:
 The wary generals were won
 By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
 And bade diseases blast their race:
 Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
 And snatch'd his darling to the skies.

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Who still regards those wiser few,
That dares her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Tho' passion prompts, or vice assails,
Long shall the cloudless skies Behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

C O N T E N T.

VISION IV.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain, homespun truth, I know;
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy, and the sage:
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.

I dream'd ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphaël and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the livery'd servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels looms adorn'd the wall,
(Whose tapestry shews, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid)
A graceful person came in view,
(His form, it seems, is known to few.)

His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
 But charms ! a thousand in his face.
 ' This, Sir, your property ?' I cry'd.
 ' Master and mansion coincide ;
 ' Where all, indeed, is truly great,
 ' And proves, that bliss may dwell with state.
 ' Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim ;
 ' And grant the favour of your name.'
 ' Content !' the lovely form reply'd ;
 ' But think not here that I reside :
 ' Here lives a courtier, base and fly ;
 ' An open, honest rustick, I.
 ' Our taste and manners disagree ;
 ' His levee boasts no charms for me :
 ' For titles, and the smiles of kings,
 ' To me are cheap, unheeded things.
 ' ('Tis virtue can alone impart.
 ' The patent of a ducal heart :
 ' Unless this herald speaks him great,
 ' What shall avail the glare of state ?)
 ' Those secret charms are my delight,
 ' Which shine remote from publick sight :
 ' Passions subdu'd, desires at rest—
 ' And hence his chaplain shares my breast.
 ' There was a time (his grace can tell)
 ' I knew the duke exceeding well ;
 ' Knew ev'ry secret of his heart ;
 ' In truth, we never were apart :
 ' But when the court became his end,
 ' He turn'd his back upon his friend.
 ' One day I call'd upon his grace,
 ' Just as the duke had got a place :
 ' I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
 ' I should be welcome to the peer ;
 ' Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r ;
 ' And so I was—for half an hour.

But

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• But he grew weary of his guest,
 • And soon discarded me his breath;
 • Upbraided me with want of merit,
 • But most for poverty of spirit.
 • You relish not the great man's lot!
 • Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
 • Think me not partial to the great,
 • I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
 • No monarch shares my kind embrace,
 • There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
 • Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
 • With modest worth in rural cells;
 • There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
 • Or the rude turf sustain the head;
 • Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
 • Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
 • Far from the city I reside,
 • And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
 • True to my heart, I seldom roam,
 • Because I find my joys at home:
 • For foreign visits then begin,
 • When the man feels a void within.
 • But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
 • No humorist, nor cynick, I.
 • Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
 • The friendships of the good and wise,
 • Bid Virtue and her sons attend:
 • Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
 • Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
 • And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
 • Will say, there's no distinction known
 • Betwixt her household and my own.

AUTHOR.

If these the friendships you pursue,
 Your friends, I fear, are very few.

So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day?
How do you shun Detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.

I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart if all be right:
If, 'Right,' replies my faithful breast;
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

AUTUMN.

You seem regardless of the town;
Pray, Sir, how stand you with the gown?

CONTENT.

The clergy say they love me well;
Whether they do, they best can tell:
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale?
Who'll seek my door, and grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With those my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no pow'ful friends;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;
Careless, who rises, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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Much less, by pride or int'rest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart :
If you'll my kind advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The passions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud ;
Curb these licentious sons of strife ;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life ;
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much :
For disappointment's not the thing ;
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea, where storms must rise ;
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies :
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy :
On God for all events depend ;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best ;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The Hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy ;
Can she forget her prattling joy ?
Say, then, shall Sov'reign Love desert
The humble, and the honest heart ?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind ;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind,

God

God is alike, both good and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies :
Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee :
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so ;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine, (tho' little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold ;
Such as may Nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise ;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more :
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

He spake—the airy spectre flies,
And straight the sweet illusion dies.
The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn ;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

H A P P I N E S S.

VISION V.

YE ductile youths, whose rising fun
 Hath many circles still to run ;
 Who wisely with the pilot's chart,
 To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart ;
 And all the thoughtful voyage past,
 To gain a happy port at last :
 Attend a Seer's instructive song,
 For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wond'rous vision soon,
 Long ere my fun had reach'd it's noon ;
 Just when the rising beard began
 To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
 Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
 My fancy led me to explore
 A thousand scenes unknown before.
 I saw a plain extended wide,
 And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side ;
 All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
 Yet all declar'd their views the same :
 The chace was Happiness, I found ;
 But all, alas ! enchanted ground.

Indeed, I judg'd it wond'rous strange,
 To see the giddy numbers range
 Thro' roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
 But sorrow to the human breast.
 Methought, if bliss was all their view,
 Why did they diff'rent paths pursue ?
 The waking world has long agreed,
 That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed :

And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnell says*, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought;
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene:
The dress of each was much the same,
And Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke;
Her voice was musick as she spoke.

'Attend, O man! nor leave my side,
'And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
'Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
'As none but favour'd mortals know.'

She said—and straight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds, with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green;
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant fight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies;
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way;
The faithless paths their steps betray;
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall, and rise no more.

'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantick port:
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne,
Was Falshood, by her vizard known;

* See the Hermit.

Next flood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealousy with jaundic'd face.

' But where is Happiness? ' I cry'd.
My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd.
' Mortal, by Folly still beguil'd,
' Thou hast not yet out-stripp'd the child;
' Thou, who hast twenty winters seen,
' (I hardly think thee past fifteen).
' To ask if Happiness can dwell
' With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
' Go to the school-boy, he shall preach
' What twenty winters cannot teach;
' He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
' That thy pursuit is all a dream;
' That bliss ambitious views disowns,
' And self-dependent; laughs at thrones;
' Prefers the shades, and lowly seats,
' Whither fair Innocence retreats:
' So the coy lily of the vale,
' Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.'

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtful crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold:
And surely if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view;
A Gothick pile! with moss o'er-grown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
Without a thousand mauliffs wait;
A thousand bolts secure the gate.

We sought admission long in vain ;
 For here all favours sell for gain :
 The greedy porter yields to gold,
 His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
 Assembled nations here we found,
 And view'd the cringing herds around,
 Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth,
 Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.
 I saw no charms that could engage ;
 The god appear'd like sordid age,
 With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
 But serpent's eyes, and harpy's claws :
 Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite,
 Which haunts the watches of the night ;
 And viper Care, that stings so deep,
 Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs ;
 Where the gay tribes sit crown'd with flow'rs :
 Here Beauty ev'ry charm display'd,
 And Love inflam'd the yielding maid ;
 Delicious wine our taste employs,
 His crimson bowl exalts our joys.
 I felt it's gen'rous pow'r, and thought
 The pearl was found, that long I sought,
 Determin'd here to fix my home,
 I blest'd the change, nor wish'd to roam :
 The seraph disapprov'd my stay,
 Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas ! whene'er we talk of bliss,
 How prone is man to judge amiss !
 See, a long train of ills conspires
 To scourge our uncontroll'd desires.
 Like summer swarms diseases croud,
 Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud :
 Fever ! that thirsty fury, came,
 With inextinguishable flame ;

Consumption,

Consumption, sworn ally of Death !
 Crept slowly on with panting breath ;
 Gout roar'd, and shew'd his throbbing feet,
 And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat :
 Stone brought his tott'ring racks ; and near
 Sat Palsy, shaking in her chair.

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
 A melancholy scene display'd :
 His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
 Proclaim'd the poison in his veins ;
 He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
 He wept aloud, and thus address'd.

‘ Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
 ‘ Tho' lewdness wear an angel's face :
 ‘ Be wise, by my experience taught ;
 ‘ I die, alas ! for want of thought !’

As he who travels Lybia's plains,
 Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
 Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
 When the grim foe obstructs his way ;
 My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
 My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight :
 I call'd on Virtue, but in vain ;
 Her absence quicken'd ev'ry pain.
 At length the slighted angel heard ;
 The dear refulgent form appear'd.

‘ Presumptuous youth !’ she said, and frown'd ;
 (My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound ;)
 ‘ Who turns to me reluctant ears,
 ‘ Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
 ‘ These rivers shall for ever last ;
 ‘ There's no retracting what is past :
 ‘ Nor think avenging ills to shun ;
 ‘ Play a false card, and you're undone.
 ‘ Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
 ‘ Nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare :

‘ Forego

- Forego this curs'd, detested place,
- Abhor the strumpet, and her race.
- Had you those softer paths pursu'd,
- Perdition, stripping, had ensu'd;
- Yes, fly—you stand upon it's brink;
- To-morrow is too late to think,
 • Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
- But mark my sacred lesson well:
- With me whoever lives at strife,
- Loses his better friend for life;
- With me who lives in friendship's ties,
- Finds all that's sought for by the wise.
- Folly exclaims, and well she may,
- Because I take her mask away;
- If once I bring her to the sun,
- The painted harlot is undone.
- But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
- And leave Deception to her fools.
 • Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
- Her traffick gewgaws, fleeting joys!
- An errant juggler in disguise,
- Who holds false opticks to your eyes.
- But, ah! how quick the shadows pass!
- Tho' the bright visions thro' her glass
- Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
- The baseless fabricks disappear.
 • Nor riches boast intrinsic worth;
- Their charms, at best, superior earth:
- These oft the heav'n-born mind enslave,
- And make an honest man a knave.
- "Wealth cures my wants!" the miser cries:
- Be not deceiv'd, the miser lies;
- One want he has, with all his store,
- That worst of wants—the want of more.
 • Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
- And where is Happiness?" you say.

• 'Tis

- 'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know,
- I'm all that's happiness below.
- To Vice I leave tumultuous joys;
- Mine is the still and softer voice,
- That whispers peace when storms invade,
- And music thro' the midnight shade.
- Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
- Nor give me less than all your heart;
- When troubles discompose your breast,
- I'll enter there a cheerful guest:
- My converse shall your cares beguile,
- The little world within shall smile;
- And then it scarce imports a jot,
- Whether the great world frowns or not.
- And when the closing scenes prevail,
- When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
- All that a foolish world admires,
- Or Passion craves, or Pride inspires:
- At that important hour of need,
- Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
- My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
- My arms sustain thy drooping head:
- And when the painful struggle's o'er,
- And that vain thing, the world, no more;
- I'll bear my fav'rite son away,
- To rapture, and eternal day.

FRIENDSHIP.

VISION VI.

FRRIENDSHIP! thou soft propitious pow'r!
 Sweet regent of the social hour!
 Sublime thy joys, nor understood,
 But by the virtuous and the good!

Cabal

Cabal and Riot take thy name,
 But 'tis a false, affected claim;
 In heav'n if love and friendship dwell,
 Can they associate e'er with hell?

Thou art the same thro' change of times,
 Thro' frozen zones, and burning climes;
 From the equator to the pole,
 The same kind angel thro' the whole:
 And, since thy choice is always free,
 I bless thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest-high,
 Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
 For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
 Not soft Nепenthe * half so sure!
 And when returning comforts rise,
 Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
 My weary eye-lids stole to rest;
 When fancy re-assum'd the theme,
 And furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea,
 (Thousands embark'd alike with me)
 My skiff was small, and weak beside,
 Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
 The winds along the surges sweep,
 The wrecks lie scatter'd thro' the deep;
 Aloud the foaming billows roar,
 Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,
 A spacious isle salutes our view:
 Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
 This new discover'd world divide;

* Nепenthe is an herb, which being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. xxi. 21. f. & xxv. 2.

A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth it's celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd :
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
And a kind sun that always smil'd.
Few storms molest the natives here ;
Cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,
Her realms were small, her subjects few :
A thousand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant it's base.
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves th' inclement sky :
E'en time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone ;
Ripens the beauties of the place,
And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne, in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band !
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude in coat of mail !
There Justice lifts her golden scale !
Two hardy chiefs, who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe ;
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.

Temp'rance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the virtues here ;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,
 And shines pre-eminently bright.
 To view her various thoughts that rise,
 She holds a mirror to her eyes;
 The mirror, faithful to it's charge,
 Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A Virtue with a softer air,
 Was handmaid to the regal fair.
 This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
 Derives from Heav'n her spotless mind:
 When actions wear a dubious face,
 Puts the best meaning on the case;
 She spreads her arms, and bare's her breast,
 Takes in the naked and distress'd;
 Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
 And from her queen obtains supplies.
 The maid, who acts this lovely part,
 Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
 Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
 And be thy constant couch my breast.

But virtues of inferior name,
 Croud round the throne with equal claim;
 In loyalty by none surpass'd,
 They hold allegiance to the last.
 Not ancient records e'er can show
 That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
 Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
 Where poppies shone with various hue,
 Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
 And humble plants *, by trav'lers thought
 With slow but certain poison fraught.

* The humble plant bends down before the touch, (as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch) and is said, by some, to be the slow poison of the Indians.

Beyond these scenes, the eye descry'd
 A pow'rful realm extended wide ;
 Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
 And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
 Here Flatt'ry boasts despotick sway,
 And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,
 The tyrant knew the arts to rule ;
 Elated with th' imperial robe,
 She plans the conquest of the globe ;
 And aided by her servile trains,
 Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
 Her darling minister is Pride,
 (Who ne'er was known to change his side)
 A friend to all her interests just,
 And active to discharge his trust ;
 Carefs'd alike by high and low,
 The idol of the belle and beau :
 In ev'ry shape, he shews his skill,
 And forms her subjects to his will ;
 Enters their houses and their hearts,
 And gains his point before he parts.
 Sure never minister was known
 So zealous for his sov'reign's throne !

Three sisters, similar in mien,
 Were maids of honour to the queen :
 Who farther favours shar'd beside,
 As daughters of her statesman, Pride.
 The first Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
 Who look'd with scorn upon the rest ;
 Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
 Than duchess, in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,
 With half-form'd accents on her tongue ;
 Whose antick shapes, and various face,
 Distorted ev'ry native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in Brussels and brocade ;
Fantastick, frolicksome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien :
With chearful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd.
While they who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners dissolute and vile ;
And ev'ry tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep ;
Fancy presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But, oh ! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state ;
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Asiatick tow'rs deplore.

For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains,
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns ;
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow ;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood :

Her current strong, and deep, and clear,
 No fords were found, no ferries near.
 But as the troops approach'd the waves,
 Their fears suggest a thousand graves ;
 They all retir'd with haste extreme,
 And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulph explores ;
 She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
 Thus often art or fraud prevails,
 When military prowess fails:

The troops an easy passage find,
 And vict'ry follows close behind.

Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
 And now the fight promiscuous grows ;
 But Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,
 And pierc'd the empress to the heart.
 The virtues all around were seen
 To fall in heaps about the queen.
 The tyrant stripp'd the mangled fair,
 She wore her spoils, assum'd her air ;
 And mounting next the sufferer's throne,
 Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

' Ah, injur'd maid !' aloud I cry'd.
 ' Ah, injur'd maid !' the rocks reply'd.
 But judge my griefs, and share them too,
 For the sad tale pertains to you ;
 Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
 When Friendship's foes were mine, I found ;
 When the sad scene of pride and guile
 Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle !

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
 Haply surviv'd the general fate.
 Justice to Powis House is fled,
 And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
 The virtue, Fortitude, appears
 In open day at Ligonier's ;

Illustrious heroine of the sky,
 Who leads to vanquish or to die †
 'Twas she our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,
 When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd :
 For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
 Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain !
 She rous'd the lions of the main :
 Hence Vernon's * little fleet succeeds,
 And hence the gen'rous Cornwall † bleeds,
 Hence Grenville ‡ glorious !—for she still
 On the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
 They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
 Say, that the mighty and the great
 Blaze, like meridian suns of state ;
 Effulgent excellence display,
 Like Hallifax, in floods of day ;
 Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
 Like the mild crescent of the night.
 Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,
 Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
 To martial souls the civick crown :
 What then ? Is merit their's alone ?
 Have we no worth to call our own ?
 Shall we not vindicate our part,
 In the firm breast and upright heart ?
 Reader, these virtues may be thine,
 Tho' in superior life they shine.
 I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust—
 True—but my soul may still be just :

* At Porto Bello.

† Against the combined fleets of France and Spain,

‡ Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

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And tho' I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind ;
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray ;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart :
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And when our souls in friendship join,
We'll deem the social bond divine ;
Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast, where Honour builds his throne,
That breast, which Virtue calls her own,
Nor Int'rest warps, nor Fear appals,
When Danger frowns, or Lucre calls.
No ! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands :
Let Int'rest plead, let storms arise,
He dares be honest, tho' he dies !

MARRIAGE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ***.

VISION VII.

FAIREST, this vision is thy due ;
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
Your welfare actuates ev'ry page ;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble, while you read my dream.

Those

Those awful words, 'Till death do part,
May well alarm the youthful heart :
No after-thought, when once a wife,
The die is cast, and cast for life :
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens ;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears ;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her fire, and weds a fool :
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.
Some few there are of fordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold ;
Careless with what or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind :
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god ;
' Be joyless ev'ry night,' he said ;
' And barren be their nuptial bed !'

Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice ;
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery confests'd :
Yet if my fair-one will be wife,
I will insure my girl a prize ;
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth !
'Tis an important point, to know
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been since the fall.

Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul;
And tho' a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him;
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense:
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r,
To form the calm, converseive hour;
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine;
Shew thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid;
When in thy cheek the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye:
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool!
And when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend!
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping, claim the larger part:
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then compleat:

' Bless'd state ! where souls each other draw,
 ' Where love is liberty and law !
 The choicest blessing found below,
 That man can wish, or Heav'n bestow !
 Trust me, these raptures are divine,
 For lovely Chloe once was mine !
 Nor fear the varnish of my style ;
 Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
 Ah, me ! my faithful lips impart
 The genuine language of my heart !

When bards extol their patrons high,
 Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lye ;
 Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
 But who burns incense to the dead !
 He, whom a fond affection draws,
 Careless of censure or applause ;
 Whose soul is upright and sincere,
 With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
 Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst the slumbers of the night,
 A stately temple rose to sight ;
 And ancient as the human race,
 If Nature's purposes you trace :
 This fane by all the wise rever'd,
 To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
 Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
 His locks were frosted o'er by age ;
 His garb was plain, his mind serene,
 And wisdom dignify'd his mien.
 With curious search his name I sought,
 And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
 And a lewd satyr led the dance.

I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
 For, oh ! what thousands were undone !

The sage when these mad troops he spy'd,
In pity flew to join their side :
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him to a man ;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth.
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain ;
At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong :
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of Spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a numerous train.
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place :
Then came the god with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate ;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore.
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm ;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen ;
Youth led the gaily smiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air ;
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen, or more,
('Tis said his coat had seen a score ;)
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid :

Trust me, Hogarth, (tho' great thy fame)
 'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
 And yet thy mimick pow'r is more
 Than ever painter's was before.
 Now she was fair as Cygnet's down,
 Now as Mat Prier's Emma, brown;
 And changing as the changing flow'r,
 Her dress she varied ev'ry hour.

'Twas Fancy, child!—you know the fair—
 Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
 And sits the arbiter of fate:

His head with radiant glories dress'd,
 Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast.
 Love took his station on the right;
 His quiver beam'd with golden light;
 Beauty usurp'd the second place,
 Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
 She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
 Because related to the boy;
 (Said it was her's to point his dart,
 And speed it's passage to the heart)
 While on the god's inferior hand
 Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
 And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
 I saw a blooming, trembling bride,
 A toothless lover join'd her side;
 Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
 And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart;
 Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.
 A passion much too foul to name,
 Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
 Prudes wed to publicans and sinners,
 The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god, with frown indignant, view'd
The rabble, covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites prophan'd;
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart.
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth straight reply'd, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at, even in romances.
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love,
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hemm'd applause.

With

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With seeming conquest pert and proud,
 Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
 When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
 And fond to favour Love beside,
 Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,
 Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast;
 Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
 And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly smil'd at the sight;
 His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
 The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd,
 For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
 But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
 In turn is laugh'd at by another.
 Such cruel scores we often find
 Repaid the criminal in kind:
 For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
 Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
 Advanc'd into the miser's place,
 And star'd the stripling in the face;
 Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;
 I thought the chit would swoon away.

The god was studious to employ
 His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
 And therefore issu'd his decree,
 That the two parties straight agree:
 When both obey'd the god's commands,
 And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
 Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.

If Love had many charms before,
 He now had charms ten thousand more;
 If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
 They now were dead, or lull'd to rest,
 Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
 Who join'd the hymeneal ring,

Approach

Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falshood, perjury, and stealth:
All which she could on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd thro' the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

L I F E.

VISION VIII.

LET not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.

But,

But, if you please, before we part,
 I'd speak a language to your heart.
 We'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear
 Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
 You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
 And hardly know the reason why:
 But say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
 Some canker shall corrode the root;
 Some unexpected storm shall rise;
 Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
 And (if experienc'd truths avail)
 All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

‘ But, poet, whence such wide extremes?
 ‘ Well may you style your labours dreams.
 ‘ A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
 ‘ Whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.
 ‘ Is bliss a vague, unmeaning name?
 ‘ Speak then the passions use or aim:
 ‘ Why rage desires without controul,
 ‘ And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul?
 ‘ Why Hope erects her tow’ring crest,
 ‘ And laughs, and riots in the breast?
 ‘ Think not, my weaker brain turns round;
 ‘ Think not, I tread on fairy ground;
 ‘ Think not, your pulse alone beats true—
 ‘ Mine makes as healthful musick too.
 ‘ Our joys, when Life’s soft spring we trace,
 ‘ Put forth their early buds apace.
 ‘ See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
 ‘ The bloom conceals the future fruit.
 ‘ Yes, manhood’s warm meridian sun
 ‘ Shall ripen what in spring begun.
 ‘ Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
 ‘ In germinating clusters grow;
 ‘ And only wait the summer’s ray,
 ‘ To burst and blossom to the day.

What

What said the gay, unthinking boy!—
 Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
 Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
 Or what those mighty joys you prize.
 You'll find (and trust superior years)
 The vale of life a vale of tears.
 Could wisdom teach, where joys abound,
 Or riches purchase them, when found,
 Would scepter'd Solomon complain,
 That all was fleeting, false, and vain;
 Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,
 Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
 Those maxims which the preacher drew,
 The royal sage experienc'd true.
 He knew the various ills that wait
 Our infant and meridian state;
 That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
 And diff'rent toys maturer age;
 That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
 But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
 That vanity is seen, in part,
 Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart;
 In the child's breast the spark began,
 Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
 But when in life we journey late,
 If follies die, do griefs abate?
 Ah! what is life at fourscore years—
 One dark, rough road, of sighs, groans, pains, and tears!
 Perhaps you'll think I act the same
 As a sly sharper plays his game:
 You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,
 He's sure to triumph at the last;
 Who often wins some thousands more
 Than twice the sums you won before.
 But I'm a loser, with the rest;
 For life is all a deal, at best;

Where not the prize of wealth or fame,
 Repays the trouble of the game :
 (A truth no winner e'er deny'd,
 An hour before that winner dy'd.)
 Not that with me these prizes shine,
 For neither fame nor wealth are mine.
 My cards !—a weak plebeian band,
 With scarce an honour in my hand.
 And since my trumps are very few,
 What have I more to boast than you ?

Nor am I gainer by your fall ;
 That harlot, Fortune, bubbles all !
 'Tis truth, (receive it ill or well)
 'Tis melancholy truth I tell.

Why should the preacher take your pence,
 And smother truth to flatter sense ?
 I'm sure physicians have no merit,
 Who kill, thro' lenity of spirit.

That life's a game, divines confess ;
 This says at cards, and that at chess :
 But if our views be center'd here,
 'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
 And hostile vessels croud the main,
 If they discover from afar
 A bark as distant as a star,
 Hold the perspective to their eyes,
 To learn it's colours, strength, and size ;
 And when this secret once they know,
 Make ready to receive the foe.
 Let you and I from sailors learn
 Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,
 With reading, till the time of bed ;
 Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
 Again display'd her magick pow'r ;

(For

(For know, that Fancy, like a sprite,
 Prefers the silent scenes of night.)
 She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
 No matter where the thicket stood ;
 The Genius of the place was nigh,
 And held two pictures to my eye.
 The curious painter had portray'd
 Life in each just and genuine shade.
 They, who have only known it's dawn,
 May think these lines too deeply drawn ;
 But riper years, I fear, will shew
 The wiser artists paint too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,
 Where not a summer's sun had smil'd :
 The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
 And Grief sits weeping by the side ;
 Her tears with constant tenor flow,
 And form a mournful lake below ;
 Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
 Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,
 Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
 Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape ;
 There Folly personates the ape :
 Here Av'rice gripes with harpies claws ;
 There Malice grins with tiger's jaws ;
 While sons of mischief, art and guile,
 Are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
 She charms the sense, but stings the heart.
 And when she gulls us of our wealth,
 Or that superior pearl, our health ;
 Restores us nought but pains and woe,
 And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
 With desolation in his hands !

He tends the all-devouring flame,
 And cities hardly boast a name :
 Or wings the pestilential blast,
 And lo ! ten thousands breathe their last.
 He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
 And guilty nations are no more :
 He speaks—the fury, Discord, raves,
 And sweeps whole armies to their graves :
 Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
 And hunger howls thro' all the land.

‘ Oh ! what a wretch is man !’ I cry’d ;
 ‘ Expos’d to death on ev’ry side !
 ‘ And sure as born, to be undone
 ‘ By evils which he cannot shun !
 ‘ Besides a thousand baits to sin,
 ‘ A thousand traitors lodg’d within !
 ‘ For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
 ‘ The rebels take the dæmon’s part.’

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds ;
 When straight the milder plan succeeds :
 The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
 The same as in the piece before :
 But gleams of light are here display’d,
 To cheer the eye and gild the shade :
 Affliction speaks a softer style,
 And Disappointment wears a smile.
 A group of virtues blossom near ;
 Their roots improve by ev’ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid ! is nigh,
 To calm the storm, and wipe the eye ;
 Hope acts the kind physician’s part,
 And warms the solitary heart :
 Religion nobler comfort brings,
 Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings ;
 Points out the balance on the whole,
 And Heav’n rewards the struggling soul.

But

But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

D E A T H.

VISION THE LAST.

TIS thought my visions are too grave * ;
A proof I'm no designing knave.

Perhaps if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite different tales ;
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon ;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire :
Then had my paltry visions sold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold ;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown !

Let not my awful theme surprize ;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreaths of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know, that moral writers say,
The world's a stage, and life a play :
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought and toil, indeed !

* See the Monthly Review of new books, for February 1751.

There still remains one labour more,
 Perhaps a greater than before.
 Indulge the search, and you shall find
 The harder task is still behind :
 That harder task, to quit the stage
 In early youth, or riper age ;
 To leave the company and place,
 With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey,
 'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
 Do well this grand decisive part,
 And gain the plaudit of your heart.
 Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
 But, oh! how few, who greatly die!
 Who, when their days approach an end,
 Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes! tell us whence
 Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
 You part from all we prize so dear,
 Nor drop one soft, reluctant tear:
 Part from those tender joys of life,
 The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
 Death's black and stormy gulph you brave,
 And ride exulting on the wave;
 Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
 Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports, and lands unknown,
 Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
 Obedient to the rising gale,
 Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
 Defies the ocean, and the wind,
 Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.

Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True—
 Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
 Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
 Or swells the object to the fight.

Attend

Attend my visionary page,
 And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
 Come, let this ghastly form appear,
 He's not so terrible when near.
 Distance deludes th' unwary eye,
 So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
 Hold frequent converse with him now,
 He'll daily wear a milder brow.
 Why is my theme with terror fraught?
 Because you shun the frequent thought.
 Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
 Whence thy pale cheek and frightened eye!
 Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
 When the grim lion shakes his crest!
 Because these savage fights are new;
 No keeper shudders at the view:
 Keepers, accusom'd to the scene,
 Approach the dens with look serene;
 Fearless their grisly charge explore,
 And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

' Aye—but to die! to bid adieu!
 ' An everlasting farewell too!
 ' Farewel to ev'ry joy around!
 ' Oh! the heart sickens at the sound.'
 Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
 Joy, didst thou say! discard the thought.
 Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
 And scorn a sublunary root:
 What wears the face of joy below,
 Is often found but splendid woe.
 Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
 Are nothings with a pompous name;
 Or else, like comets in the sphere,
 Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
 Hence mortals seldom judge aright,

The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
 Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
 Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
 And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus when a mist collects around,
 And hovers o'er a barren ground,
 The poor deluded trav'ler spies
 Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
 But when the shrouded sun is clear,
 The desert and the rocks appear.

' Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
 ' Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
 ' To die! and what exalts the gloom,
 ' I'm told, that man survives the tomb!
 ' O! can the learned prelate find
 ' What future scenes await the mind!
 ' Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay!
 ' Some courteous angel point the way!
 ' That unknown somewhere in the skies,
 ' Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
 ' And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
 ' That pains and sorrows are no more;
 ' For doubtless dying is a curse,
 ' If present ills be chang'd for worse.'

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
 And listen to your poet's dream.

Ere while I took an ev'ning walk,
 Honorio join'd in social talk.
 Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
 Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
 The sky, all beauteous to behold,
 Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;
 But tho' serenely soft and fair,
 Fever hung brooding in the air;
 Then settled on Honorio's breast,
 Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.

No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
 Disease eludes the doctor's skill:
 The poison spreads through all the frame,
 Ferments, and kindles into flame.
 From side to side Honorio turns,
 And now with thirst insatiate burns:
 His eyes resign their wonted grace,
 Those friendly lamps expire apace!
 The brain's an useless organ grown,
 And Reason tumbled from his throne.

But while the purple surges glow,
 The currents thicken as they flow:
 The blood in ev'ry distant part,
 Stagnates and disappoints the heart;
 Defrauded of it's crimson store,
 The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
 Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
 I join'd the melancholy bier,
 And dropp'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature fought
 Repose from all the pangs of thought;
 And while my limbs were sunk to rest,
 A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.

I dream'd the spectre, Death, appear'd!
 I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
 Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
 A state no prince assum'd before:
 All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,
 And lay expiring round his throne.

I gaz'd—when straight arose to fight,
 The most detested fiend of night.
 He shuffled with unequal pace,
 And conscious shame deform'd his face.
 With jealous leer he squinted round,
 Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.

From hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his fire, and Guilt his name.

This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the sov'reign's chair ;
In robes of terrors dress'd the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting ;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd !
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud ;
And, all obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.

A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls,
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size !
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm :
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conq'ror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide ;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-cy'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe !
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe :
Their actions all like criticks view,
And all like faithful criticks too,

As Guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
 What tears of blood bedew'd the page !
 All shudder'd at the black account,
 And scarce believ'd the vast amount !
 All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
 Would Death relent, and sheathe his dart.
 But, when the awful foe withdrew,
 All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,
 Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
 The flock in wild disorder fly,
 And cast behind a frequent eye ;
 But when the victim's borne away,
 They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen
 Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.

Carus, with pain and sickness worn,
 Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn.
 Soon as he views the eastern ray,
 He mourns the quick return of day ;
 Hourly laments protracted breath,
 And courts the healing hand of Death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
 Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
 Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
 To mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years grey Natho bends,
 A burden to himself and friends ;
 And with impatience seems to wait
 The friendly hand of ling'ring Fate.
 So hirelings with their labour done,
 And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief,
 Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
 On Death, with wild surprize they star'd,
 All seem'd averse ! all unprepar'd !

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
 The grave's pale chief pursu'd his course.
 No human pow'r can or withstand,
 Or shun the conquests of his hand.
 Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
 And, as a guardian angel, kind,
 With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
 Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
 When would the brave Augustus join
 The ashes of his sacred line!
 But Death maintains no partial war,
 He mocks a sultan, or a czar:
 He lays his iron hand on all—
 Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!
 A truth Britannia lately felt,
 And trembled to her centre——*!

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
 Would Granville own this common foe;
 For greater talents ne'er were known
 To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
 Tell me, would Chesterfield expire!
 Say, would his glorious sun decline,
 And set like your pale star or mine?

Could ev'ry virtue of the sky—
 Would Herring †, Butler ‡, Secker ||, die!

Why this address to peerage all—
 Untitled Allen's virtues call!
 If Allen's worth demands a place,
 Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.
 Tho' high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
 Know, Virtue, too, ennobles souls.

* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.

† Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ Late Bishop of Durham.

|| Bishop of Oxford.

By her that private man's renown'd,
 Who pours a thousand blessings round.
 While Allen takes Affliction's part,
 And draws out all his gen'rous heart;
 Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
 Left unimprov'd it steals away:
 While thus he walks, with jealous strife,
 Thro' goodness, as he walks thro' life,
 Shall not I mark his radiant path!—
 Rise, Muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
 Publish abroad, could Goodness save,
 Allen would disappoint the grave;
 Translated to the heav'nly shore,
 Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Nor Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain—
 Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
 For women pierce with shrieks the air,
 Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair;
 All have a doleful tale to tell,
 How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

Alas! is life our fav'rite theme—
 'Tis all a vain or painful dream:
 A dream which fools or cowards prize,
 But slighted by the brave or wise.
 Who lives, for others ills must groan,
 Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
 Must journey on with weeping eye,
 Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

‘ And shall a man arraign the skies,
 ‘ Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?’
 ‘ Impatient reptile!’ Reason cry'd;
 ‘ Arraign thy passion and thy pride:
 ‘ Retire, and commune with thy heart;
 ‘ Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art!
 ‘ Explore thy body and thy mind,
 ‘ Thy station too, why here assign'd.

‘ The

- The search shall teach thee life to prize,
- And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
- Why do you roam to foreign climes,
- To study nations, modes, and times ;
- A science often dearly bought,
- And often what avails you nought ?
- Go, man, and act a wiser part,
- Study the science of your heart :
- This home philosophy, you know,
- Was priz'd some thousand years ago *.
- Then why abroad a frequent guest !
- Why such a stranger to your breast !
- Why turn so many volumes o'er,
- Till Dódsley can supply no more !
- Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
- Are worth that single volume, self :
- For who this sacred book declines,
- Howe'er in other arts he shines ;
- Tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,
- Or vers'd in Tully's manly page ;
- Tho' deeply read in Plato's school ;
- With all his knowledge is a fool.
- Proclaim the truth—Say, what is man ?
- His body from the dust began ;
- And when a few short years are o'er,
- The crumbling fabrick is no more.
- But whence the soul ?—From Heav'n it came !
- O, prize this intellectual flame !
- This nobler self with rapture scan ;
- 'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
- Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
- But from the soul derives it's birth.
- Ask the young rake, (he'll answer right)
- Who treats by day, and drinks by night,

* ' Know thyself ; ' a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

- What makes his entertainments shine,
- What gives the relish to his wine ;
- He'll tell thee, (if he scorns the beast)
- That social pleasures form the feast.
- The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
- Unless the soul exalts the joy.
- The mind must animate the face,
- Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
- What ! must the soul her pow'rs dispense,
- To raise and swell the joys of sense ?
- Know, too, the joys of sense controul,
- And clog the motions of the soul :
- Forbid her pinions to aspire,
- Damp and impair her native fire ;
- And sure as sense (that tyrant !) reigns,
- She holds the empress, Soul, in chains.
- Inglorious bondage to the mind,
- Heav'n-born, sublime, and unconfin'd !
- She's independent, fair, and great,
- And justly claims a large estate ;
- She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
- She boasts within a golden mine ;
- But like the treasures of Peru,
- Her wealth lies deep and far from view.
- Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
- Debase her dignity and birth ;
- Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
- Who kindly gave her leave to be ;
- Call'd her from nothing into day,
- And built her tenement of clay.
- Hear and accept me for your guide,
- (Reason shall ne'er desert your side :)
- Who listens to my wiser voice,
- Can't but applaud his Maker's choice ;
- Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign cause,
- Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws ;

• Secure,

- Secure, since sov'reign Goodness reigns ;
- Secure, since sov'reign Pow'r obtains.
- With curious eyes review thy frame ;
- This science shall direct thy claim.
- Dost thou indulge a double view,
- A long, long life, and happy too ?
- Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
- To lie down easy in the grave.
- Know, then, my dictates must prevail,
- Or surely each fond wish shall fail.
- Come, then, is Happiness thy aim—
- Let mental joys be all thy game.
- Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
- The capture shall reward the chace,
- Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
- Convey fresh knowledge on it's wings ;
- Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
- Record the good as well as wife.
- While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
- In a few years you'll live an age.
- Who measures life by rolling years !
- Fools measure by revolving spheres.
- Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
- From Virtue's, and from Wisdom's school.
- Who well improves life's shortest day,
- Will scarce regret it's setting ray ;
- Contented with his share of light,
- Nor fear nor with th' approach of night ;
- And when disease assaults the heart,
- When sickness triumphs over art,
- Reflection on a life well past
- Shall prove a cordial to the last ;
- This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
- And soften or suspend her pain ;
- Shall break Death's fell tyrannick pow'r,
- And calm the troubled dying hour.'

Bless'd rules of cool prudential age !

I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.

When, lo ! a form, divinely bright,

Descends, and bursts upon my sight ;

A seraph of illustrious birth !

(Religion was her name on earth :)

Supremely sweet her radiant face,

And blooming with celestial grace !

Three shining cherubs form'd her train,

Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain :

Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,

And pinions flutt'ring for the sky ;

Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,

And golden anchors grace her hands ;

There Charity, in robes of white,

Fairest and fav'rite maid of light !

The seraph spake—'Tis Reason's part,

' To govern, and to guard the heart ;

' To lull the wayward soul to rest,

' When hopes and fears distract the breast.

' Reason may calm this doubtful strife,

' And steer thy bark thro' various life :

' But when the storms of death are nigh,

' And midnight darkness veils the sky,

' Shall Reason then direct thy sail,

' Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale ?

' Stranger, this skill alone is mine,

' Skill ! that transcends his scanty line.

' That hoary sage has counsell'd right ;

' Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.

' Revere thyself—thou'rt near ally'd

' To angels on thy better side.

' How various e'er their ranks or kinds,

' Angels are but unbodied minds ;

' When the partition walls decay,

' Men emerge angels from their clay.

- ‘ Yes, when the frailer body dies,
- ‘ The soul asserts her kindred skies.
- ‘ But minds, tho’ sprung from heav’nly race,
- ‘ Must first be tutor’d for the place.
- ‘ (The joys above are understood,
- ‘ And relish’d, only by the good.)
- ‘ Who shall assume this guardian care?
- ‘ Who shall secure their birthright there?
- ‘ Souls are my charge—to me ’tis giv’n
- ‘ To train them for their native heav’n.
- ‘ Know, then—Who bow the early knees,
- ‘ And give the willing heart to me;
- ‘ Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
- ‘ Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;
- ‘ Who dare to own my injur’d cause,
- ‘ Tho’ fools deride my sacred laws;
- ‘ Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
- ‘ Tho’ Persecution lifts her thong;
- ‘ Tho’ all the sons of hell conspire
- ‘ To raise the stake, and light the fire:
- ‘ Know, that for such superior souls,
- ‘ There lies a bliss beyond the poles;
- ‘ Where spirits shine with purer ray,
- ‘ And brighten to meridian day;
- ‘ Where Love, where boundless Friendship rules,
- ‘ (No friends that change, no love that cools!)
- ‘ Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
- ‘ And pour, and pour upon the soul!’
- ‘ But where’s the passage to the skies?’—
- ‘ The road thro’ Death’s black valley lies.
- ‘ Nay, do not shudder at my tale;
- ‘ Tho’ dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
- ‘ This path the best of men have trod,
- ‘ And who’d decline the road to God?
- ‘ Oh! ’tis a glorious boon to die!
- ‘ This favour can’t be priz’d too high.’

While



While thus she spake, my looks express'd
 The raptures kindling in my breast:
 My soul a fix'd attention gave;
 When the stern monarch of the grave
 With haughty strides approach'd—amaz'd,
 I stood and trembled as I gaz'd.
 The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
 Then hasten'd with expanded wing
 To meet the pale, terrific king.
 But now what milder scenes arise!
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise:
 He seems a youth divinely fair,
 In graceful ringlets waves his hair;
 His wings their whitening plumes display,
 His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
 Light flows his shining azure vest,
 And all the angel stands confess'd.
 I view'd the change with sweet surprize,
 And, oh! I panted for the skies;
 Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath,
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

BY MR. TICKEL.

Campos, ubi Troja fuit.

VING.

WHERE Kensington, high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
 Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabrick stands,
 And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bow'rs,
 A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flow'rs,
 The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
 To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.

2 Y 2

Here,

Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
 They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies.
 Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
 Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
 And chintz, the rival of the show'ry bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
 Sometimes, furrounded with her virgin band,
 Gleams through the shades: she, tow'ring o'er the rest,
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,
 Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
 And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
 Nor Nassau first preferr'd them to a throne.
 Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
 Ere lordly Hubba, with the golden hair,
 Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
 Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
 A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
 The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers blood.

You, who thro' gazing crowds, your captive throng,
 Throw pangs and passions as you move along,
 Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
 Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies;
 If gen'rous anguish for another's pains
 Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
 Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
 And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows,
 Line above line, the yew's sad verdure grows,
 Was, ere the planter's hand it's beauty gave,
 A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave;
 The landscape now so sweet we well may praise,
 But far, far sweeter, in it's ancient days;
 Far sweeter was it, when it's peopled ground
 With fairy domes and dazzling tow'rs were crown'd.

Where

Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;
For ev'ry hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years, a crouded street was seen ;
Nor all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,
Could match the numbers of it's pigmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to it's fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
On ev'ry hill, and danc'd in ev'ry shade.
But, foes to sunshine, most they took delight
In dells and dales, conceal'd from human sight :
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock ;
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak ;
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.
E'en now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain ;
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the shy leveret, or the mother hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon,
From ev'ry region, to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames fair banks, by lofty tow'rs adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd :
Hence, in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone ev'ry knight and ev'ry lovely fay.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er, on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,
 Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
 May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
 The pomp and splendor of the fairy race.

By magick fenc'd, by spell encompas'd round,
 No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
 No mortal enter'd, those alone who came,
 Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
 For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
 And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd, a youth of Albion's royal blood
 Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood;
 Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,
 Deep skill'd in charms and many a mystick sound,
 As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
 Observ'd the infant Albion, where he lay,
 In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
 And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
 Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
 The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
 The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
 Thou, in thy turn, shalt like the queen repine,
 And all her sorrows, doubled, shall be thine;
 He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
 Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
 The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
 And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
 To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
 Flush'd with resistless charms, he fir'd to love
 Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
 For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
 Her utmost art to rear the princely boy.
 Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down;

She

She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit;
 And fed him early with the daisy's root;
 Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
 And form'd, in beauteous miniature, the man.
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
 His lofty port his human birth confess'd;
 A foot in height, how stately did he show!
 How look superior on the crowd below!
 What knight like him could toss the rusty lance!
 Who move so graceful in the many dance!
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
 What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
 Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
 And felt the charmer burn in ev'ry vein.
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd;
 She, whom at distance thrones and princedom view'd,
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel su'd,
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
 And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove,
 By courtly deeds, to gain the virgin's love;
 For her he cull'd the fairest flow'rs that grew,
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
 He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
 And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night:
 When on ripe fruit she cast a wishing eye,
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
 He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
 And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
 (Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred!)
 To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
 Their pow'rs distinguish'd, and describ'd their use:
 All vain their pow'rs, alas! to Kenna prove,
 And well sung Ovid, 'There's no herb for love.'

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
 Seeks it's old friend to tell some secret woe,
 The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
 His painful silence, till the mortal speak ;
 So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
 Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.
 He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
 And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
 The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore ;
 In words so melting, that, compar'd with those,
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux,
 Would sound like compliments from country clowns
 To red cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue,
 A bed of flow'rs (a fairy forest) grew ;
 'Twas here, one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
 The still, the secret, silent hour of day,
 Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade,
 Sate the young lover, and th' immortal maid.
 They thought all fairies slept ; ah, luckless pair !
 Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare !
 When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
 Thus all the softness of his soul express'd.

• All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
 • Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze ;
 • Nor moon nor star in heav'n's blue arch is seen
 • With kindly rays to silver o'er the green.
 • Grateful to fairy eyes ; they secret take
 • Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
 • This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
 • A world to me, a multitude in one.
 • Oh, sweet as dew-drops on these flow'ry lawns,
 • When the sky opens and the ev'ning dawns !
 • Straight as the pink, that tow'rs so high in air,
 • Soft as the blue-bell ! as the daisy, fair !

• Bless'd

• Blest'd be the hour, when first I was convey'd,
 • An infant captive, to this blissful shade!
 • And blest'd the hand that did my form refine,
 • And shrank my stature to a match with thine!
 • Glad, I for thee renounce my royal birth,
 • And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
 • Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
 • Renounce thy kind, and love for love return:
 • So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
 • A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.
 • Oh, speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
 • And sweetly swear my rising fears away.

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
 More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies.

• By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
 • I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
 • A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
 • Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
 • Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
 • May toad-stools rise, and mildews blast the green;
 • May the keen east-wind blight my fav'rite flow'rs,
 • And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bow'rs.
 • Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade,
 • There rather pine I a neglected maid;
 • Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
 • Parch in the sun a thousand summer days;
 • Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
 • In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.

She ended: and with lips of rosy hue,
 Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,
 Stifled his words. When from his covert rear'd,
 The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.

A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)
 The monarch issu'd, half an ell in height:
 Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
 Nor spake, but gave his bugle-horn a blast,

That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
 And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
 A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
 Drive Albion, banish'd from the sacred ground;
 And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
 Where the proud king, among his demi-gods,
 For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
 And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
 And faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
 To love and praise can gen'rous souls incline,
 That love, Azuriel, and that praise were thine.
 Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,
 Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains:
 Where now the skies high Holland House invades,
 And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
 Thy dwelling stood; nor did in him afford
 A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.

For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
 And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
 So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
 All fairy shouted with a gen'ral voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd,
 That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
 Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
 Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
 When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
 Besides their wages had good fairy vails,
 Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid,
 The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,
 Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
 He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes;
 And ere the night the face of heav'n had chang'd,
 Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Meanwhile, driven back to earth, a lonely way,
 The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day;

A long,

A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,
 Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns—
 Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd,
 Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
 'Twas then a spreading stream; though now it's fame
 Obscur'd, it bears the creek's inglorious name,
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays;
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear chrystal's verdant bank he stood,
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
 And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
 And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd.

• If true, ye wat'ry pow'rs, my lineage came
 • From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
 • Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
 • Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,
 • And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
 • To grace his offspring, and assert my birth.

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his pray'r;
 And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
 Shoots to the sea, where, low beneath the tides,
 Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd depth resides.
 Rouz'd at the news, the sea's stern sultan swore
 Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
 But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
 And to her care his fav'rite boy commends.

As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
 Driven up his current by the reflux tides,
 Along his banks the pigmy legions spread
 She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
 Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
 And counts the ocean's god among his fires;
 • The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown
 • (Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
 • See here, beneath a toad-stool's deadly gloom,
 • Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.

'Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's pow'rful call;
'By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'

She said. They bow'd; and on their shield upbore,
With shouts, their new-saluted emperor.
E'en Oriel smil'd: at least, to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade,
By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd;
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest'd,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!
His thick-embattled troops, with secret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy Muse, great bard *, whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.
But simple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart;
The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,
And sing the battles that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms:
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;
Loose in the wind small ribband streamers flow,
Dipp'd in all colours of the heav'nly bow;
And the gay host, that now it's march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

On Buda's plains, thus formidably bright,
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing, dreadful fight.

* Mr. Addison.

In various robes their silken troops were seen,
 The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green :
 When blooming Brunswick, near the Danube's flood,
 First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades,
 Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.
 In hopes already vanquish'd by surprise,
 In Albion's pow'r the fairy empire lies ;
 Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
 And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes ; and now, in prospect near,
 But fenc'd with arms, the hostile tow'rs appear ;
 For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
 Wore his prime-vizier in a magick ring :
 A subtle sprite, that opening plots foretold,
 By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
 Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright,
 With beating bosoms, waited for the fight ;
 To charge their foes they march, a glitt'ring band,
 And in their van deth bold Azurriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
 Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess !
 Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
 To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
 He strides indignant ; and, with haughty cries,
 'To single fight the fairy prince defies.

' Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try ;
 ' Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
 ' No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
 ' Nor yet thy grandfire of the waves is come.'
 My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
 By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love :
 He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize ;
 And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,
 And furious Albion flings his hasty dart :

'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
 And it's shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
 But, told in rage, it flew without a wound,
 High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
 Not so Azuriel's: with unerring aim,
 Too near the needle-pointed jav'lin came,
 Drove through the seven-fold shield and filken vest,
 And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
 Rouz'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
 With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe;
 Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
 And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
 But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er;
 So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
 Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain.
 But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
 Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
 As some frail cup of China's purest mold,
 With azure varnish'd, and bedrop'd with gold,
 Tho' broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,
 In it's old strength and pristine beauty stands;
 The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
 And holds secure the coffee's fable waves;
 So did Azuriel's arm; if fame say true,
 Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;
 And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
 Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.
 The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,
 The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
 Lie rent and mangled; and the gaping wound
 Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
 The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes;
 On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies:
 ' Oh, Kenna, Kenna!' thrice he try'd to say;
 ' Kenna, farewell!' and sigh'd his soul away.

His

His fall the Dryads, with loud shrieks deplore,
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore;
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great fire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly car:
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The vallies trembled, and the forests shook;)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he pass'd,
And on their tower his eye vindictive cast.
It's deep foundations his long trident cleaves,
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
That downward tumbling on the host below,
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Tow'rs, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to soothe sad Albion's ghost.

Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,
And such the downfall of the fairy state.
This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest'd,
This dale possess'd they; and had still possess'd,

Had

Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
 Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride;
 Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
 The solemn vows, and sacred bonds of love.
 Now, where his elves so brightly danc'd the round,
 No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground;
 His tow'rs and people fill one common grave,
 A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay,
 Stunn'd and confounded, a whole summer's day.
 At length awak'd, (for what can long restrain
 Unbody'd spirits!) but awak'd in pain:
 And as he saw the desolated wood,
 And the dark den where once his empire stood,
 Grief chill'd his heart; to his half-open'd eyes,
 In ev'ry oak a Neptune seem'd to rise.
 He fled; and left, with all his trembling peers,
 The long possession of a thousand years.

Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves, and gloomy dales,
 Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flow'ry vales,
 Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
 And stopp'd and started at each rustling wind:
 Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
 Disperse and wander into diff'rent lands:
 Part did beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
 In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
 Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
 Where formidable Neptune never came,
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame;
 Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat.
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
 Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Mean-

Meanwhile sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love ;
Try'd ev'ry art (vain arts !) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows !) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do ; the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows, (the same old Homer tells *
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells ;)

It's root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white ;
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below.

On his pale limbs it's virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd myfick numbers o'er the dead ;
When, lo ! the little shape, by magick pow'r,
Grew less and less, contracted to a flow'r ;
A flow'r, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd ;
It's ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
Thus, won from death, each spring she sees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable snow ;
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
It's parent's warmth and spotless name retains ;
First leader of the flow'ry race aspires,
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires ;
Midst frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage ;

* *Odyssey*, lib. x.

Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade,
 Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
 'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
 (Kenna, that gave the neighb'ring town it's name)
 Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine
 With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
 She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
 And picture out in plants the fairy town.
 To far-fam'd Wife her flight unseen she sped,
 And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head;
 Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
 And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
 Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd;
 The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
 And forms the town in all it's ancient lines:
 The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
 And girds the palace with a verdant square;
 Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
 He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a sad pleasure the ærial maid
 This image of her ancient realm survey'd;
 How chang'd, how fall'n from it's primæval pride!
 Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
 Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
 And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
 Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
 And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

DEATH

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR

OCCASIONED BY A PHYSICIAN'S LAMBOONING A FRIEND
OF THE AUTHOR.

BY MR. CARRICK.

AS Doctor * * musing sat,
Death sat, and came without delay:
Enter the room, begins the chat,
With, ' Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray ?'

The doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew:
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

' Away with fear !' the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:

' Take my advice, and mend your trade ;
' We both are losers if you fail :

' Go, write, your wit in satire show —
No matter whether smart or true ;

' Call * * names, the greatest foe
To dullness, folly, pride, and you,

' Then copies spread, (these lies the triole) ;
Among your friends before you send 'em :

' For all who read will soon grow sick,
' And when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

THA ! Thus trade increasing by degrees,
' Doctor, we both shall have our ends ;
' For you are sure to have your fees,
' And I am sure to have your friends,'

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

BY MR. JAGO.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
 And kindly loos'd the frozen soil;
 The melting streams began to flow,
 And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng,
 Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
 A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
 And thus it echo'd thro' the grove.

• O fairest of the feather'd train!
 • For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
 • Attend with pity to my strain,
 • And grant my love a kind return.

• For see, the wint'ry storms are flown,
 • And gentle zephyrs fan the air;
 • Let us the genial influence own,
 • Let us the vernal pastime share.

• The raven plumes his jetty wing,
 • To please his croaking paramour;
 • The larks responsive ditties sing,
 • And tell their passion as they soar.

• But trust me, love, the raven's wing
 • Is not to be compar'd with mine;
 • Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
 • As I, who strength with sweetness join.

• O, let

- O, let me all thy steps attend !
 - I'll point new treasures to thy sight ;
- Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
 - Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.
- I'll shew my love the clearest rill,
 - Whose streams among the pebbles stray ;
- These will we sip, and sip our fill,
 - Or on the flow'ry margin play.
- I'll lead her to the thickest brake,
 - Impervious to the school-boy's eye ;
- For her the plaister'd nest I'll make,
 - And on her downy pinions lie.
- When prompted by a mother's care,
 - Her warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
- The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
 - Or cheer her labours with my song.
- To bring her food I'll range the fields,
 - And cull the best of ev'ry kind ;
- Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
 - And love's assiduous care can find.
- And when my lovely mate would stray
 - To taste the summer sweets at large,
- I'll wait at home the live-long day,
 - And tend with care our little charge.
- Then prove with me the sweets of love,
 - With me divide the cares of life ;
- No bush shall boast in all the grove
 - So fond a mate, so blest'd a wife.

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
 With soft indulgence heard the strain ;
 She felt, she own'd, a mutual flame,
 And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
 And nestled closely to her side ;
 The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
 And she the most delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song ;
 ' Behold,' he said, ' the new-born day !
 ' The lark his matin peal has rung,
 ' Arise, my love, and come away.'

Together thro' the fields they stray'd,
 And to the murm'ring riv'let's side ;
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest joy, and decent pride.

When, oh ! with grief the Muse relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale ;
 Sent by an order from the Fates,
 A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, ' My dear,
 ' Haste, haste away, from danger fly !
 ' Here, gunner ! point thy thunder here ;
 ' O, spare my love, and let me die !'

At him the gunner took his aim ;
 His aim, alas ! was all too true :
 O ! had he chose some other game !
 Or shot—as he was wont to do !

Divided pair! forgive the wrong;
While I with tears your fate rehearse;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

ODE TO DEATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE KING OF
PRUSSIA.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

YET a few years, or days perhaps,
Or moments pass with silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's fantastick dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink;
From Nature's verge impell'd I sink;
And endless darkness wraps me round!
Yes, Death is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand;
And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
Against this fleeting life of mine;
And where for succour can I fly?
If art, with flatt'ring wiles, pretend
To shield me like a guardian friend,
By Art, ere Nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
This idol Fleth, to dust consign'd,
Once call'd from dust by Pow'r divine;

It's

It's features change ! 'tis pale ! 'tis cold—
 Hence, dreadful spectre ! to behold
 Thy aspect, is to make it mine.

And can I, then, with guilty pride,
 Which fear nor shame can quell or hide,
 This flesh still pamper and adorn !
 Thus viewing what I soon shall be,
 Can what I am demand the knee,
 Or look on aught around with scorn ?

But then this spark that warms, that guides,
 That lives, that thinks, what fate betides !
 Can this be dust, a kneaded clod !
 This yield to death ! the soul, the mind,
 That measures heav'n, and mounts the wind,
 That knows, at once, itself and God ?

Great Cause of all, above, below,
 Who knows thee, must for ever know,
 Immortal and divine !
 Thy image on my soul impress'd,
 Of endless being is the test,
 And bids eternity be mine !

Transporting thought !—but am I sure
 That endless life will joy secure ?
 Joy's only to the just decreed !
 The guilty wretch expiring, goes
 Where Vengeance endless life bestows,
 That endless mis'ry may succeed.

Great God, how awful is the scene !
 A breath, a transient breath between ;
 And can I jest, and laugh, and play !

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

377

To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatness gains,
How do ye bind with filken chains,
Which ask Herculean strength to break !
How with new terrors have ye arm'd
The pow'r whose slightest glance alarm'd !
How many deaths of one ye make !

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race, in error bold,
Forget or scorn the laws of death ;
With these no projects coincide,
Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, they guide,
Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Each, blind to Fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues or fights for wealth or pow'r,
And slumb'ring dangers dare provoke :
And he, who, tott'ring, scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled, desp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, search sea and land,
And spoil new worlds, wherever found :
Seize, haste to seize the glitt'ring prize,
And sighs, and tears, and pray'rs, despise,
Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed ; but look again,
The desp'rate band you seek in vain,
Now trod in dust, the peasant's scorn :

But who that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate vow, rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal born ?

See the world's victor mount his car;
Blood marks his progress wide and far,
Sure he shall reign while ages fly :
No; vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations, heap'd on nations, bled
Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse was left to rot,
And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal ?

Yes ! Fortune, weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, casts away,
And scarce the form of man is seen :
Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow,
Around my brows no roses glow,
The cypress mine, funereal green ?

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
When awful Truth unveil'd appears,
Some pow'r unknown usurps my breast ;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in Folly's labyrinth tread,
And fancy dreams that life is blest'd.

How weak an empress is the mind,
Whom Pleasure's flow'ry wreaths can bind,
And captive to her altars lead !

Weak

Weak Reason yields to Phrenzy's rage,
 And all the world is Folly's stage,
 And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange, this sudden flight,
 From gloomy cares to gay delight;
 This fickleness, so light and vain,
 In life's delusive, transient dream,
 Where men, nor things, are what they seem,
 Is all the real good we gain.

H E A L T H.

AN EPISTLE.

TO FRANCIS JODDRELL, ESQ.

BY DR. SMYTHSON.

HEALTH to my friend! such health may Heav'n bestow,
 As worth and virtue ever ought to know.
 Health to my friend! such health may Heav'n impart,
 As needs no succour from the healing art.
 Health to my friend! such health as Nature brings,
 Alike to peasants, nobles, princes, kings.
 Such health as paints, on Daphne's glowing cheek,
 The rose-bud's bloom, and the carnation's streak.
 Such health as shews the crimson tide within,
 In act to burst the smooth, pellucid skin.
 Such health as sheds, from eyes untaught to play,
 Beams that may rival the bright orb of day:
 Bids the free lungs respire without a sigh;
 Unless for Damon gone, or Damon nigh.
 Such health as throws o'er Damon's youthful frame,
 Charms undescrib'd, and grace without a name;

Sets high his spreading chest, erects his head;
 Braces his nerves, and arms his manly tread;
 Bids him in sports athletick first advance,
 Or trip with vigour in the sprightly dance;
 His heart with bold and bravest purpose fills,
 Fearless of danger, and despising ills;
 Or to his love as to his honour true,
 With equal ardour bids him both pursue;
 Sure that the suit prefer'd still best succeeds,
 Where, crown'd with fame, the conqu'ring lover pleads.
 Nor needs my friend the road to Health explore,
 Whose daily travel brings him to her door:
 To her delightful haunts, her bless'd abode,
 Through Temp'rance lies the plain and open road.
 No glutton, satiate with unneeded food,
 No drunkard, dy'd with Bacchus' purple flood,
 No lawless vot'ry to unhallow'd love;
 Health's unabated joys must hope to prove.
 Nor he whose soul, by various passions toss'd,
 Deaf to persuasion, and to reason lost,
 Who bursts in anger, or dissolves in grief,
 Storms without pause, or weeps without relief;
 But he whose moderate meals, and frugal board,
 By hunger sauc'd, and with plain viands stor'd,
 Await on Nature's calls; whose steady mind,
 Slave to no vice, by Virtue's rules confin'd,
 With calm intent, pursues thro' life that plan,
 Which honours God, and dignifies the man;
 On him shall blooming Health with smiles attend,
 And joy to hail him, brother, patron, friend.
 Sworn foe to Health, lo! Indolence creeps try,
 Meagre his visage, and half clos'd his eye;
 With asthma heaving, or by coughing torn,
 By dropsy swell'd, or by consumption worn:
 His life one scene of complicated woe;
 And e'en his only refuge, Death, too slow

From

From this sad ~~specie~~ learn; nor learn in vain,
That Exercise alone can health obtain.

To climb the mountain's height at early dawn,
And chase the bounding stag o'er hill and lawn;
The tim'rous hare in many rounds pursue,
Or press the felon fox in distant view;
With nicest eye to mark the dove's fall;
Or lure the quail with artificial call;
Forth from the copse the gaudy pheasant bring,
Or seek the woodcock's flock beside the spring:
When the pure stream, disturb'd by gentle gales,
With ruffled surface glides along the vales,
With steady hand, and penetrating eye,
To drop unnotic'd the delicious fly;
Forth from his haunt the spotted trout betray,
With patient faith the struggling victim play;
Or from his hole the rav'nous pike decoy,
And seize on him who lives but to destroy:
From toils like these, which pain and sickness fly,
Health blooms the cheeks, and glitters in the eye!

Nor let false pride impel thee to forbear
Those scenes of honest mirth and festive cheer,
Where sturdy youths, in many a sportive game,
On village ground contend for village fame;
To heave the hammer long and envied throw,
To cast the quoit, or sure warring blow;
The tow'ring hall with keenest eye to watch,
With swiftest foot the falling prize to catch;
With strength of arm to fall the friendly foe,
Or strain each muscle at the trip below;
With agile speed the distant goal to gain
From many a rival lab'ring o'er the plain:
These sports shall yield thee such untainted health
As shuns the lazy pamper'd sons of wealth.

Haste, then, my Juddrell; to thy Smythson haste;
The tranquil pleasures of the country taste;

Leave

Leave the gay town for scenes more truly gay,
 Air unpolluted, and unclouded day;
 On the green hillock snuff the passing gale,
 Or catch the fragrance of the flow'ry dale.
 The vocal concert of the woods attend,
 Where notes untun'd, in sounds harmonious blend.
 Mark Nature's colourings of various hue,
 From the pale primrose to the violet blue.
 Order and beauty in creation trace,
 From the gay moth, to 'man's imperial race.'
 With awe impress'd, his wond'rous frame survey,
 Form'd from the dust, and fashion'd from the clay;
 Life's complex organs with delight explore,
 And the Great Artist honour and adore.
 The passing seasons of the year remark,
 From hoary winter, chearless, dreary, dark,
 To jocund spring, where, dress'd in rich array,
 All nature wantons in the sweets of May.
 Admire the rip'ning fruits of summer's reign,
 And autumn, fraught with loads of golden grain,
 With honest labour join the grateful song,
 Or mix in dances with the chearful throng.
 Pleasures like these enjoy, their blessings own,
 And Health shall deck thee with her envy'd crown.

HENRY AND EMMA.

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

BY MR. PRIOR.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
 Careless of what the cens'ring world may say;

Bright

Bright Cloe ! object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow ?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains ?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd :
At thy desire she shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again ;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand :
And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame,
O, fairest of the sex ! be thou my Mufe ;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse ;
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace,
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;
And as her Son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame which faithful Henry felt ;
O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see ;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me :
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove ;
But, oh ! with pity, long entreated, crown
My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that one,
Of all mankind, thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone.

—Where beauteous Isis, and her husband Thame,
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,

In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd,
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward, with successful care,
Led his free Britons to the Gallick war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd),
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toll,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
In honourable ease, and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir;
They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name;
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd,
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd;
Yet, as when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please who imitate their lord;)
Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun,

The mutual terms around the lands were known,
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her charms increas'd,
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came, they saw, they marvel'd, and they lov'd:

By

By publick praises; and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral pow'r of Emma's eyes;
In tilts and tournaments the valliant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name:
In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart;
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art:
Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown;
And Emma, of mankind, that love but him alone.

While these in publick to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their fame,
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes;
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;
In his right hand his better pole he bears,
And gaffest at his side his horn he wears;
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and then the brake,
And shews the path her steed may safest take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hunts;
With her of tarts and of lutes he talks;
Upon his wrist the tow'ring martin sunders,
Pleas'd to rise and sleep at her commands.

And

And when superior now the bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
 With humble reverence he accepts the fair,
 And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
 Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
 His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
 And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
 A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
 And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
 The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
 Or to admire, or emulate his song;
 While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
 Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise:
 But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
 With dutiful respect and studious fear,
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantick gypsy now, the house he haunts,
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
 With the fond maids in palmistry he deals;
 (They tell the secret first which he reveals;)
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
 What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child:
 But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
 A softer look unbends his op'ning brow;
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his fly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
 Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
 And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
 And oft the pangs of absence to remove
 By letters, soft interpreters of love:

BEAUTIES OF POETRY

Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The am'rous youth frequents the silent grove,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth;
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question, what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our all-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r:



BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail ;
 If, pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail ;
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous-care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade ;
 Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard,
 Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods,
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his flame,
 Upon this tree ; and, as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
 And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs,
 Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;
 Which, as with gay delight the lover found,
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
 Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
 And to each swain the mystick honour shewn ;
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;
 To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;
 That he must something to her ear commend,
 On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd ;

For different this from ev'ry former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always blest'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd; the house in sleep were laid;

The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
At last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt,
To her dear Henry, Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace, repairing forc'd delay.
For Love, fantastick pow'r, that is, afraid,
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted, then, o'er cliffs and vallies strays,
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways;
Not Argus, with his hundred eyes, shall find
Where Cupid goes; tho' he, poor-guider, is blind.

The maiden first arriving, cast her eye
To ask if yet it's chief delight were sigh;
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears, suborn'd, fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move,
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheeks
Trickling, the genuine tears their current break.
Attentive stood the mournful nymph; the man
Broke silence first, the tale alternate ran.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever grove
With the first tumults of a real love?

Had

Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest'd his sway;
 By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
 Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd,
 As reaſon yielded, and as love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent god's reſiſtleſs dart,
 His killing pleaſure, his extatick ſmart,
 And heav'nly poiſon thrilling thro' thy heart?
 If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
 At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To ſome more happy knight reſerve thy charms,
 By Fortune favour'd, and ſucceſſful arms;
 And only, as the ſun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
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 To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
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 The flames which long have in my boſom reign'd:
 The god of Love himſelf inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief; and care,
 His complement of ſtores, and total war.

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Alas!



1781

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Richard del.

Walter sculp.

44
82

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42
80

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412
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Alas!



1

Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall, with truth upbraid,
The cold indifference of the Not-brown-Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down;
View me resolv'd, where'er thou findest to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way,
And take good heed what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courtes took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook,
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran,
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd;
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done;
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame;
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love,
And leave a banish'd man, thine lonely woods to rove.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told,
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old;
Let ev'ry tongue it's various censures chafe,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice, vanquish'd, heighten Virtue's praise;
Let then thy favour but indulge my sight,
Let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of suspicious Fame.

Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow ?
With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dang'rous day ?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety, by thy love betray'd :
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly ;
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of Vengeance, and desire of Fame,
Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue, and more gen'rous fire ?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou, (but Heav'n avert it !) shouldst thou bleed ;

To

To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
 Bless'd, when my dangers and my toils have shewn,
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
 Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
 The parching Dog-star, and the bleak North-east?
 When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
 Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
 (Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats where Ease and Plenty brooding fate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded, thou must mourn;
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return;
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From it's decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

3 D

No,

No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn;
And chearful sit to wait my lord's return:
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the farthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when at night, with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend!
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and, grateful, let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou go'st, unhappiest of thy kind!
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids, with various ribband bound;

No

No longer shall the boddice, aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide,
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropp'd off and less, scarce lower than thy ear,
Shall stand uncouth: an horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee,
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free;
And with a bolder stride, and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care,
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew!
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back;
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread;
With such must *Bemba* hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night,
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;

Brought, by long habitude, from bad to worse;
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That lateſt weapon of the wretches war;
And blaſphemy, ſad comrade of deſpair;

Now, Emma, now the laſt reflection make,
What thou wouldſt follow, what thou muſt forſake;
By our ill-omen'd ſtars and adverſe heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is giv'n
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.
O, grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to ſuffer what thy honour hates;
Mix thee amongſt the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee ſhun,
Yet with her Henry ſtill let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but ſhare the woe;
And, ſure, my little heart can never err,
Amidſt the worſt, if Henry ſtill be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the ſinner's mind proceeds the fin;
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd;
Who has aſſay'd no danger, gains no praiſe,
In a ſmall iſle, amidſt the wideſt ſeas,
Triumphant Conſtancy has fix'd her ſeat:
In vain the Syrens ſing, the tempeſts beat;
Their flattery ſhe rejects, nor fears their threat;

For thee alone theſe little charms I dreſs'd,
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them, by thy teſtiſ;
In comely figure rang'd, my jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone;
For thee again they ſhall be laid aſide;
The woman, Henry, ſhall put off her pride
For thee; my cloaths, my ſex, exchange'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O ſine extreme of human infamy!

Wanting

Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair;
Black foot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face;
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Left by my look or colour be express'd,
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd;
Yet, in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known;
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

O, wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
E'en honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and, O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame,
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex;
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to love.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's fame;

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung,
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain;

BEAUTIES OF POETRY

Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to it's aid,
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?
 Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I must ever own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
 Each man is man, and all our sex is one;
 False are our words, and fickle is our heart;
 Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
 When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
 We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow;
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
 As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give:
 To be less wretched, be no longer true;
 What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue?
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new:
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;
 Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.

Hence,

Hence, let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep? Let Nature judge our case.

I saw thee young and fair; pursu'd the chace
 Of youth and beauty: I another saw,
 Fairer and younger; yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
 More youth, more beauty; blest'd vicissitude!
 My active heart still keeps it's pristine flame;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
 With present pow'r compels me to her arms:
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind,
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou mayst live with her:
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
 Cupid averse, rejects divided vows.
 Then, from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
 Is each man perjurd, and each nymph betray'd?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
 Am I of mine the most compleatly curs'd?
 Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our diff'rent care,
 Her let me follow; her let me attend,
 A servant, (she may scorn the name of friend.)

What

What she demands, incessant I'll prepare;
 I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair;
 My busy diligence shall deck her board,
 (For there, at least, I may approach my lord);
 And when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease,
 And ebbing life, on terms severe, as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead,
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect;
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,
 And decent emblem; and, at least, persuade
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
 With frequent eye, my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death;
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
 And thou, foresworn, thou, cruel as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
 Thou, sure, must give one thought, and drop one tear,
 To her whom love abandon'd to despair;
 To her who, dying, on the wounded stone,
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and, conscious Venus, hear;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear
 No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
 O, pow'ful virtue! O, victorious fair!
 At least, excuse a trial so severe;
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
 No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sex's charms ;
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth !
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
 And found his glory in his Emma's joy !

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir ;
 Illustrious earl ! him terrible in war,
 Let Loyre confess ; for she has felt his sword,
 And, trembling, fled before the British lord :
 Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows ;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows,
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
 And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands.
 And thou, my fair, my dove ! shalt raise thy thought
 To greatness next to empire ; shalt be brought
 With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait :
 Musick and song shall wake the marriage-day,
 And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy ev'ning feasts adorn,
 And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn ;
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
 And age, unheeded by delight, come on ;
 While yet superior Love shall mock his pow'r ;
 And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold,
 What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast,
 (That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love ;
 Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day! the fairest sure that ever rose;
 Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
 O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
 Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of Love,
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood?—
 None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain,
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 And anxious Jealousy's corroding smart;
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
 Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
 And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands,
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace;
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,
 Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
 And, unconcern'd, return the goods she lent,
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
 From any turn of her fantastick wheel:
 Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior pow'rs,
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.
 From the events which thy commands create,
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
 Yet, while with close delight and inward pride,
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)

I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
 Exalted high as virtue can require,
 With pow'r invested, and with pleasure chear'd,
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
 Loaded and blest'd with all the affluent store
 Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore;
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ
 My life subservient only to thy joy,
 And at my death to blest thy kindness, shown
 To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone.

—While thus the constant pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive loves, a num'rous crowd;
 Smiling they clapp'd their wings, and low they bow'd:
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
 To chuse propitious shafts a precious store,
 That when their god should take his future darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
 His happy skill might proper arms employ,
 All tipp'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy;
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
 These lovers constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of Beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,
 Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear,
 And to the triumph call'd the god of War:
 Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

' Now, Mars,' she said, ' let Fame exalt her voice,
 ' Nor let thy conquests only be her choice;
 ' But when she sings great Edward from the field
 ' Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
 ' In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield.
 And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat
 ' The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,

- ‘ The swift-wing’d power shall take her trump again,
- ‘ To sing her fav’rite Anna’s wond’rous reign;
- ‘ To recollect unweary’d Marlbrô’s toils,
- ‘ Old Rufus’ Hall unequal to his spoils;
- ‘ The British soldier from his high command
- ‘ Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish’d by his hand;
- ‘ Let her at least perform what I desire,
- ‘ With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
- ‘ And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
- ‘ What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
- ‘ And when thy tumults and thy fights are pass’d,
- ‘ And when thy laurels at my feet are cast,
- ‘ Faithful may’st thou, like British Henry, prove;
- ‘ And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
- ‘ Renown’d for truth let all thy sons appear,
- ‘ And constant Beauty shall reward their care.’
- Mars smil’d, and bow’d: the Cyprian deity
- Turn’d to the glorious ruler of the sky;
- ‘ And thou,’ she smiling said, ‘ great god of days
- ‘ And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
- ‘ As on the British earth, my fav’rite isle,
- ‘ Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
- ‘ Thro’ all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
- ‘ Proclaim with joy these memorable loves:
- ‘ From ev’ry annual course let one great day,
- ‘ To celebrated sports and floral play,
- ‘ Be set aside; and in the softest lays
- ‘ Of thy poetick sons, be solemn praise,
- ‘ And everlasting marks of honour, paid
- ‘ To the true Lover and the Nut-brown Maid.’

A LETTER TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
 Our nation's envy and it's pride ;
 While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
 And justly all your counsels praise,
 Which, in contempt of faction's force,
 Steer, tho' oppos'd, a steady course;
 Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
 Your bard a greater man than you ?
 And yet the sequel proves it true.

}

You know, Sir, certain ancient fellows,
 Philosophers, and others, tell us,
 That no alliance e'er between
 Greatness and happiness is seen ;
 If so, may Heaven still deny
 To you, to be as great as I.

Besides, we're taught, it does behove us,
 To think those greater who're above us :
 Another instance of my glory,
 Who live above you twice two story,
 And from my garret can look down,
 As from an hill, on half the town.

Greatness by poets still is painted,
 With many followers acquainted :
 This too does in my favour speak,
 Your levee is but twice a week ;
 From mine I can exclude but one day ;
 My door is quiet on a Sunday.

The distance, too, at which they bow,
 Does my superior greatness shew.

Familiar

Familiar you to admiration,
 May be approach'd by all the nation ;
 While I, like Great Mogul in Indo,
 Am never seen but at a window.

The family that dines the latest,
 Is in our street esteem'd the greatest ;
 But greater him we surely call,
 Who hardly deigns to dine at all.

If with my greatness you're offended,
 The fault is easily amended :
 You have it, Sir, within your power
 To take your humble servant lower.

L O V E.

AN ELEGY.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

TOO much my heart of beauty's pow'r hath known,
 Too long to Love hath Reason left her throne ;
 Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
 And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.
 My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,
 Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes :
 Thro' each elysian vale and fairy grove,
 Thro' all th' enchanted paradise of love.
 Misled by sickly Hope's deceitful flame,
 Averse to action, and renouncing fame.

At last the visionary scenes decay ;
 My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day ;
 Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
 In which my heedless feet securely trod,
 And strip the phantoms of their lying charms,
 That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.

For

For silver streams, and banks bespread with flow'rs,
 For mossy couches, and harmonious bow'rs,
 Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
 And rocks, hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods :
 For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
 Looks fraught with love, and wrath-disarming wiles,
 Lo! sullen spite, and perjur'd lust of gain,
 And cruel pride, and crueller disdain ;
 Lo! cordial faith to idiot airs refin'd,
 Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
 For graceful ease, lo! affectation walks,
 And dull half-sense for wit and wisdom talks.
 New to each hour, what low delight succeeds,
 What precious furniture of hearts and heads !
 By nought their prudence, but by getting, known ;
 And all their courage in deceiving shewn.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
 What frightful forms of terror, scorn, and hate !
 See burning Fury heav'n and earth defy !
 See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie !
 See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
 The hideous image of himself to view !
 And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
 Sinks in those arms, that point his head with shame.
 There woe Dejection, fault'ring as he goes,
 In shades and silence vainly seeks repose ;
 Musing thro' pathless wilds consumes the day,
 Then lost in darkness, weeps the hours away.
 Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
 Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance ;
 On ev'ry head the rosy garland glows,
 In ev'ry hand the golden goblet flows.
 The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
 And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies.
 But see behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
 The grave remonstrance, and the witty sneer !

See

See fell Remorse, in action prompt to dart
Her snaky poison thro' the conscious heart!
And Sloth, to-casteel, with oblivious shame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame!

Are these delights that one would wish to gain?
Is this th' elysium of a sober brain?
To wait for happiness in female smiles,
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles;
With pray'rs, with bribes, with lyes, her pity crave,
Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave;
To feel, for trifles, a distracting train
Of hopes and terrors, equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow;
Can pride, can sense, can reason stoop so low?
When Virtue, at an easier price, displays
The sacred wreaths of honourable praise;
When Wisdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.

I bid adieu, then, to these woeful scenes;
I bid adieu to all the sex of queens;
Adieu to ev'ry swarming, simple soul,
That let's a woman's will his ease controul.
There, laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone.
Joy to my heart! my wishes are my own!
Farewel the female heav'n, the female hell!
To the great god of love a glad-farewel!
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?

Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway?
When thus Minerva heard thee, boasting, say—

- Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,
- Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy:
- Go, teach the solemn sons of care and age,
- The pensive statesman, and the midnight sage;

- The young with me must other lessons prove ;
- Youth calls for pleasure, pleasure calls for love.
- Behold his heart thy grave advice disdains,
- Behold I bind him in eternal chains.'

Alas ! great Love, how idle was the boast !
 Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost.
 Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suff'ring heart,
 And passion, reason, forc'd thee to depart.

But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way ?
 Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,
 When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,
 And countless victims bow them to the stroke ?
 Lo ! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,
 Warm with the gentle ardours of romance ;
 Each longs t' assert thy cause with seats of arms,
 And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms.
 Ten thousand girls, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,
 To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound ;
 Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
 But if thy pride such easy honour scorn,
 If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,
 Behold yon flow'ry antiquated maid
 Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd ;
 Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
 And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins ;
 Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,
 With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,
 Entice the wary, and controul the proud ;
 Make the sad miser his best gains forego,
 The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau ;
 The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,
 The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn ;
 And that chief glory of thy pow'r maintain,
 • To poise ambition in a female brain.'

Be these thy triumphs, but no more presume
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
 I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;
 I break triumphant thro' thy flimsy toils;
 I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
 Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow;
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,
 To active science, and ingenuous fame:
 Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
 And lose, with pride, the lover in the man.

LYCIDAS*.

A MONODY.

BY MR. JOHN MILTON.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime;
 Young Lycidas! and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not fing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

* This poem was made upon the unfortunate and untimely death of Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King secretary for Ireland, (a fellow-collegian and intimate friend of our author) who, as he was going to visit his relations in Ireland, was drowned on the 10th of August 1637, and in the 25th year of his age. Dr. NEWTON.

Begin



24

7

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse!
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud:
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the op'ning eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night;
Oft till the star that rose, at ev'ning, bright,
Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute:
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone;
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs that their gay wardrobe wear.
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie;
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high;
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there; for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
 Perhaps reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glittering foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy need.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd ev'ry gulf of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story.
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine!

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing flow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r intomb'd with woe:
Ah! who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain!
Enow of such as for their bellies take:
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest!
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least

That

- That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
- What reck's it them ? What heed they ? They are spoil'd
- And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
- Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
- The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;
- But, swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
- Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
- Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
- Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;
- But that two-handed engine at the door
- Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is pass'd,
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And ev'ry flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 'T'wixt strew the laureat hearth where Lycid lies.
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,

Where

Where thou perhaps under the whelming side
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist rows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds! weep no more;
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the fairs above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:

And

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropp'd into the western bay.
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

THE INVITATION.

BY MR. BARCLAY.

AWAKE, my fair, the morning springs,
 The dew-drops glance around ;
 The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
 The echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would Stella taste,
 That breathing morning yields ;
 The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
 And freshness of the fields :

By uplands, and the greenwood-side,
 We'll take our early way,
 And view the valley spreading wide,
 And opening with the day.

Nor uninstruſtive ſhall the ſcene
 Unfold it's charms in vain ;
 The fallow brown, the meadow green,
 The mountain, and the plain.

Each dew-drop glift'ning on the thorn,
 And trembling to it's fall ;
 Each bluſh that paints the cheek of morn,
 In Fancy's ear ſhall call :

• O ye, in youth and beauty's pride,
 • Who lightly dance along ;
 • While Laughter frolicks at your ſide,
 • And Rapture tunes your ſong !

What

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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- What though each grace around you play,
- Each beauty bloom for you,
- Warm as the blush of rising day,
- And sparkling as the dew :

- The blush that glows so gaily now,
- But ~~glows to disappear~~ ;
- And, quiv'ring from the bending bough,
- Soon breaks the pearly tear !

- So pass the beauties of your prime,
- That e'en in blooming die ;
- So, shrinking at the blast of Time,
- The treach'rous Graces fly.

Let those, my Stella, flight the train,
 Who fear to find it true ;
 Each fair, of tranfient beauty vain,
 And youth as tranfient too !

With charms that win beyond the fight,
 And hold the willing heart,
 My Stella shall await their flight,
 Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
 And beauties still controul ;
 The graces of the polish'd mind,
 And beauties of the soul.

3 G

HOLK.

H O L K H A M*.

BY MR. POTTER.

THE lofty beeches, and their sacred shade,
 O'er Penshurst's flow'r-embroider'd vale display'd;
 Have yet their glory: not that Sidney's hand
 • Marshall'd in even ranks th' obsequious band;
 Or his fresh garlands in these bowers entwin'd,
 Whilst all Arcadia open'd on his mind.
 But here sweet Waller breath'd his am'rous flame,
 And taught the groves his Sacharissa's name;
 Here met the Muse, • while gentle Love was by,
 • That tun'd his lute, and wound the strings so high:
 Still with th' enraptur'd strains the vallies ring,
 And the groves flourish in eternal spring.
 Eternal spring smiles in those green retreats,
 • No more the monarch's, still the Muse's seats;
 Where crown'd with tow'rs majestic Windsor stands,
 And the wide world beneath her feet commands:
 Not that her regal rampires boast the fame
 Of each great Edward's, each great Henry's name;
 Not that, in days of high-atchiev'd renown,
 There Britain's Genius fix'd his awful throne,
 Encircled with that glorious blaze, that springs
 From conquer'd nations, and from captive kings.
 When each proud trophy moulders from the wall,
 And e'en the imperial dome itself shall fall;
 When those great names, the warrior and the sage,
 Lie clouded in the dark historick page;
 Then shall the heav'n-born Muse (to whom belong
 The more than mortal-making pow'rs of song)

* A seat belonging to the Earl of Leicester in the county of Norfolk.

Thro' Time's deep shades her sacred light display,
And pour the beam of Fame's eternal day.

Queen of sweet numbers and melodious strains,
If yet thou deign to visit Britain's plains;
If yet thy hallow'd haunts partake thy love,
Clear spring, enamell'd vale, or bow'ry grove;
O come, and range with me th' aspiring glades,
Where Leicester spreads the lawns, and forms the shades;
On Holkham's plains bid Grecian structures rise,
And the tall column shoot into the skies;
Beneath whose proud survey, extended wide,
New scenes, new beauties, charm on ev'ry side:
Here, crown'd with woods, the shaded hills ascend;
In open light there the low vales extend;
Here, in rich harvests, waves the ripen'd grain,
And there fresh verdure cloaths the pastur'd plain;
Sweet intermix'd, and lovely to behold,
As the green emerald enchas'd in gold.

See where the limpid lake, thro' pendant shades,
The hills between, her liquid treasures leads;
And to the boughs, that fringe her crisped sides,
Holds the clear mirror of her chrystal tides:
Her chrystal tides reflect the waving scene,
Their silvery surface darkening into green.
As on the steep banks, bending o'er the flood,
Grotesque and wild up springs th' o'ershadowing wood;
Or the slope margent, with a softer rise,
Shade above shade; and rank o'er rank supplies;
The verdant basis of yon champaign mound,
It's hallow'd head with God's own temple crown'd;
The home-bound mariner from far descries,
Emerging from the waves, the tall tower rise;
With transport bids the solemn structure hail,
And, wing'd for Britain, speeds the flying sail.

In nearer view, midst the lawn's wide extent,
That gently swells with an unforc'd ascent,

In just proportion rising on the sight,
 The stately mansion lifts it's tow'ry height,
 And glitters o'er the groves. An oak beneath,
 That calls the cool gales thro' it's boughs to breathe,
 Where the sun darts his fervid rays in vain,
 Like the great patriarch on Mamre's plain
 The princely Leicester sits: the pageant pride,
 Of cumb'rous greatness, banish'd from his side,
 In these bless'd bowers he plans the great design;
 With heighten'd charms bids modest nature shine;
 Shews us magnificence ally'd to use;
 Tho' rich, yet chaste; tho' splendid, not profuse;
 Calls forth each beauty that from order springs,
 From it's lov'd Greece each honour'd science brings,
 O'er Art's fair train extends his gen'rous care,
 And bids each polish'd grace inhabit here.

Nor these alone: here Virtue loves to dwell,
 No cold recluse, self-cavern'd in a cell;
 Active and warm she breathes a noble part,
 Glows in the breast, and opens all the heart;
 To gen'rous deeds she fires th' empassion'd mind,
 The substitute of Heaven, to bless mankind!
 She, thro' desponding Misery's chearless gloom,
 Pours joy, and gives neglected Worth to bloom;
 She in each bosom stills the rising sigh,
 And wipes off ev'ry tear from ev'ry eye;
 She to yon alms-house, bosom'd in the grove,
 From toil and cares bids Age and Want remove;
 There the tir'd eve of labour'd life to rest,
 Fed by her hand, and by her bounty bless'd.

These, these are rays that round true greatness shine,
 And thine, bright Clifford! the full blaze is thine.
 Bring the green bay, the fragrant myrtle bring,
 The violet glowing in the lap of spring;
 Bid the sweet vallies send each honey'd flow'r,
 Each herb, each leaf, of aromatick power.

The

The Muse's hand shall their mix'd odours spread,
And strew the ground where Clifford deigns to tread.

In distant prospect, sinking from the eye,
Low in the tufted dales the hamlets lie,
Where virgin Innocence, and meek-ey'd Peace,
With calm Content, the straw-roof'd cottage blefs;
And strong-nerv'd Industry, in purest flow,
Spreads o'er the vermil cheek Health's roseate glow.

More distant yet, the throng'd commercial town,
That makes the wealth of other worlds her own,
Lifts her proud head, and sees with ev'ry tide,
Rich-freighted navies croud her harbour'd fide;
Or bids the parting vessel spread the sail
Loose to the wind, and catch the rising gale:
Whilst the vast ocean, Albion's utmost bound,
Rolls it's broad wave, a world of waters, round.

In sweet astonishment th' impatient mind
Bids her free pow'rs expatiate unconfin'd;
From scene to scene in rapid progress flies;
Glances from earth to seas, from seas to skies;
Delights to feel the great ideas roll,
Swell on the sense, and fill up all the soul.

Not such the scene, when o'er th' uncultur'd wild
No harvest rose, no chearful verdure smil'd;
On the bare hill no tree was seen to spread
The graceful foliage of it's waving head;
No breathing hedge-row form'd the broider'd bound,
Nor hawthorn blossom'd on th' unsightly ground:
Joy was not here; no bird of finer note
Pour'd the thick warblings of his dulcet throat;
E'en Hope was fled; and o'er the chearless plain,
A waste of sand, Want held her unblest'd reign.

Lo, Leicester comes! Before his mastering hand
Flies the rude Genius of the savage land;
The russet lawns a sudden verdure wear;
Starts from the woud'ring fields the golden ear;

Up rise the waving woods, and haste to crown
 The hill's bare brow, and shade the sultry down.
 The shelter'd traveller sees, with glad surprize,
 O'er trackless wilds th' extended rows arise;
 And, as their hospitable branches spread,
 Blesses the friendly hand that form'd the shade:
 Joy blooms around, and cheers the peasant's toil,
 As smiling Plenty decks the cultur'd soil;
 The bright'ning scenes a kinder genius own,
 And Nature finishes what Art begun.

But can the verse, tho' Philomela deign
 To breathe the sweet notes thro' the warbled strain;
 Tho' ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace should smile,
 And raptures raise the honey-steeped style;
 Can the verse paint like Nature? Can the pow'r
 That wakes to life free Fancy's imag'd store,
 Boast charms like her's? or the creative hand
 In blendid tints such beauteous scenes command,
 Tho' learned Poussin gives each grace to flow,
 And bright Lorrain's ethereal colours glow?
 Yet peerless is the pow'r of sacred song,
 That bursts in transport from the Muse's tongue.
 And, hark! methinks her hallow'd voice I hear,
 In notes mellifluous, stealing on the ear:
 Now clearer, and yet clearer, trills the strain,
 Swells thro' the grove, and melts along the plain.
 Ye nymphs, that love to range the lily'd vale,
 Where streams the silver fount of Alcidale;
 Ye that in Pindus' laurel'd groves abide,
 Or haunt Cyllene's cypress-shaded side;
 Or braid your fine wreaths in the pearly caves,
 Where fam'd Ilissus rolls his Attick waves;
 Whilst the barbarian's rude, unletter'd rage,
 Profane your grottos, and your bow'rs deface;
 See Leicester courts you to th' Icenian shore,
 Studious your long-lost honours to restore!

• See,

' See, the fair rival of your native seats,
 ' Aonian Holkham opens all it's sweets :
 ' Deign, then, ye sacred sisters ! deign to tread
 ' The rich embroidery of yon velvet mead ;
 ' As fresh, as lovely as your lily'd vale,
 ' Where streams the silver fount of Alcidaie.
 ' If old Cyllene's cypress-shaded bow'r,
 ' Or Pindus' laurel'd mount delight you more :
 ' Go, sweet enthusiasts ! softly-silent rove
 ' The studious mazes of the twilight grove ;
 ' Or, at the foot of some hoar elm reclin'd,
 ' Wake the high thought that swells the raptur'd mind ;
 ' Or pensive listen to the solemn roar
 ' Of whitening billows breaking on the shore.
 ' If the majestick domes, whose tow'ry pride,
 ' Glitter o'er fam'd Ilissus' Attick tide,
 ' Your steps detain ; yon princely structure view,
 ' Grac'd with each finer art your Athens knew !
 ' Each finer art to just perfection brought,
 ' All that Vitruvius and Palladio thought :
 ' The trophy'd arch ; the porphry-pillar'd hall ;
 ' The sculptur'd forms that breathe along the wall ;
 ' Lycæan Pan ; the faun's Arcadian race ;
 ' The Huntress Queen's inimitable grace ;
 ' Athenian Pallas, clad in radiant arms ;
 ' Heav'n's empress, conscious of her slighted charms ;
 ' Your own Apollo, on whose polish'd brow
 ' Youth blooms ; and grace, and candour's bright'ning glow ;
 ' Gods, heroes, sages, an illustrious train,
 ' Court you to Holkham's consecrated plain.
 ' Haste, then, ye sacred sisters ! haste and bring
 ' The laurel steep'd in the Castalian spring ;
 ' On the choice bough a purer fragrance breathe,
 ' And twine for Leicester's brow th' unfading wreath.
 She ceas'd the raptur'd strain ; and, dear to fame,
 Flows the proud verse inscrib'd with Leicester's name.

BLASTS OF POETRY

THE WISH.

TO URANIA.

BY THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

LET others travel with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;
Then with fond hopes caress the precious bane,
In grandeur abject, and in splendour poor.

But soon, too soon! in Fancy's timid eyes
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantick size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thoughtless head.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life unenvy'd share:
Favour'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth it's jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighbouring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near.

Far hence, kind Heaven! expel the savage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye powers of social life and tender song !
 To you devoted shall my fields remain ;
 Here, undisturb'd, the peaceful day prolong,
 Nor own a smart, but Love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade ;
 For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air ;
 For you, be Autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
 And all that Nature yields of sweet or fair.

But, O ! if plaints which love and grief inspire,
 In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,
 Grant me, ah ! grant my heart's supreme desire,
 And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black Sadness clouds my brightest day ;
 For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll ;
 For her, cold horrors melt my powers away,
 And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
 It's joys, it's wishes, and it's hopes, expire !
 In vain the fields of Science tempt my eyes ;
 In vain for me the Muses string the lyre.

O ! let her oft my humble dwelling grace ;
 Humble no more, if there she deign to shine ;
 For Heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
 Still waits on god-like worth, and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
 How sweet with her thro' lonely fields to stray !
 Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
 And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all Nature shines in heighten'd bloom,
 The silver stream in sweeter musick flows;
 Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume,
 And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose,
 It's deepest silence charms if she be by;
 Her voice the musick of the dawn renews,
 It's lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet, with her, in Wisdom's calm recess,
 To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd!
 Kind Nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
 And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as Heav'n sublime,
 View it's full blaze in open prospect glow;
 Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
 Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,
 No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
 Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
 Till ev'ry nerve, relax'd, can hold no more.

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
 Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
 Then soar where only greater joys attend,
 And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
 'Tis thine to languish in unpity'd smart;
 'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
 Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

But if my fair this cruel law impose,
Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
And with the weeping through her sorrows blend.

Ah, no! be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free:
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
The joys of heaven would be no joys to me.

T H E S E A S O N S.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

S P R I N G.

ERE yet I sing the round revolving year,
And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
At Alcon's* grave I drop a pious tear;
Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.
Ah, cruel Fate! to tear him from our eyes;
Receive this wreath, albe the tribute's vain;
From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
To mark the sacred spot where the sweet poet lies

* Mr. Thomson, author of the Seasons.

It is the cuckow that announceth spring;
 And with his wreakful tale the spow doth fray;
 Meanwhile the finches harmless ditties sing,
 And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,
 Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.
 The little wantons that draw Venus' team,
 Chirp amorous thro' the grove in heavies gay;
 And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,
 Now sails on Themis' tide, the glory of the stream.
 Proud as the Turkish foldan, chaunticleer
 Sees, with delight, his numerous race around;
 He grants fresh favours to each female near:
 For love as well as cherifaunce renown'd,
 The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,
 Her tawny fons doth lead to rivers cold;
 While Juno's dearling, with majestick bound,
 To charm his leman doth his train unfold,
 That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning gold,

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,
 The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hite;
 An hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain;
 And the meek violet, in am'is blue,
 Creeps low to earth, and hides from publick view.
 But the rank nettle rears her crest on high;
 So ribaulds boast their front unblushing shew,
 While modest merit doth neglected lie,
 And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.
 See! all around the gall-less culvers bill,
 Meanwhile the nightingale's bewitching lays
 Mix with the plaintive musick of the rill,
 The which in various gyres the meadow lays,

Behold!

Behold! the welkin bursts into a blaze!
 Fast by the car of light the nimble hours,
 In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays,
 And, as they wend to Thetis cooling bowers,
 They bound along the sky, and strew the heavens with flowers.

And now the human bosom melts to love;
 The raptur'd bard awakes his skilful lyre;
 By running streams, or in the laurel grove,
 He tunes to amorous notes his founding wire:
 All, all is harmony, and all desire,
 The happy numbers charm the blooming maid;
 Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
 She now consents, then shuns th' embow'ring shade,
 With faint reluctance yields; desirous, yet afraid.

Now rustick Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
 (Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and swain)
 By various songs would various ends promote.
 Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain,
 He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain;
 And if to honour Britain he be led,
 He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
 Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,
 Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a prince's wed.

But, hark! the bag-pipe summons to the green,
 The jocund bag-pipe that awaketh sport:
 The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,
 Around the flower-crown'd May-pole quick resort;
 The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
 Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,
 Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,
 Short as the whisper of the passing breeze;
 Yet, ah! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.

SUMMER.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

S U M M E R.

NEATH yon snubby oak's extended shade,
Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;
Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,
As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way:
The fultry lion rages for his prey.
Ah, Phoebus! quench thy destroying fire!
Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy ray;
Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire:
The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
Improve my reason, and amend my mind;

Here, 'gainst Life's ills, a remedy I find.
An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground;
A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind;
Its waters yield a melancholy sound,
And soothe to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.

The playful insect hopping in the grass,
Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet fill;
The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass,
And on the ramping reed doth suck his fill!

Ah, me! can little creatures work such ill!
The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,
Her body steep within the neighb'ring rill;
And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
Their mothers hang their head, in doleful plight I weep!

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Reckless of seasons, see the lusty swains
 Along the meadow spread the tawny hay :
 The maidens too, undaunted seek the plains,
 No fear to show their faces to the ray ;
 But all the honest badge of toil display.
 See how they mould the haycock's rising head ;
 While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
 Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.
 Fear not thou canst be hurt upon so soft a bed.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
 And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light ;
 In flaming gold the ruddy welkin glows,
 And for the noon-day heat our pains doth quite,
 For all is calm, serene, and passing bright :
 Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
 And sheds sweet odours from his pennons light ;
 The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,
 And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-ey'd love.

Menalcas came to taste the evening gale,
 His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth :
 He won each damsel with his piteous tale ;
 They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
 Yet their belief did work them muchel ruth.
 His oaths were light as gossamer, or air,
 His tongue was poisonous as an asp's tooth.
 Ah ! cease to promise joy, and give despair :
 'Tis brave to smite the foe ; 'tis base to wrong the fair.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as op'ning morn,
 Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found ;
 Marian, whom many husband arts adorn :
 Right well she knew the apple to surround,
 With dulcet crust ; and Thomalin renown'd

For

For prowess achievements in the wrestling ring;
 He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
 But prone to earth the hardiest wight would fling;
 Such was Alcides erst, if poets sooth do sing.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flow'r-enamell'd vale,

The mild inhabitants in crowds appear
 To tread a measure; while Night's regent pale
 Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer,
 Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops clear;
 The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.

Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
 And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
 Thrice happy he who loves and is belov'd again.

A U T U M N.

THE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
 In wholesome lolly-hed doth mount the sphere;
 A lolly girlond binds her temples sheen,
 Insaddled richly with the spiky ear;
 Her right-hand bears a vine-incircled spear,
 Such as the crew did wield whom Bacchus lad,
 When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
 And in her left a bugle-horn she had,
 On which she oft did blow, and made the heart right glad.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
 The sun-burnt binds their finish'd toil ensue;
 Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
 And there the cries of 'harvest home!' renew.
 The honest farmer does his friends salew;
 And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
 Which for that purpose she at home did brew:

They

They laugh, they sport, and loudly jest repeat,
Then trace their kisses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

On ev'ry hill the purple blushing vine—
Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide,
Alas she pour not floods of foaming wine,
Yet are we not poisonous bland denied;
See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide!
Bruise her rich fructage, and the grape disdain;
The apple too will grant a generous tide,
To sing whose honours I then rais'd his strain,
Whose soul-enchancing lays still charm the hallow'd plain.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawn,
And to his sport the wary fowler hies;
Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns;
Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
To find where, with his race, the partridge lies.
Ah, luckless sire! ah, luckless race! I ween,
Whom force compels or subtle arts surprize;
More uncles * wait to cause thee dolorous teen,
Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the green.

The fall-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
Ah! borrow the light pennons of the air,
If you're arraught, you die; poor wretch, you die!
Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
For our good squire doth much against you rail,
And faith you often magick arts do try;
At times you wave Grimalkin's sooty tail,
Or on a beesome wild you thro' the welkin fall.

* Daulus, envying Perdix his nephew's skill in mechanics, threw him into the sea. He escaped death by being changed into a partridge.

The stag is rous'd; he starts the threatening flood,
 That shall ere long his matchless swiftness quell;
 And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
 Amongst his well-known phœnix attempts to wallow,
 With horn and hoof his purpose they repell.
 Thus, should a maid from Virtue's lore stray, how can she
 Your sex, my Daphne, show their vengeance sell?
 Your cruel selves with gall the shaft embay;
 And lash from Pardon's shrine the penitent away.
 Now silence charms the sages of the gown,
 To purer air doth speed each crafty wight;
 The well-squeez'd client quits the dusty town,
 Grown grey in the asserting of his right;
 With head y'fraught with law, and pockets light,
 Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
 And views each rural object with delight.
 Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to see;
 Who trusts to lawyer's tongue doth much misween, perdy.

Right blest'd the man who, free from bitter bale;
 Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell;
 No loud contention doth his ears assail,
 Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell:
 The fruitfall down, the flower-depainted dell,
 To please his cyne are variously array'd;
 And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
 He gains a smile from his beloved maid;
 By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.

WINTER.

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
 And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
 Doth now forget to roll her wanton way;
 For Winter hoar her icy chain has flung,
 And still'd the babbling musick of her tongue.

The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,
 Each mountain head with Percy snow is hung;
 The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,
 Like eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.
 The wareless sheep no longer bite the mead,
 No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,
 At the full crib the harrowed labourers feed,
 Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoke around;
 A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround.
 The wily fox doth prowle abroad for prey,
 Reckless of snares, or of the avenging hound;
 And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
 Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours away.

Where erst the boat, and slowly-moving barge,
 Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain,
 Now wanton boys and men do roam at large;
 The river-gods quit their usurp'd domain,
 And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.
 There mote you see mild Ayon crown'd with flow'rs,
 And milky Wey withouten spot or stain;
 There the fair stream that washes Hampton's bowlers,
 And Isis, who with pride beholds her learned topographers,
 Intent on sport, the ever-jocund throng
 Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare;
 Behold the restless foot-ball, which along
 Now near the earth, now mounted high in air,
 Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,
 Who quit true bliss to grasp an empty toy.
 Our honest swains for wealth nor titles care,
 But lusty health in exercise employ:
 The distant village hears the rude tumultuous joy.

The careful hedger looks the fields around,
 To see what labour may his skill demand;
 He mends the fence, repairs the sinking mound,
 Or in long drains he cuts the lower land,
 That shall henceforth all sudden floods withstand.
 Meanwhile, at home, his dame, with silver hair,
 Doth sit encircled by a goodly band
 Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,
 All chaste as Jove's wife child, as Cupid's mother fair.

She them discourges not of fashions nice,
 Nor of the trilling notes which tunachs sing;
 Allurements vain, that prompt the soul to vice!
 Ne tells she them of Kesar or of king;
 Too great the subject for so mean a ring.
 Her lessons teach to swell the capon's size;
 To make the hen a numerous offspring bring;
 Or how the wayward mother to chastise,
 When from her vetchy nest the weeteless vagrant flies.

When glistering spangles deck the robe of night,
 And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,
 The buxom troops, still eager of delight,
 Round Damon's eyne a drapet white unfold;
 He darkling gropes till he some one can hold.
 Next Corin hides his head, and must impart
 What wanton fair-one smote his hand so bold.
 He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;
 For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his heart.

Stay, I conjure you by your hopes of bliss;
 Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air;
 Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss;
 Will Eurus stern the charms of beauty spare?

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No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair.
If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,
Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear.
The mountain ash may stand, tho' stripp'd of shade;
But at the slightest wound the silken flowers will fade.

THE NUN.

ADALEIDA TO HER FRIEND.

BY MR. JEFFERSON.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All Beauty's treasure op'ning on her cheek;
Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each with resign'd,
Does gay Ophelia this lone mansion seek?

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flowers?
Thro' Nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate;
Lest thy soft heart, (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelick, lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Applead the dictates of thy early choice,
Approach with confidence the awful shrine;

There,

There, kneeling at yon altar's noble base,
 (While tears of rapture from thine eye distil,
 And smiling Heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)
 Pronounce the vow thou never wilt repeal.

But if misled by false-entitled friends,
 Who say—that Peace, with all her comely train,
 From starry regions to this clime descends,
 Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain :

That vests tread Contentment's flow'ry lawn,
 Approved of Innocence, by Health carelessly;
 That rob'd in colours bright, by Fancy drawn,
 Celestial Hope sits smiling at their breast :

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
 Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal;
 Full oft does pride with faintest notes beguile,
 And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant abbe's here perchance may reign,
 Who, fond of pow'r, affects th' imperial nod;
 Looks down disdainful on her female train,
 And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long taint,
 Back-glancing Mem'ry asks her busy part;
 It's charm the world unfolds to Fancy's eye,
 And sheds allurement on the youthful heart.

Lo ! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
 Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest;
 E'en at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,
 And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But

But since the legends of monastic bliss,
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd;
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh, mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd!

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled;
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend;
A trembling victim to the temple led,
And (blush, ye parents!) by a father's hand.

Yet, then, what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating sound;
The choral virgins captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around;

The train of youth, array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiss of Peace from all the vefay throng;

The golden censers, fill'd with graceful incense,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odour shed;
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

My willing soul was caught by rapture's flame,
While sacred ardour glow'd in every vein;
Methought applauding angels sang my name,
And Heav'n's unsullied glories girt the fane.

Methought, in sun-beams, the heav'nly Spouse
Indulg'd the longings of my holy love;
Not undelighted heard my virgin vows—
While o'er the altar wav'd the mystic dove.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY

This temporary transport soon ceas'd;
 My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void;
 Now helpless, heart's abandon'd, I sigh'd;
 I tread this dome, to misery ally'd.

No wakening joy informs my fallen brain,
 Thro' op'ning skies no radiant seraph shines;
 No saint descends to soothe my soul to rest,
 No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard Discontent still haunts my view,
 The number'd genius reigns in ev'ry place;
 Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
 Chills ev'ry pray'r, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
 The gloomy grotto, and the darksome wood;
 I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
 The chiding gale, and hoarse-echoing flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
 (The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase!)
 When having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,
 I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold,
 This cloister'd scene in all its horror dress'd;
 Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold,
 When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah! could she view her only child betray'd,
 And let submission o'er her love prevail?
 Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid,
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas!

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Alas! she might not—her secret sorrow
Had seal'd her lips, and chid the thing that said,
So Anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard;
And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name;
What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim,
And giv'n (oh, branding thought!) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
Oh, haste and bear her from this lone some gloom!
In vain—no words can soothe his rigid ear,
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow;
From fatal symptoms I might conceive,
This stream, Ophelia, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breath to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier,
To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

With pious footsteps join the fable train,
As thro' the length'ning ill they take their way;
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain;
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay.

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew.

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. H. GOLDSMITH.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where chearful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair :
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around .



Plate VI.

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Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies;
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophick mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world; the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store;
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,

Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave:
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd,
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down;
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest,
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;

Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
It's uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay sheatrick pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring top between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest;
Whatever fruits in different climates are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern day,
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, crown the kinder soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the platter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that deifies here;
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance pleasing sin renew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;

His T

For

For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
 At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies;
 The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 It's former strength was but plethorick ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the few fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem
 Here may be seen, in blood array'd,
 The paste-board triumph and alcade;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove,
 By sports like these are all their cares beguila,
 The sports of children satisfy the child;
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:

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No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly fues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all it's rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear it's head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the fanny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snaw-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He fits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill, which lifts him to the storm.

And

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unquench'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.

Gay sprightly land of mirth and sport and
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can praise;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire,
Where shading elms along the margin grow,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the myrror show;
And haply, though my heart much faltering still,
But mock'd all time, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wand'ring pipe,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide heat,
Alike all ages, Dances of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandfere, still'd in gettick lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three score.

So blest'd a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear;
For honour forms the social temper here,
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffick round the land;
From courts to camps, so cottages it strays,
And all are taught an service of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give and get esteem;
Till, seeming blest'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Rufes all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself encliv'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast;
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her next grimace,
And trims her robes of fize with copper lace.

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
 The mind still turns, where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause,
 To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride,
 Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
 Spreads it's long arms amidst the war'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and sweeps the shore,
 While the pent ocean rises to the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world, with him smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow-embosom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain,
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here,
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heaven

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgick flies of double fold
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
How much unlike the Towns of Britain now, proud rising Pile

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing, she soars
And flies where Britain courts the western spring,
Where fawns extend the Roman Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fabled Hydasps glide,
There all around the gentle breezes stray,
There gentle musick melts on ev'ry spray,
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind,
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd freed from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardihood of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man!

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear,
Too blest'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ill's annoy,
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man; and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd,
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system reels,
It's motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the world. As Nature's dec' decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown,
 Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toll'd, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of lewd avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd lie.

Yet think not, that when Freedom's ill I sing,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to scorn
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry frown,
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud Contempt, or Favour's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure;
 For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 It's double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warns:
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;

Each wanton judge new penal statutes drew,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where Guage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, burst
Tear off reserve, and here my swelling breast
Till half a patriot, half a coward grows,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, prefer with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition smelt at regal power,
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force;
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shores,
Her useful sons, exchange'd for useless ones?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction hush;
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they wane;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose;
Have we not seen, as Pleasure's loudly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decy'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swampy arid
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as stern some gilliam stray,
Through tangled forests, and through long'ron ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with equal pain
There, while above the giddy rampart lies,
And all around, distant hills arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his knee,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.

Cast a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind !
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestick joy.
The list'd ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

D A Y.

A PASTORAL. IN THREE PARTS.

BY MR. CUNNINGHAM.

— Carpe diem.

Hor.

M O R N I N G.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock !)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,
Gently greets the morning gale;
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daifies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn,
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious;—whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly founding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet—

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

Sweet—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray !
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows :
 Drooping o'er it's infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
 From the fierce meridian heat
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forfakes the glade,

Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall ;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
 O'er the river, rock, and mill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.

But

BEAUTIES OF POETRY. 457

But from mountain, dell, or ~~stream~~
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
 Scorch it's soft, it's filken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the ~~smooth~~ ~~clad~~ ~~hill~~.
 Languid is the landscape round;
 Till the fresh-descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.
 Now the hill—the hedge—is green;
 Now the warblers throats in tune;
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

EVENING.

O'E'R the heath the heifer strays,
 Free—the furrow'd ~~soil~~ ~~is~~ ~~done~~;
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.
 Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky;
 Can the pencil's mimick skill
 Copy the refulgent dye?

STanzas for Stanzas

Trudging as the ploughman goes,
(To the smoking hamlet goes)
Giant-like the titmouse goes,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

BY MR. HUDSON

Where the rising forest stands
Shelter for the lonely dove;
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks retreating home;
As the lark, with vernal song,
Carols to the evening land;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a gentle cloud.

Now the hermit hermit goes
From the barn or twisted tree;
And the blue mist flows down
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from it's bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide,
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd maid,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

ODE

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY MR. HUDSON.

THE fable queen of shades retires,
 Encircled with her fading fires;
 Yoked to her iron car, the dragons fly,
 With slow wing black'ning many a league of sky.
 Go, melancholy goddess; go,
 Nurse of despondency and woe.
 'Tis time; the cock's shrill clarion calls
 The dawn, and strikes the prowling wolf with fear,
 And bids the phantoms disappear,
 That glimmer 'midst yon mould'ring walls:
 They startle at the sound,
 And gliding o'er the trackless ground,
 Loth, to their marble mansions haste away.
 No more their livid lightnings play;
 The terrors of aerial tumults cease,
 Hush'd to serenity and smiling peace.

For, lo! in heav'n's ambrosial bow'rs,
 Wak'd by the stationary hours,
 Parent of day, the morn unveils her eyes,
 And vermil blushes streak the orient skies:
 How Nature triumphs at the sight,
 Renew'd in all her beauty bright!
 Her fragrant groves their incense yield;
 The zephyrs, from her humid stores, diffuse
 The sweetness of mellifluous dews;
 And pleasure paints the lily field.
 Here, gilt with splendid rays,
 The spires and lofty turrets blaze;
 There the canals reflect a pleasing gleam;
 While dancing down the pebbly stream,

The silver radiance cheers the feather'd throng,
Woods, hills, and dales, re-echo with their song.

Thus, like the morn, will fairest Freedom come,
In majesty divine,

With dawning glory to disperse the gloom
Of dire Oppression ; and illumine the mind,
To darkness and despondency confin'd.

Arise, O Liberty! 'tis thine,

The charms of Nature to refine ;

With blooming hope and harmony to please,
To crown with plenty, and to bless with ease ;
To light up awful Virtue's living ray,
And pour the flood of intellectual day.

Place me in Africk's desert lands,

Where Thirst sits gaping on the sands ;

If there auspicious Freedom fix her seat,

'Midst burning blasts, I'll hail the rude retreat ;

Soon shall the wild, more polish'd grown,

Admire new beauties, not her own :

Sage Industry shall dig the well

Capacious, yawning many a fathom deep ;

While lowing herds, and bleating sheep,

Stand frequent in the cooling cell.

Soon shall the mantling vine

Be taught around the palm to twine ;

And social arts the stranger Naiads wake,

That sleep beneath the distant lake,

Curious to view young Commerce gaily roam,

And bring full harvests to his barren home.

Place me beneath the gelid zone,

Near winter's adamant throne,

Where farthest ocean foams with icy roar,

Along the bleak, inhospitable shore :

If Freedom to the smoky dome
 With fur-cloath'd mortals deign to roam;
 Thro' snowy wastes the dome I'll seek;
 What hinders to enjoy the freezing year!
 For Property will there appear;
 And chearful Health, with rosy cheek,
 Pursue the panting prey;
 Or, mindful of the lengthen'd day,
 Sit chaunting on the mountain's chrystal brow,
 Where hanging torrents shine below;
 Nor will Cimmerian Sleep forget to bring
 Safe slumbers, waving at his downy wing.

Come then, Celestial, let thy wish'd return
 This happier clime serene;
 This happier clime, if Rome thy absence mourn,
 No more with smiles of pleasure entertains,
 Nor Baia's groves, nor rich Campania's plains:
 Heartless we view the splendid scene
 Of turrets, and the painted green;
 Heartless the musick of the groves we hear,
 As when, new harness'd out by Wrath and Fear,
 Night's chariot moves in storms; and thunders hurl'd,
 Roll their broad terrors round the groaning world.

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO MRS. DIGBY,

BY MRS. COLLIER.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR ACQUAINTANCE, WHICH
 COMMENCED AT QUEBEC, OCTOBER 7, 1768.

TO thee, my Digby, I devote my lay;
 To thee, or Friendship, equal would I sing:
 Reflecting Memory, faithful to this day,
 Shall ne'er forget to touch th' harmonious string.

This

This day, for ever sacred, ever dear!
 This day did Heaven its fairest boon bestow—
 A Friend!—Thy gracious kindness I revere,
 And thank thee for the gift, in weal or woe!

In weal or woe, how sure hath been its aid;
 My cares how soften'd, how my joys improv'd;
 To soothe each murm'ring thought, how oft essay'd;
 When stern Misfortune frown'd, it's frown remov'd.

How form'd thy gentle bosom to controul
 Each growing tempest of th' impassion'd breast!
 How oft it's influence on my mind hath stole,
 And hush'd the raging tumults into rest!

Though many years have roll'd their periods round,
 And a vast ocean parts us from the scene
 Where first fair Friendship's warmest smiles we found,
 And best affections hail'd her for their queen:

Yet Memory, ever faithful to our love,
 With her soft hand hath drawn each rising view;
 The scenes which tenderest Friendship must approve,
 Her traits still give in ev'ry picture true.

Recording Time, turn o'er each page with care,
 Our history since that period first begun;
 When each affection claim'd an equal share,
 And sympathetick friendship made them one.

On each fair page our friendship stands secure,
 No change, no chance, but proves it's potent power;
 Each growing period glows with love more pure,
 And faith still firmer each advancing hour.

Through

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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Through ev'ry varying scene which time hath given,
Her bright'ning influence beam'd it's rays around;
From the pain'd breast each throbbing care hath driven,
And chac'd despair when lost in thought profound.

O Carter! could I reach thy polish'd verse,
On this delightful theme how sweet the lays!
My Digby's name each charming line should grace,
To speak her truth and love in warmest praise.

Her well form'd mind, by Wisdom's influence blest'd,
Where mild Religion bears an equal part;
Where calm Experience soothes our cares to rest,
And virtues prove the goodness of her heart.

Her heart with tenderest sentiments doth glow,
And Sympathy's endearing powers are there,
To feel for others in their joy or woe,
And from the weeping eye to wipe the tear.

How blest'd to know this gentle bosom mine,
By those soft ties which tenderest friendships prove!
Through all my mind the accents breathe divine,
And harmonize the passions into love.

Hail, sacred Friendship! hail, thou best-lov'd name!
To thee will I devote my future days;
Since Truth and Time have sanctify'd the flame,
Can I do less than live to speak thy praise?

AN

INVOCATION TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MISS HEYS.

WAND'RING o'er the dewy meadow,
Oft at ev'ning hour I go;
Fondly courting Philomela's
Sympathetick plaints of woe.

Sometimes, hark! how sweetly
Lending passion to the song,
Fancy bids her voice be true
Lull the yielding sense awhile.
Soft the visionary music,
Rising floats upon the gale:
Now it sinks in strains more languid,
Dying o'er the distant vale.

Starting from the dream of fancy,
Nought my list'ning ear invades,
Save the hum of falling waters,
Save the rustling aspen-shade.

• Little songstrefs, soothe my sorrows,
• Wrap my soul in softest airs;
• Such as erst, in Lydian measures,
• Charm'd the Grecian hero's cares.

• But, if forc'd by cruel rusticks
• To lament thy ruin'd care;
• Breathe thy saddest strains of anguish,
• Strains that melodize despair.

• Deeply

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• Deeply vers'd in Sorrow's lessons,
• Best my heart thy griefs can know ;
• Pity dwells within the bosom
• Soften'd by an equal woe.

• While thy melancholy plainings
• All my hapless fate renew,
• Heart-felt sighs shall load the zephyrs,
• Tears increase the falling dew.

• Cease to shun me, lovely mourner ;
• Sweetly breathe the melting strain :
• Oft thou deign'st to charm the rustick,
• Roving thoughtless o'er the plain.

• Yet, to him, thy softest trillings
• Can no sympathy impart ;
• Wouldst thou seek for kindred feelings,
• See them trembling in my heart !

Vain, alas ! my Invocation,
Vain the pleadings of the muse !
Wrapp'd in silent shades, the charmer
Doth her tuneful lay refuse.

Clouds obscure deform the æther,
Rising damps involve the plain ;
Pensively I hatten homeward,
To avoid the coming rain.

3 N

EVELINA.

EVELINA.

AN ELEGY.

BY MR. TOMLINS.

RE-ECHOING thro' the solitary shade,
No more the nightingale her vigil kept;
The moon no more the noisy watch-dog bay'd,
But ev'ry eye, save Evelina's, slept.

She, wretched female, wastes the midnight hour,
Not as when first Bellario caught her eye;
When new to love, in some sequester'd bow'r,
She fondly listen'd to each treach'rous sigh:

When kneeling at her feet, and bath'd in tears,
Unnumber'd vows he swore of endless truth;
And while he bade her bosom lose its fears,
Destroy'd the virgin blossom of her youth!

In fruitless grief she spends the tedious night,
And sad remorse in vain her bosom tears;
Too soon to bring her sorrows to the light,
A living witness of her shame she bears.

In vain she calls on all those pow'rs above,
So oft invok'd to ev'ry vow he swore;
In vain recounts the blissful scenes of love,
In happy moments that return no more.

Ah, false Bellario! whither art thou flown,
Unheeded of the anguish I endure?
Return, thou faithless cause of all my moan;
O come, and ease the wound thou canst not cure!

The

- Tho' Love has lost his empire in thy breast,
• Still let thy pity lend it's kind relief;
- Till some blest'd hour shall give eternal rest,
• And end the torments of despair and grief.

- Heart-rending thought! e'er number'd with the dead,
• Envenom'd Infamy shall blast my name;
- While envions Scorn the baleful tale shall spread,
• And feast upon the ruins of my fame.

- What boots it that around the pompous bed
• Obsequious Servitude shall bend the knee,
- While virtuous Poverty can shake her head,
• And thank kind Fortune that she is not me?

- Ye glitt'ring gifts from Fortune's hoard begone;
• Begone, since Peace and Chastity are fled:
- Can gold re-purchase female honour flown,
• Or buy the feelings of the spotless maid?

- Come then, thou friendly draught, my mis'ries ease,
• And all my guilt, and all my shame conceal;
- From ev'ry eye, from ev'ry ear, but His,
• Who sees, who pities, all the pangs I feel!

With wild, distracted looks, and throbbing breast,
Through suffocating sobs and sighs she broke;
And thus the fatal fruit of Love address'd,
While all the mother trembled as she spoke.

- O thou! whom Nature would to man have brought,
• That dy'st ere yet thou hast begun to be;
- Ere yet thou feel'st the bitter curse of thought,
• Or wak'st to life, and liv'st a wretch like me!

- End thou the dire remorse that racks my breast,
- And for thy fate sufficient vengeance takes ;
- Ah ! get thee to the darksome cave of rest,
- Where not a ray of morning ever breaks !

- For thus did Tyranny thy lot decide,
- Thou source of all my woes, and all my joys :
- Love gave thee life, in spite of Honour's pride ;
- Now Honour, spite of Love, that life destroys !

She said ; and, guided by the fiend Despair,
 Empts of it's life-destroying drench the bowl :
 O ! may no maid to friend or parent dear,
 Feel the sad tortures of her guilty soul !

For now the draught, with which in vain she try'd
 To save her honour and conceal her shame,
 Too deeply drugg'd, poisons life's purple tide,
 And rends with agony her tender frame.

Compell'd by pain, her former pride forgot,
 With dreadful shrieks she pierc'd the gloom of night ;
 Shrieks which conducted to the fatal spot
 An aged parent, trembling with affright.

There, in convulsive throes, with anguish wild,
 Imploring mercy, Evelina lay,
 The daughter of her soul ! her only child !
 To conscious guilt and racking pain a prey.

With fond parental care the matron tries
 To pour the balm of comfort on her wound :
 • And why, my child, in fault'ring accents cries ;
 • Why fall those tears, and whence those sighs profound ?

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‘ O let me, let an hapless wretch depart,
 ‘ Unwept, unnotic’d, to the silent grave!
 ‘ And may the thousand pangs that rive my heart,
 ‘ My spotted soul from endless misery save!

‘ Long were to tell the story of my shame!—
 As from her dying lips these accents fell,
 Convulsive sighs dissolv’d her tender frame,
 And her soul fled—whither, ah! who can tell?

SONNET.

TO BRITANNIA.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

REKNOWN’D Britannia! lov’d parental land,
 Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye:
 Whene’er the weight of Want’s afflicting hand
 Wakes o’er thy vales the poor’s persuasive cry;

When slaves in office freemen’s rights withstand,
 When wealth enormous sets th’ oppressor high,
 And bribes thy ductile senators command;
 Then mourn—for then thy fate approacheth nigh.

Not from perfidious Gaul, or haughty Spain,
 Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
 Tho’ leagu’d in war tremendous round thy shore;
 But from thyself thy ruin must proceed;
 Nor boast thy power; for know, it is decreed,
 Thy freedom gone, thy power shall be no more.

ODE

ODE TO THE ATHEIST.

BY MR. SHEPHERD.

EXPATiate, long in nice debate
On Chance, Necessity, and Fate;
With learn'd Lucretius stray
In Epicurus' magick grove,
Where the self-motion'd atoms rove
In mazy mystic play.

Some vain hypothesis admit,
The specious cobweb-work of wit;
And daringly deny
What ev'ry object round avows,
What ev'ry act of Reason shews,
An All-wise Deity!

The clearest evidence contest,
Divinely stamp'd on ev'ry breast,
Since Time was taught to roll;
In Error's gloomy coverts stray,
From Truth's indisputable ray
Remote, as pole from pole.

So shuts the moping bird of night
Her feeble eyes against the light
That glads the cheerful day;
And when prevailing darkness reigns,
Thro' groves obscene, or dreary plains,
She wings her dubious way.

Consult

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

471

Consult the blue expanse on high,
The blush that paints the morning sky,
The cloud that nimbly rides ;
The orbs that mark with lustre bright
The spangled mantle of the night,
Who there supreme resides.

Question the gaudy flowers around,
That scent the air, or paint the ground,
Whose influence they obey ;
Whose hand imparts the various dyes,
At whose command they bud and rise,
At whose command decay.

Say ye, on down, or mountain steep,
That stately tread, or lowly creep ;
And ye ærial throng,
That cheer the woodland scene and fields
With vocal strains ; whose bounty yields,
Or sustenance or song ?

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,
The tenants of the wat'ry plain
With liberal hand supplies ?
The floods in icy fetters binds,
Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,
Or bids the tempest rise ?

Nature, in ev'ry mystick scene
Declares a plattick Author's reign
Above the morning's wings,
Beyond the sea's remotest tides,
Beneath the Dædal earth, resides
Th' Almighty King of kings.

AN

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST
ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL.*

BY MR. ADDISON.

SINCE, dearest Harry! you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possess'd,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
Ill try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And shew their verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd,
Thro' pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystick tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fullsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.

* Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

We view, well pleas'd, at distance all the fights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights;
But when we look too near the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley, then, (a mighty genius!) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glitt'ring thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise;
As in the Milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continu'd light,
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet! that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame:
Thy fault is only wit in it's excess;
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.

Bless'd man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Bless'd man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours, and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd, in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs; and, tow'ring high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;

Shakes Heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
 And sets th' Almighty Thunderer in arms!
 Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
 Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
 Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
 And seems above the critick's nicer laws.
 How are you struck with terror and delight,
 When angel with archangel copes in fight!
 When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
 How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
 What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
 And stun the reader with the din of war!
 With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
 To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
 But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
 And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
 What tongue, what words of rapture, can express
 A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
 Oh! had the poet ne'er prophan'd his pen,
 To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
 His other works might have deserv'd applause:
 But now the language can't support the cause;
 While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
 Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
 Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
 The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
 Muse! tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise.
 While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
 Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
 So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
 And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
 Thy verse, harmonious bard! and flatt'ring song,
 Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong;
 Thy verse can shew e'en Cromwell's innocence,
 And compliment the storm that bore him hence!

Oh,

Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
 But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
 How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
 And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
 What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
 And how had Boyn's wide current reek'd in blood!
 Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
 In smother numbers and a softer verse,
 Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
 And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
 That makes e'en rules a noble poetry;
 Rules, whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers shew
 The best of criticks and of poets too.
 Nor, Denham! must we e'er forget thy strains,
 While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
 Grown old in rhyme, but charming e'en in years!
 Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
 The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
 Whether in comick sounds or tragick airs
 She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
 If satire or heroick strains she writes,
 Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
 From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
 She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
 How might we fear our English poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee,
 Did not the Muses other hope appear,
 Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear:
 Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
 Has giv'n already much, and promis'd more;
 Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
 And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
 But justice still demands one labour more:

The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd;
 To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
 In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
 How negligently graceful he unreins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains!
 How Nassau's god-like acts adorn his lines,
 And all the hero in full glory shines!
 We see his army set in just array,
 And Boyn's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
 Nor Simois, choak'd with men, and arms, and blood,
 Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
 Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
 Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams;
 But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
 He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.
 I've done at length—and now, dear friend! receive
 The last poor present that my Muse can give:
 I leave the arts of poetry and verse,
 To them that practise 'em with more success.
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
 And so, at once, dear Friend and Muse, farewell!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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